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THE
METHODIST
MEMORIAL.

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THE

METHODIST MEMORIAL

BEING AN IMPARTIAL SKETCH

OF THE

LIVES AND CHARACTERS

OF THE

PREACHERS

WHO HAVE DEPARTED THIS LIFE SINCE THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE WORK OF GOD AMONG THE PEOPLE CALLED

METHODISTS,

LATE IN CONNECTION WITH THE

REV. JOHN WESLEY, DECEASED.

Drawn from the most authentic Sources, and disposed in Alphabetical Order.

Introduced with a brief Account of the

STATE OF RELIGION FROM THE EARLIEST AGES,

AND A CONCISE

HISTORY OF METHODISM.

By CHARLES ATMORE.

WITH AN ORIGINAL MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR,

And Notices of some of his Contemporaries.

Whose Faith follow, considering the End of their Conversation, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever. ST. PAUL.

According to this Time, it shall be said of Jacob and of Israel, What hath God wrought? MOSES.

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[DEDICATION.]

TO

MY VENERABLE AND RESPECTED FATHERS AND BRETHREN,

THE

PREACHERS

LATE IN CONNECTION WITH THE

REV. JOHN WESLEY, DECEASED,

THIS WORK IS, WITH THE GREATEST DEFERENCE, MOST

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY THEIR AFFECTIONATE BROTHER AND COMPANION

IN THE KINGDOM AND PATIENCE OF

JESUS CHRIST,

CHARLES ATMORE.

PREFACE TO THE NEW EDITION.

FOR some years past copies of the original edition of this work have been scarce; and to the great majority of Methodists of the present generation the book is altogether unknown.

A new and cheap edition is therefore published, in the belief that these concise records of the devoted lives of the early preachers may be instrumental in leading many to seek for "like precious faith," who may thus be enabled to do like service in the Master's cause.

The "impartial" character of the work has been preserved, a slight condensation made in some of the memoirs being confined to matters which have lost their interest through the lapse of time.

MEMOIR.

THE REVEREND CHARLES ATMORE was accepted, appointed, and ordained as a Travelling Preacher by the Reverend John Wesley, whom he fondly styled "Our Venerable Founder." A native of Norfolk, his birth was touching. His father, trading by sea betwixt Lynn and Rotterdam, was expected home. His mother, whose maiden name was Lamb, went down the Ouse to meet her husband; she was thrown by excitement into premature labour, and was carried to Heasham, the nearest village on the coast, where her son was born.

This event happened on the 17th of August, 1759. In less than two years it was followed by the death of Mrs. Atmore. Her bereaved husband, being mostly at sea, was glad to place their only child under the willing care of an uncle and aunt, who then lived near his home, but removed to Haddiscoe, in which parish a small farm had been bequeathed to Mrs. Lamb. Their young charge received an education in the village school, where he remained till fifteen years of age. When but six, he was dangerously scalded, an accident of which he bore the mark through life. In his eleventh year he made a voyage with his father to Holland, and visited the birthplace of Van Tromp, the redoubtable Dutch Admiral.

Captain Atmore designed to apprentice his boy to some trade; but, at the instance of the Lambs, he allowed him to remain with them and learn husbandry. They accustomed him to regular attendance at the parish church, and the rector noticed him as one of the pattern youths of the congregation. Indeed, he had provided himself with a manual of devotion, entitled "The Supplication of Saints." What he heard at church and saw in the village pastor, was neither better nor worse than that which was generally heard and seen at that day in country churches and in country clergymen. Such religion, therefore, as he had, was chiefly outward, and not altogether free from indulgence in evil inclinations.

At length, Haddiscoe, like many a dark village besides, was visited by the Methodists. Young Atmore first heard of them through his uncle's hind. With his own eyes he soon saw a surprising change in some younger men, who, as the result of their attendance at the preaching, had thrown off sinful habits, and were become sober and thoughtful. He resolved, therefore, to hear for himself. The preacher was Samuel Kendall; his text, "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." The whole service impressed him so favourably that he went again; the second time, in the company of a schoolfellow, who was a regular attendant.

He was now in his nineteenth year, that critical age at which the career of most young men is determined. So long as his going to hear a Methodist preacher seemed to be no more than the indulgence of a natural curiosity (for in those days the appearance of such a preacher in a Norfolk village was an event), his uncle and aunt thought little of the matter; yet, when they discovered that he was not merely almost, but altogether persuaded to become a Methodist, they opposed him with anger and alarm. How could he be so ungrateful? What! would he renounce his baptism? Be this as it might, he was already under an Influence which enabled him to endure their reproaches with a meek stedfastness.

The first travelling preacher whose ministry produced a strong effect upon his heart and mind, was the Rev. Joseph Pilmoor, who, with the Rev. Richard Boardman, formed the Paul and Barnabas of the Methodist apostleship to the Western World. Mr. Pilmoor, instrumental also in the conversion of the excellent Walter Griffith, was another of those many Methodist Gideons and Elishas, whom God was pleased to call from the plough or from the threshing-floor to break up the fallow ground of human hearts, to go forth bearing precious seed—to become, in fact, husbandmen of souls. Though a plain countryman at first, he is described by those who knew him in after life as majestic in person, commanding in voice, and copious in matter. He was one of the dissatisfied band who seceded because their names were not found in the Deed of Declaration; but, unlike some others, he peacefully withdrew, returning to America, where he ended his days as an honoured minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church, cultivating to the last, as his letters to Mr. Atmore bear witness, an unabated love and reverence for Mr. Wesley.

Having heard from this excellent man a sermon on the

words, "We love Him, because He first loved us," young Atmore was haunted by recollections of it. At the tail of the plough it followed him; and, as he thought and prayed in the open glebe, the "love of God," to quote his own account of the fact, "was instantly shed abroad in my soul." Mr. Pilmoor admitted him into the Methodist Society in June, 1779, two months before the completion of his twentieth year.

The resentment of his foster-parents was so great, that, if a printed statement may be trusted, the Lamb became a lion and severely flogged him. If, in truth, this was so, the stout young man who patiently endured the chastisement, had an unusual opportunity of proving by submission the reality of his new birth. However, as in many similar cases, so in this: those who began with being angry, ended by following the example which had enraged them. Mr. Lamb was no doubt unfeignedly astonished that the lad whom he had dandled as an infant on his knee, should imagine himself better informed than "one that has lived fifty years in the world;" but, before long, the same unseen, unheard, yet powerful Influence took him also captive; and his strong persuasion that "to fear God, keep His commandments, and honour the King, was the whole duty of man," yielded to higher views of faith and a deeper sense of duty.

The point on which prejudice began to give way, was that of family prayer. When young Atmore first proposed it, his uncle and aunt positively refused; but, at length, he was allowed to read and pray with them, after the man and maid-servants had retired for the night. He, it has been mentioned, was taken to the Methodist preaching-place by a school-fellow: they were induced to go thither by that schoolfellow's parents. The eventual consequence was their conversion. "On the 8th of December, 1779," writes Mr. Atmore, "my uncle was brought into the liberty of the Gospel; and, at the Christmas visitation of the classes following, both he and my aunt joined the Society; and, shortly after, the preachers were not only invited to visit them, but regularly to preach in their house." Only let the conversation of even a young man be as it becometh the Gospel of Christ, and it breaks down the strongest prejudices of the old.

In the house where he became domestic chaplain, young Atmore was soon occasional preacher. Nevertheless, he was taken by surprise when the Rev. George Shadford, Superintendent of the Norwich Circuit, then, perhaps, equal to what

is now Norwich District, requested him to prepare for preaching in his presence, in order that he might judge of his qualifications for the itinerant ministry. Mr. Shadford, unlike Mr. Pilmoor, was one of the Hundred named in the Poll Deed, and, like him, finished his course in the United States, being sent out by Mr. Wesley as companion to Mr. Rankin.

By Mr. Shadford's order, young Atmore occupied himself till Conference in visiting the villages; and, when, in the summer of 1780, the Rev. James Wood succeeded to the superintendency, that worthy man employed this juvenile preacher in similar work. On Valentine's Day, in 1781, Mr. Wesley made his yearly visit to Norwich, and, sending for young Atmore, appointed him as junior preacher in the circuit. The Conference of that year was held at Leeds, where, by the recommendation of Mr. Wood, Mr. Wesley received Charles Atmore on probation, and sent him to Grimsby under Mr. Shadford. He started for his first circuit on his own horse, with all his equipment in the saddle-bags. Before long, his labours were interrupted by the ague taken in the fens, which obliged him to retire to his native air. Mr. Wesley, hearing of it at Alnwick, sent him a fatherly letter, advising "Sander's Pills," a compound of Castile soap and white arsenic; probably because, as himself a Lincolnshire man, he was aware of the utility of that mineral poison, judiciously given, as an anti-periodic in intermittent fever.

By the Conference of 1782, Mr. Atmore was appointed to Scarborough, whither, though not perfectly recovered, he proceeded, and found in the pure air of the cliffs and the wolds the best medicine for his disease. From Scarborough, in 1783, he passed to York, in which circuit Mr. Pawson was his superintendent. The friendship formed with that good man extended through life, and was of great service to the younger of the two. During this year, his father died in Norway, and his remains were shipped for burial at Hull. A young lady whom he loved was also called away by death. Messrs. Pawson and Atmore proceeded to Pocklington to meet Mr. Wesley, whom, though entering upon his eighty-second year, the latter describes "as though he were in the meridian of life."

The Conference of 1784 was held at Leeds. Charles Atmore was one of the fifteen young men then admitted into Full Connexion. This was the assembly at which the dissensions concerning the Deed of Declaration occasioned so much anxiety, if not alarm. Mr. Atmore draws a dramatic

picture of the peace effected by the mediation of the saintly Fletcher, who "expostulated, even on his knees, both with Mr. Wesley and the preachers. To the former he said, 'My father, my father! they have offended; but they are your children!' To the latter he exclaimed, 'My brethren, my brethren! he is your father!' And then, pourtraying the work in which they were unitedly engaged, fell again on his knees, and with much fervour offered prayer, while the Conference were bathed in tears, many sobbing aloud." After making the round of his new circuit, Colne, Mr. Atmore visited his uncle and aunt, and had the proud satisfaction of seeing John Wesley sit down at their simple table. In 1785, he was re-appointed to Colne, this time as superintendent, and with increased prosperity; so much so that he could not find time to visit his native place. "The whole circuit," he wrote, "seemed to flame with the glory of God."

In this then outlandish quarter, he met with Elizabeth Crane, the amiable young person who became his first wife. In 1786, he was obliged to leave her society for the capital of Scotland, where, however, he had the solace and support of Mr. Pawson as his superintendent. Mr. Wesley himself showed the young man a yet more special mark of his confidence, by ordaining him, with Joshua Keighley and three others, to administer Baptism and the Lord's Supper in Scotland; Mr. Pawson being the third man whose hands, with those of Messrs. Wesley and Creighton, were laid on his head. Mr. Wesley, moreover, gave him letters patent duly accrediting him for the purpose named. This year, Mr. Atmore had the honour of both laying the foundation-stone of the new chapel at Glasgow and opening it. He there made the acquaintance of Dr. Gillies, and in Edinburgh acquired the friendship of the good Lady Maxwell.

On the 19th of February, 1787, he was married to Miss Crane, of Preston, in the parish church; and, at the following Conference, which Mr. Pawson and he could not both attend, was appointed to succeed his friend as superintendent in Edinburgh. In the spring of 1788, Mr. Wesley visited Scotland; and, at Glasgow, Mr. Atmore had the honour of "assisting him in setting apart, for the sacred office of Presbyter in the Church, Mr. John Barber."

In the summer of 1788, Mr. Atmore for the first time in his life visited the British Metropolis. He gave himself little time for sight-seeing; the only thing recorded, besides what he saw and heard in Conference, being a sermon that he

preached in Marylebone Fields, at which one person at least was converted, though the fact did not come to his knowledge till nine years after. The Rev. Charles Wesley had died four months before, and the old subject of adherence to or separation from the Church came up again. "Mr. Wesley," notes Mr. Atmore, "acted with great caution: he told us he was not for skipping like the flea, but for creeping like the louse!"

The young Benedict's next circuit was Colne, where he was not less welcome to the people than his bride was to her family. He seems, however, to have been sent a second time to a circuit in which he had already acquired general esteem, in order to stop and remedy the bad effects produced by two preachers, one of whom had fallen into scepticism, and the other slidden into Calvinism. Having accomplished his task, he went the following year to Newcastle-on-Tyne, where John Ogilvie was his colleague. In memory of the close friendship then formed, his colleague gave his superintendent's name to his new-born son, CHARLES ATMORE OGILVIE, who, after receiving elementary instruction at Kingswood School, took honours at Oxford, being chosen Fellow of Balliol College, and appointed Professor of Pastoral Theology in the University. Dr. Ogilvie was perhaps the first son of a Methodist preacher who attained high academical distinction. As for Mr. Atmore, he was sent to Newcastle, where his labours were brightly illustrated by the formation of the first Sunday School in the capital of the North. "I am glad, my dear Charles," wrote Mr. Wesley, "you have set up Sunday Schools in Newcastle: it is one of the noblest institutions seen in Europe for some centuries, and will increase more and more, provided the teachers and *inspectors* do their duties."

Before leaving that town, Mr. Atmore was visited by his truly "venerable" leader, whom it is interesting to behold as pictured by the admiring follower in his old age. "He appears very feeble; and no wonder, being nearly eighty-eight years of age. His sight has failed so much, that he cannot see to give out the hymns; yet his voice is strong, and his spirits are remarkably lively. Surely this great and good man is the prodigy of the present age." On this occasion, this true Elder preached a sermon "literally composed of words of not more than two syllables." The next Conference, that of 1790, was the last he lived to attend. "I parted with Mr. Wesley," observes Mr. Atmore, "to see him no more until the resurrection of the just: he appeared very feeble." To which are

added nearly the same words used before; with the further addition, that "the powers of his mind, and his love towards his fellow-creatures, were as bright and as ardent as ever." On hearing of Wesley's decease, Mr. Pilmoor wrote to Mr. Atmore from Philadelphia, most affectionately imploring him, as a junior among the Hundred, to treat with all consideration his seniors not of that number; "by which means," he observed, "they will almost forget that they were left out."

The limited space assigned to our Memoir makes it imperative to repress a temptation to remark on this critical stage in the history of Methodism. From the death of Mr. Wesley, the preachers and the people were for six years more or less agitated, not to say divided, by questions affecting the attitude to be maintained by the Connexion towards the Established Church, and the relation in which the travelling preachers should stand towards the Societies and towards each other. At the memorable Leeds Conference in the year 1797, the Plan of Pacification, which had been devised and adopted in 1795, was made complete by a number of Regulations which met with nearly universal acceptance, and resulted in the restoration and maintenance of denominational peace. This general statement may suffice. Nothing further will be necessary than briefly to note the laudable and honourable part that Mr. Atmore performed on the delicate and difficult occasion.

In the autumn of 1791, he found himself at Alnwick, where he had for his colleague MICHAEL EMMETT, who took to wife the twin-sister of Mrs. Atmore. In the controversies of the time he imbibed a view tending towards separation, but was recovered to another mind, and finished his course in the parent Connexion. The superintendent of this border circuit soon found his apprehensions, from the "vague way of determining the matter" adopted by the first Conference after Mr. Wesley's death, fulfilled by as much division in sentiment and practice as before. The Alnwick Society requested him to administer the Lord's Supper to them. He deliberated long, and did not consent until convinced that the people were unanimous in their desire. In at length complying, he felt himself fortified by the persuasion that he was doing as the Founder would have desired—"following," that is, "the leadings of Providence, and doing this here and that yonder which was most conducive to the glory of God and the good of the people."

After all his circumspection, however, he found reason to

charge himself with one mistake. Some of the preachers who, like himself, had been ordained by Mr. Wesley, not satisfied, as he had been, to administer themselves, proceeded to ordain others, who, thus authorised, should do the same. At the District Meeting in Newcastle Mr. Atmore was induced to join with Mr. Cownley in ordaining three of the brethren. No sooner was this deed done than he severely reproached himself; not on the ground of principle, for, at Mr. Wesley's own request, he had assisted him in a similar office; but on the ground of policy. His judgment condemned the act as inexpedient; and the alarm produced among both preachers and people caused him to "suffer much pain in his mind respecting it." The ensuing Conference took his own maturer view of what had been done. But, though he made this mistake at the District Meeting, in his own circuit he preserved peace by judicious action, and especially by the observance of a complete system of domiciliary visitation among the members.

At the Conference of 1793, Mr. Atmore lays stress upon the pleasure derived from hearing Samuel Bradburn; but he does not indicate the style and manner of his preaching. It was now that all distinctions between ordained and unordained were ordered to cease, an arrangement in which Mr. Atmore acquiesced with a cheerfulness that did him honour.

His new appointment was to Halifax, with Robert Lomas for his colleague. His residence in that town was marked by public prosperity of the highest kind, chequered, however, by the most painful personal experience. One of the country places (Greetland) was the scene of a remarkable revival, which spread to other parts of the circuit. The prayer-meetings were sometimes kept up till after midnight; and, as he notes, in these was much "wild fire mingled with the holy flame;" but, without discouraging, he succeeded in regulating the excitement, so as to prevent more than one person from praying aloud at a time, and to close the meetings an hour or two earlier. In a letter to Dr. Coke, he stated as a fact, that seven hundred persons had been received into Society since the Conference.

Mr. Atmore, in general, took up a position of resistance to those extravagances of language and manner which, like tares among wheat, sometimes mix themselves up in revivals otherwise unquestionable. In reference to the Conference of 1761, Mr. Wesley observed in his Journal, "Meantime,

the enemy was not wanting in his endeavours to sow tares among the good seed. I saw this clearly, but durst not use violence, lest, in plucking up the tares, I should root up the wheat also." Some, both of preachers and of people, diverged to the opposite extremes of either despising the good work altogether because of the excesses of certain persons engaged in it, or justifying those very excesses as if essential to it. Between such extremes, says Mr. Myles, "Mr. Wesley ever observed the sober path of Scripture and reason." Mr. Atmore also gave him credit for acting with great caution; but, on the occasion in question, he thought promptitude was required. For, because he "did not at first, perhaps, resist these extravagances with that firmness which he ought to have shown," the persons who favoured them "daily increased in number."*

The satisfaction derived from the Greetland revival was alloyed by the sickness and death of Mrs. Atmore. When the time of Conference (1794) arrived, her husband hesitated to leave her, and wished to send his colleague in his stead. But the noble woman would not suffer him to stay away from "the work of the Lord," who, she urged, would not merely preserve him, but keep her in his absence. The Conference was "the most painful that he had ever attended;" but he returned to a scene more trying still. No intimation of unfavourable symptoms in Mrs. Atmore's state of health having reached him at Bristol, he indulged the hope of seeing her improved. What, then, was his distress to find her on the confines of the grave? "The only thing," he wrote on the occasion, "that seemed to give her the least degree of pain, was, she discerned in me an unwillingness to give her up." "Do give me up, do give me up," she said, "I am the Lord's; He has a right to me; do let Him take me." When at length he resigned himself to the Divine will, she assured him that the Lord would bless him when she was gone. "If I am permitted," she added, "I will be thy guardian; I will

* Dr. Adam Clarke was one of those who stood in doubt of "extravagances." Being re-appointed to Manchester, he took occasion, from Mr. Pipe's being one of his colleagues, to write to a friend in the circuit which he had just left (Liverpool), "He is full of life and zeal, and I should not wonder if he be esteemed the first man among us. I like a good shaking, and long, hearty Amens among the people; but, between you and me, there seems too much of it here." A few years later, the same Mr. Pipe had been preaching in Brunswick Chapel, Liverpool, then deemed one of the most beautiful chapels in the Connexion, and, in the closing prayer, was solemnly beseeching God to aid His people in repelling the temptations of the Devil, when a plain man from the country, occupying a prominent place in the raised seats opposite the pulpit, shocked the polite congregation by crying out at the top of his voice, "Eh\ punch him i' t' guts, Lord!"

watch over thee, and will wait and long for thine arrival on the blessed shore."

While Mr. Atmore was a whole-hearted Methodist, he took pleasure in fraternising with good men of other denominations. At Halifax, he made the acquaintance of "his valuable friend Mr. Fawcett, of Brierly Hall," the author of "Thy way, O God, is in the sea," and other excellent hymns in the Baptist Selection. At Bristol, he met with Dr. Ryland, Principal of the Baptist Academy in that city, whom he found "a truly candid and sensible man," reminding him of his co-religionist and co-educator in Yorkshire. At Newbury, on a journey, he heard Mr. Bicheno, a third Baptist minister, whose sound learning and excellent spirit reminded him of the other two. When in London, he went to preach at Clapham, where, finding but four persons in the chapel, he took them with him, after the example of the absentees, to hear Mr. Wills, of Lady Huntingdon's Connexion, preach the anniversary sermon on the death of the venerable Romaine. At High Wycombe, on his passage from London to Birmingham, he went to the Dissenting chapel, and was prevailed upon by the minister to take the pulpit.

The Conference of 1795, at which presided, says the bereaved husband, "the man of my choice," Joseph Bradford, Mr. Atmore was appointed with the President and others to Bristol. Before leaving Halifax, however, he married Harriet Chadwick, a lady of good family, who became the mother of all his children. She had been the intimate friend of his first wife. He was struck with the resemblance between the Methodists of the West (especially the colliers) and those of the North. The celebration of the Lord's Supper was almost as numerously attended as a lovefeast; and "many were so deeply affected as to cry out, and were hardly able to take the bread and the wine." In this day of chapel-building, it is interesting to read of a preacher of Mr. Atmore's experience "having hard toiling at the Old Room, on account of the confined situation of the place," but finding the new chapel, neat and even elegant, though not superb, "the best constructed place of worship he ever saw in which to speak or hear." His Journal contains a notice of the persistent opposition of the Church party to Methodist worship in canonical hours. "For this offence"—that of preaching at the new chapel to a congregation of a thousand people—"Mr. Bradford, Mr. Owen, and I, are considered as having subverted Methodism, and excluded ourselves from the Connexion!" In

this city, he found the well-known Captain Webb, and heard "poor old Josiah Gregory," the unlettered local preacher who compared boastful professors of religion to "empty waggons coming violently downhill, and making a great noise because there is nothing in them."

By the famous Conference of 1797 Mr. Atmore was sent to London, where, during two years, he had considerable success, and preached in Queen-street Chapel on its coming into the hands of the Connexion. His next station was at Wednesbury (in the Birmingham Circuit), where he spent "two of the happiest years of his life." This was the time at which he prepared for the press his "Methodist Memorial," in collecting materials for which he was "greatly assisted by his friend Pawson." That venerable and apostolic man was now drawing near to the close of his labours. "O Charley!" he exclaimed, in a letter which Mr. Atmore received from him at Manchester (his next circuit), "I cannot tell you how my soul longs for the happy hour when I shall be privileged to go to my Father's house in peace. O, my father, my mother, my brother, my wife, how do I long to associate with you!" About the same time, Mr. Atmore was called to Bolton to receive from the dying hands of the aged Hopper the charge of his private papers. "As for the enemy," said this triumphant soldier of the Cross, "I know not what has become of him: I think he has quit the field!"

The Conference of 1803 sent Mr. Atmore to Wakefield. The circuit stewards and others had applied for Mr. Bradburn; and they showed an unworthy disposition to visit upon his involuntary substitute the anger of their disappointment. He met their ill-humour with dignity and self-respect; and, on the whole, his course in this circuit proved as even and as successful as in others. From Wakefield he was sent in 1805 to Liverpool, where he sustained the loss of most of his little private property. The trial was aggravated by injustice and wrong; but he accepted it as disciplinary. From Liverpool he proceeded to Todmorden, where he resumed intercourse with many of his old friends in the Colne Circuit. Soon after his arrival, he was in a house at Berwick Mill stricken by lightning. No person was injured; though great damage was done, especially to the best room, in which a tea-party was to have been given, but had been prevented by the lady of another house diverting the company to her dwelling!

In 1809, Mr. Atmore was appointed superintendent of the Leeds Circuit, having for his senior colleague the revered Miles

Martindale. He now stood in the front rank of the brethren. He directed in his important station the opposition to Lord Sidmouth's infamous Bill, collecting as much as £140 for the purpose. In the spring of 1811, he was associated with the Rev. Robert Newton in opening Kirkgate Chapel, at Bradford, one of the completest establishments in the Connexion. He also then took the initiative in a movement which resulted in the purchase and conversion into a second school for the sons of the preachers, of the estate of Woodhouse Grove, his only son being one of the first scholars, together with William Wood Stamp, Francis A. West, and others. At the ensuing Conference, he was elected to the chair, and was authorised to complete the purchase, sign the writings, and take possession. In Hull, to which town he was next appointed, he had for his junior colleague Edward Hare, a native of the place, who, with Mr. Thompson, M.P., had taken a leading part in resistance to the insidious Bill which excited the apprehensions and indignation of all friends to civil and religious liberty. Before leaving Hull, he took steps which led to the erection of Waltham-street Chapel in that town, laying with his own hands the first stone, and preaching on the ground. In 1813, when re-appointed to Halifax, he moved at Leeds the second resolution of the meeting called to form the Wesleyan Missionary Society. He also joined with Messrs. Reece, Roberts, and Bunting in sustaining Dr. Coke's great mission to Ceylon and Java, and was one of those who heard from him "at sea" before his death and burial there.

The next year was one of much family affliction, followed by the decease of Mrs. Atmore's aged mother, an inmate of their house. This event, however, occurred at Salford, where her son-in-law laboured for three years, his first appointment of that then unusual length. In the spring of 1818 he was much occupied with a missionary tour through the North of England and parts of Scotland. The Conference of 1821 appointed him to the London West Circuit, where Mr. Ware, the famous oculist, successfully removed a cataract which had obscured his sight. In 1823 he was stationed at Sheffield. Here his health and strength gave way; and at the next Conference he found himself unequal to the burden of public affairs. He returned to his circuit with a strong presentiment that it would be his last. Before the year ran out, he was constrained to retire; and, with the consent of the President and Secretary, he ceased to travel in the forty-fifth year of his itinerancy. At *the ensuing Conference* he sat down as a Supernumerary.

His last sermon was preached at Stoke Newington; and, at noonday, July 1, 1826, his soul quitted its earthly tenement, and flew up to the Paradise of God. The body was buried behind City-road Chapel, not far from the grave of Mr. Wesley. His words, in dying, to his second wife, were, like those of his first wife to him, "Oh! do give me up! do let me go!"

Mr. Atmore was survived by Mrs. Atmore and several daughters, whom he had the satisfaction of leaving at the head of a boarding-house close to Cheapside, for the accommodation of visitors to London who preferred a quiet place of sojourn to an inn or hotel. The uncle and aunt to whom he had been so greatly indebted in childhood and youth, went not long before him to the tomb. They lived, however, to see him raised to the highest place in Methodism. Mrs. Lamb died early in the following year at the great age of ninety-two; Mr. Lamb, two years later, aged ninety. It was the old man's intention that his nephew Atmore should take possession of his little estate; but, through some informality in the instrument executed for the purpose, counsel advised against litigation, and another more directly interested inherited. Thanking God that he had an inheritance above, the disappointed claimant quietly submitted, having paid his aunt filial attentions in her last illness, and doing pious justice to the character of his uncle in the biographical department of the *Methodist Magazine*.

Although the mental and moral qualities of the man may be inferred from the facts of the foregoing narrative, it shall be closed with a short sketch of his person and character.

In stature, he was of the middle size, inclining, as years advanced, to corpulency. His frame was robust; his hair and complexion were light; his face was round, and his countenance fine. Without spectacles, his brow, from defect in vision, contracted a seeming frown; but his natural and customary expression was mild and winning. In personal appearance, he was neat; in manners gentleman-like, though a little pompous. His mode of dress was clerical, after the fashion of those times. His intercourse with members of Society, of whatever grade, was maintained, though not offensively, on the well-understood principle of his own dignity as a man of standing among his brethren. He was, in reality, kind-hearted, as tender in his affections as he was bland in his demeanour.

For the pulpit he had the advantage of a good voice. He

presented useful matter in a fluent and impressive style, and with a manner in which genuine feeling and official propriety were harmoniously blended. So long as his health and spirits lasted, he enjoyed a solid popularity, travelling, as we have seen, in the best circuits, and ever commanding the esteem of the intelligent and the confidence of his brethren in the ministry. In all his circuits there was a large increase of members during the period of his labours in each. Wisely zealous, fervent in spirit, and conspicuously faithful, he shrank from no amount of labour or of due responsibility; and he went to give account to God with a reputation unblemished among men.

In the Minutes of Conference, the *Methodist Magazine*, and the unfortunately fragmentary Life of Dr. Bunting, Mr. Atmore receives the same high testimony to his moral and spiritual worth. By the unanimous voice of his brethren he was declared to be kind and amiable; lively and affectionate; sincere, uniform, cordial, constant; fervent and faithful; zealous and useful; plain and sound; experimental, practical, and spiritual; acceptable and esteemed in life, and, in death, full of faith, of hope, and of love. To epithets like these the *Magazine* adds simplicity and clearness, with a thoroughly evangelical tone, in the description of his preaching, and speaks of the marks of thought and research in his discourses. By the biographer of Dr. Bunting he is represented as a man of popular talents, with a pleasant delivery, and a certain polish in diction and demeanour. His death and burial were interestingly followed by the publication in the *Magazine* of a tribute, written by Miss Wesley, daughter of the Rev. Charles Wesley, to the Memory of the First Methodist Preachers, in which these lines occur:—

"As long as patience, resignation, love,
Are praised by saints below and saints above,
Ye sufferers meek! who pains and scoffs defied,
Who warned and wept, endured, and prayed, and died,
You shall be honoured."

PREFACE.

IT is an awful reflection, that the far greater part of mankind has either passed silently off the stage of this world, or has misemployed the talents which the great Lord of the Universe had intrusted to their care; so that their names have been either buried in oblivion, or stigmatised by reason of their vices, and thus rendered odious to posterity. And with respect to those who have made a figure while living, and have gained the plaudit of the crowd when dead; many of them are indebted more to the *stock* which bore them, or to some outward helps and advantages, than to any intrinsic worth that was found in themselves, or any real benefit the world derived from them. But, on the other hand, there have in every age of the world existed those who have been distinguished by the peculiar endowments of their minds, their genuine piety, and their extensive usefulness among men, which have given a lustre to their names in the records of time. Yea, the God whom they "served in the Gospel of His Son," has given them *a name within His house, and within His walls; a name better than of sons and of daughters, even an everlasting name, that shall not be cut off.* The Psalmist observes, that the "memory of the just is blessed," and that "the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance." This, undoubtedly, should be the case with righteous persons in general, but particularly with those who have been the "Messengers of the Churches, and the Glory of Christ." The men who have not "counted their own lives dear unto themselves," who have sacrificed all that the world calls good or great, in order that they might be instrumental in promoting the honour of the Redeemer, and the present and eternal happiness of mankind. These, while they ministered to the Church below, and "served their generation by the will of God," were dear to thousands; and now, when they rest from their labours, shall they be forgotten? Surely they ought not. The names of such men

ought to be transmitted to posterity, that generations to come may call them blessed. In the Scriptures, honourable mention is made of the most distinguished characters that God has raised up at different periods of time to promote His glory, and they are exhibited to us as patterns for our faith and practice. The great Apostle exhorts us to be *followers of them, as they were of Christ;* and he particularly enforces the necessity of our REMEMBERING THEM WHO HAVE HAD THE RULE OVER US, AND WHO HAVE SPOKEN TO US THE WORD OF GOD.

Christians of all denominations have esteemed the *biographical accounts* of holy men, next to the "lively oracles," to be the most valuable books in their libraries, having witnessed the blessed effects of them both in themselves and others. "There is a great advantage," says Dr. Bates, "in looking on examples; they are more instructive than naked precepts, and more clearly convey the knowledge of our duty. A work done in our sight by another, directs better in the practice of it, is more acceptable, and of more powerful efficacy to reform us, than counsel and admonition by words. In difficult precepts no arguments are more effectual than examples; for the possibility of being conformed to them is confirmed by instances in others, and the pretence of infirmity is taken away. The command binds us to our duty, example encourages to performance. Yet the pattern of angels, who are pure spirits, is not so influential upon us as the pattern of good men. This is more correspondent and proportionate to our present state. The light of the stars is not so useful to us as the light of a candle that is near us. Good men, now removed by death, were nearly allied to us, they were clothed with the same frail garment of flesh; they had like passions; they were in the same contagious world: yet they were holy and heavenly in their affections and actions; they lived in civil conversation with men, and at the same time in spiritual communion with God."

I had the honour of being united to the people called Methodists in the year 1779, from which time I reverenced the Preachers as men of God; particularly those who had "borne the burden and heat of the day," who with grievous sufferings paved the way for those "who have entered into their labours." I have often regretted that no proper account has been given to the world of those great and good men, to whom, under God, we are indebted for the religious privileges *which* we now enjoy; and that the present generation, even

of Methodists themselves, knows but little of these men, except their names. It must manifest an unpardonable supineness, or neglect, in the opinion of those who may in future ages succeed us, should there be no record of those men who were among the first instruments God was pleased to use, in the revival of pure and undefiled religion in these lands. If no notice be taken of them *now*, their remembrance will cease, and they must inevitably be buried in oblivion; their names will be heard of no more, till the "book of life" be opened, and they are called to shine forth in the kingdom of their Father, as the "brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever!"

The design of these Memoirs is to rescue some of these excellent characters from that obscurity into which they have fallen; and to present these striking examples of the power and prevalency of Divine truth before our eyes; that we may be animated and encouraged in our spiritual warfare; and may imitate their humble faith, their fervent love, and their holy zeal in the salvation of souls. I hope the persons into whose hands this little work may fall will do me the justice to believe that though I take notice of those Preachers only who have been employed among the Methodists late in connection with the Rev. *John Wesley*, that I do not, therefore, exclude all other Ministers from having had any part in this blessed work. I have the honour of being acquainted with many pious and respectable Ministers, who differ from me in some opinions, and also in modes of worship; whom, nevertheless, I embrace (as I believe they do me) in the arms of Christian affection. My heart is sweetly united to all such in the bonds of the Gospel, and I most cordially wish them good luck in the name of the Lord.

It may be objected by some that these accounts have been already published in the annual Minutes of the Conference and in the Methodist Magazine. I answer, some of them have, but others have not: besides, those publications are in the hands of very few. There was no notice taken in the Minutes of the Preachers who died in the work till the year 1777; and even then, and for many years after, they were not published to the world. But if they had *all* been published *in that way*, it would not, I presume, preclude the necessity or utility of this work: which is designed to be a perpetual memorial of those men among the Methodists who have been the grand instruments in this great work which the Lord has wrought in the earth. It may also assist and encourage the

younger Preachers, and those who may succeed them to the end of time, when they behold how their fathers lived and also how they died.

I have derived peculiar advantages to my own mind from collecting these Memorials. I have been encouraged and confirmed in the important truths of Christianity by observing their sacred influence upon those who thus propagated them; and I have been thereby led more abundantly to hope that I also shall be honoured by the God of my fathers and brethren, to "do the work of an Evangelist, and to make full proof of my ministry." I am also led to pray that the same Spirit which rested so powerfully upon our departed Elijahs may come down in a double portion upon us who remain! May the present Methodist preachers be all men of God—full of faith and of the Holy Ghost! May we spend and be spent in our Divine employment! And when we also rest from our labours may we be succeeded in our work by those who shall be owned of God in a more abundant manner! May the privileges we enjoy as Methodists be sacredly preserved and transmitted to faithful men! And may this great work of God spread and prevail till the *kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ!*

Such an account as this was taken in hand a few years ago by my venerable friend, Mr. Pawson, but that work, a few copies excepted, was never circulated through the connection. Since that time a great number of Preachers have been admitted; and I concluded it would be highly gratifying to those who wished to have the Memorials to be informed who have thus succeeded their departed fathers and brethren in this great and important work.

The Chronological Table will tend to keep up an affectionate remembrance in the people towards the Preachers, and in the Preachers towards each other: and above all, to evince the spreading of that glorious work, which in its beginning was only as a grain of mustard seed, but is now become a goodly tree; extending its branches, not only over Great Britain and Ireland; but reaching to the vast continent of America, and to the West India islands. When we consider its beginning in 1739; when a few young Clergymen began to preach the doctrine of Salvation by Faith; and now look around us, and see more than Seven Hundred Men (including the brethren in America) "running to and fro," that the knowledge of this divine truth may be increased: together *with* some thousands of Local Preachers (and other eminent

Ministers in the Establishment, and amongst the Dissenters, who, though they worship not with us, are strenuous maintainers of the same doctrines), we may well exclaim, in the language of inspiration, *What hath God wrought!*

But what encouragement have we from the consideration of these things to "rejoice in hope." Our "eyes shall see greater things than these!" These are but the beginning of good days! They are the drops before the shower! *The Lord's house shall be established upon the top of the mountains, and all nations shall flow unto it! The Lord will give His Son Jesus the Heathen for His inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession!* ETHIOPIA *shall* SOON *stretch forth her hands unto God! The chosen people, to whom pertained the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law—the Seed of Abraham shall return with the* FULNESS *of the Gentiles, and there shall be* ONE FOLD *under* ONE SHEPHERD! A gracious shower of spiritual blessings shall come down upon EVERY NATION, *and* KINDRED, *and* PEOPLE, *and* TONGUE! *The zeal of the Lord of Hosts shall perform this! Even so, Amen.* COME, LORD JESUS, COME QUICKLY!

CHARLES ATMORE.

WEDNESBURY, *August* 17, 1801.

POSTSCRIPT.

WHEN I first entered upon this work, I intended to notice those Ministers *only* who had been an honour to their profession, and whose happy deaths were the consequent issue of their holy and useful lives; but, maturely considering the subject, I concluded that by wholly omitting others, I might be justly charged with that partiality which ought ever to be sacredly avoided by Biographers and Historians. 2. I observed that the sacred Biographers had faithfully recorded the *vices* as well as the *virtues;* the *failings* as well as the *excellencies* of those characters they have delineated; nay, that they even particularly noticed those who had been a scandal to their holy profession, and *whose end* there is too much reason to fear *was destruction:* the same divine pen which records the *zeal* of Saint *Paul,* and the *love* of Saint *John,* remarks the *worldly-mindedness* of *Demas,* the *fall* of Saint *Peter,* and the *miserable end* of *Judas Iscariot.* 3. I inferred that these awful circumstances, being thus faithfully set before us, might tend to stir up the minds of those who are now, or who may be hereafter, employed in the same work to greater diligence in their high and holy calling. *These things* (saith the Apostle) *happened unto* THEM *for ensamples; and they are written for* OUR *admonition upon whom the ends of the world are come.* WHEREFORE LET HIM THAT THINKETH HE STANDETH TAKE HEED LEST HE FALL.

The principal books I have consulted are the *Annual Minutes of the Conferences,* the Rev. Mr. *Wesley's Journals, His Life,* as published by Dr. *Coke,* and Mr. *Moore,* and that by Dr. *Whitehead,* and the *Methodist Magazine.* I also embrace the opportunity of acknowledging the kindness and attention of my brethren and other persons for the information they have afforded me: but especially my friend Mr. *Pawson,* to whom I am greatly indebted for much information respecting several of the *first race* of Preachers, whose names, but for him, would probably have been totally buried in oblivion.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE is no subject that can come under the consideration of man or that has any claim to his attention equal to that of Religion. It concerns every man, from the Monarch to the peasant: it is of the highest importance for each to *understand*, to *experience*, and to *practise* it. As all men, in all ages, have been interested in this subject, it has pleased Him who is the grand object of all religious worship and to whose glory ultimately all true religion must tend, to reveal His mind to man, and clearly to discover His will concerning Him. That such a revelation was necessary will be doubted by none who has any knowledge of himself or of man in his fallen state. The world by its own wisdom knew not God: this truth is not only attested by the Spirit of Truth, but corroborated by the experience and declarations of the wisest and best men in the heathen world! God, therefore, displayed His mercy and manifested His love in affording man the means of understanding His will by giving Him His word *to be a light unto his feet and a lamp in all his paths.*

For a series of ages the revelation of God was limited to a very inconsiderable part of the inhabitants of the earth: and it does not become us to enquire *why* it was so. "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight." Suffice it that we know by the most indubitable evidence that the mind of God has been made known to *holy men of old* from the foundation of the world; and that HE revealed His will to *them* that they might make it known to *others.*

Honourable mention is made of *Enoch*, "the seventh from Adam," as a Prophet of the Lord; and of *Noah* an eminent Preacher of Righteousness to the old world. *Abraham*, the father of the faithful, was certainly a Teacher of the Divine Will, for Jehovah himself says, "I know Abraham, that he will command his children and household after him; and they shall keep the way of the Lord." It is well known that the heads

of the patriarchal families were both Priests and Teachers. And, undoubtedly, in this way the people were instructed in the will of God till the institution of the Mosaic economy, when the teachers became more numerous, and public worship was established by the express law of God.

In the Jewish Church there were Prophets and Priests; the latter were chosen from the Levites. The names of the most eminent among them are faithfully registered in the sacred annals; and through these they are handed down to us. *Moses, Aaron, Samuel, Nathan, David, Solomon, Elijah, Elisha, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel,* and the minor Prophets down to *Malachi* (who closes the canon of the Old Testament) are all noticed; men eminently distinguished in their day as the acknowledged servants of God.

Malachi is supposed to have delivered his prophecy near four hundred years before Christ; and after him there appeared no Prophet of note in the Jewish Church till the harbinger of the *Messiah, John the Baptist,* the son of Zacharias the Priest, was sent to usher in the *Morning Star,* and to proclaim the rising of the *Sun of Righteousness* upon this benighted globe.

The providence of God had by almost imperceptible degrees been making way for this important event: the light, which at its first approach was like the dawn of the morning, had shone brighter and brighter to this perfect day; and now the darkness, which had long enveloped the earth, fled away before this Light of the World! To use the language of an elegant writer, "The East was reddened with his rising radiance; the Western hills were gilded with his streaming splendours; the chilly regions of the North were nourished with his genial warmth; and the Southern tracts glowed with his fire." Or rather to use the strong language of inspiration, "The people who walked in darkness saw a Great Light: they that dwelt in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the Light shined."

For the three last years of the Redeemer's sojourning upon earth He appeared on the public stage of the world. He preached His own Gospel, and thus exhibited eternal truths to men! And "He spake as one having authority." His very enemies who sought occasion against Him felt constrained to acknowledge, "Never man spake like this man." He also ordained twelve Apostles, whom He sent to preach the kingdom of God and to heal the sick. He appointed seventy others also, and sent them forth two and two into every city and place whither He Himself would come; and

having so done He addressed Himself unto them, and said, "The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few. Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He would send forth labourers into His harvest."

Having thus provided for a standing ministry in the world, and having promised His presence to be with His Apostles and their successors to the end of the world, and having finished the work on earth which, as the High Priest of our profession, was given Him to do, He ascended, in the presence of chosen witnesses, to His Father and our Father, to His God and our God. He ascended on high that He might fulfil the residue of His High Priestly office in heaven, make intercession for us, prepare mansions for His people, and obtain for *all* the gift of the Holy Ghost.

Previous to the ascension of our Divine Master, He requested His disciples to tarry at Jerusalem till He should send unto them the "promise of the Father," and *they were* "endued with power from on high." In obedience to this command they did so, "and when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place; and suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance." This was the most important event that attended the introduction of our holy religion into the world. This was that divine act which put the seal of heaven to every action of Jesus Christ, as the Mediator of the new covenant; and He was thus declared to be the Son of God with power!

The Apostles being filled with the Holy Ghost, immediately began to speak to the wondering crowd; and *Peter*, who was generally the spokesman for the rest, addressed them in a very pointed and pathetic discourse; and such a Divine Unction accompanied the word that three thousand souls were "pricked in their hearts," and from the view they then had of their state, they exclaimed, as in the greatest agony, Men and brethren, what shall we do?—*i.e.*, to be saved from *that* guilt which they felt, and from *that* wrath which they feared. Our Lord had informed Peter and his brethren, who were fishers by occupation, that "He would make them fishers of men;" and now the word of the Lord Jesus was verified, for on the first casting the Gospel net, this vast multitude of souls were caught therein, and were added to the number of those who believed to the saving of their souls.

The Apostles and brethren went forth everywhere preaching the word, and signs and wonders were daily wrought in the name of the holy child Jesus. They were inspired with such holy zeal, and were so indefatigable in their labours, that in the space of forty years they carried the glad tidings of salvation into almost every part of the then known world. "Their sound went into all the earth, and their words to the end of the world!"

It would far exceed my limits to enter fully, or minutely, into the state of the Church of Christ from that period to the commencement of the revival of religion, begun and carried on by the subjects of these memoirs. Suffice it to say that even in the most corrupt and dark ages of the world God had His chosen witnesses (though sometimes few in number), and a succession of men, "endued with power from on high," have been raised up to bear His name before the people, and to proclaim "peace on earth, and goodwill to men."

Our own countryman, *Wickliffe*, was a burning and shining light in his day, and may be considered as the morning star of the Reformation. *John Huss* and *Jerome of Prague*, who were enlightened by the writings of *Wickliffe*, were bold defenders of the "truth as it is in Jesus," and were crowned with martyrdom for the word of God and the testimony which they held. Their successors on the continent—*Luther, Melancthon, Calvin, Zuinglius*, &c., were the blessed means of opposing the errors of Popery, and of propagating Divine Truth; and through them many in this kingdom received the same grace, and became zealous for the same precious faith.

Our worthy and venerable Reformers, *Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley*, and a crowd of holy witnesses were raised up of God in this land to testify His truth to mankind. After these blessed men were called to seal the truth with their blood, there was a general decay in Religion, and the love of many waxed cold, till it pleased God again to revive it by the ministry of the *Quakers* and *Puritans*, in what is generally called the *Puritanic Age;* because the most pious people in the land were termed *Puritans*. It is certain, at that period, "pure and undefiled religion" was *understood, experienced*, and *practised* by thousands in this nation, for when the day of trial came, there was found no less than *two thousand* Ministers in the Establishment who submitted to fines and imprisonments rather than injure their consciences and sin against God! If there were so many faithful *shepherds*, surely the numbers of

their *flocks*, and of the true *sheep of Christ* among them must have been very great.

From this time till the happy period recorded in the following pages, Religion hid her beauteous face, and was confined to a few poor, destitute followers of Christ (Quakers and Puritans), who met on the mountains, or in cellars, and were even there pursued by those human beasts or devils—the abettors of persecution.

It is an undeniable fact that from that black Bartholomew's-day in 1662, to the commencement of the eighteenth century, Religion in this country was at a very low ebb. The *power* of it, except in a very few instances, was denied, and even the *form* but little attended to. The important doctrines of the Gospel were almost wholly lost sight of, and a system of heathen morality substituted in the room of the doctrine of justification by faith, and regeneration by the Spirit! "The godly man had ceased, and the faithful failed from among the children of men." There was indeed a *Beveridge*, a *Henry*, a *Watts*, and a *Doddridge*, and a few others, both in the Established Church, and among the Dissenters, who were men of God, and whose praise is in all the Churches. But, nevertheless, ignorance, profaneness, and infidelity generally prevailed, and wickedness overspread the land like a flood. Scepticism and infidelity were so prevalent, and the enemies of the Christian Revelation, and friends of Deism so greatly increased, and were become so bold and daring in their attempts to propagate their principles in the University, that they roused the attention of the Vice-Chancellor and the heads of Houses!

That eminently holy and blessed man, *Dr. Watts*, justly and feelingly lamented the decay of piety in his day. He says, in the preface to the first volume of his Sermons, "Our fathers talked much of pious experience, and have left their writings of the same strain behind them; they were surrounded with converts, and helped to fill heaven apace, for God was with them. But as to the savour of piety and inward religion; as to spiritual-mindedness, and zeal for God, and the good of souls; as to the spirit and power of evangelical ministrations, we may all complain, the glory is departed from our Israel."

It has often been observed that the darkest part of the night immediately precedes the breaking forth of the light of the morning; and as in the natural, so it has frequently been in the spiritual world. In this time of darkness and gloominess; in this day of clouds and thick darkness, did God

remember this nation in mercy, and raised up that great Luminary of the Christian world, the Rev. JOHN WESLEY, who, under God, was the father and founder of METHODISM.

This great man was the son of the Rev. *Samuel Wesley*, Rector of *Epworth*, in Lincolnshire—a gentleman, though very respectable for learning, and conspicuous for piety, yet not of large fortune or powerful connections. Mr. *John Wesley* was born June 17th, O.S. 1703; and in the year 1720, he entered a student in Christ-Church College, *Oxford*. He was soon noticed in the University as a man of extraordinary abilities. He took his degree of Bachelor of Arts at an early age; and having been ordained Deacon in 1725, was elected Fellow of Lincoln College in 1726. In the following year he took his degree of Master of Arts, and on September 22, 1728, was ordained Priest.

But what rendered Mr. *Wesley* more conspicuous in the University was his uncommon seriousness and exemplary conduct. In 1729, Mr. *Wesley* himself says, "My brother and I, reading the Bible, saw inward and outward holiness therein; followed afrer it, and incited others so to do. Their labours were not in vain; for a few young gentlemen soon united with them, and they frequently met together in order to help each other to "work out their salvation with fear and trembling." Their assembling together after this manncr, their receiving the sacrament every Lord's day, and their method of spending time, procured them the appellation of *Methodists*. Mr. *Wesley* being the senior brother, he was supposed to be the best qualified, and therefore the whole management of the society (which consisted at first of *four*, then of *six*, and afterwards of *eight* persons) devolved upon him; and to him they looked up as to a father, for direction in their studies, and in the things which belonged to their everlasting peace.

In November, 1729, the society at *Oxford* consisted of the following gentlemen:—Mr. *John* and *Charles Wesley*, Mr. *Richard Morgan*, and Mr. *Kirkman*. In 1733, they were joined by Mr. *Benjamin Ingham* and Mr. *Broughton;* and also in April, the same year, by Mr. *Clayton* and two or three of his pupils; about the same time Mr. *James Harvey*, pupil to Mr. John Wesley, joined them, and shortly after Mr. *George Whitefield*. These gentlemen were all Collegians, and are to be considered as the *first* METHODISTS.

In the year 1735, Mr. *Wesley*, for the *first* time, preached *extempore*, in *All-hallows Church, Lombard-street, London;* but

it was not till the year 1737 that he saw "holiness comes by faith, and that men are justified before they are sanctified."

Mr. *Wesley* was so filled with zeal for the honour of God and the good of souls, that he hazarded the dangers of the ocean, and voluntarily sustained the hardships of a foreign climate in order to save souls from eternal death; as did also his brother, *Charles Wesley*, and their coadjutor in this blessed cause, the Rev. *George Whitefield*, whose labours in the vineyard were abundant.

In 1735, Mr. *Wesley* went to Georgia, where he formed a small society. Here also, as well as on his passage, he became acquainted with the Moravian brethren, who taught him the way of faith more perfectly.

He returned to England in February, 1738, and instantly repaired to his beloved *Oxford*, where he had *then* serious thoughts of spending the residue of his days! But God designed him for a larger sphere of usefulness below, and for a brighter crown of glory above!

May 1st, 1738, Mr. *Wesley* and some Moravians formed themselves into a society, which met in *Fetter-lane, London*. In the month of June he paid a visit to the Brethren at *Hernhuth*, in Germany; and returned to England again in September following.

Mr. *Wesley* had hitherto preached only in the Churches, and rigidly observed all the rites and ceremonies of the Church; even the very *Rubrick* of the Common-prayer was sacred to him, and he observed it with the utmost firmness and punctuality. He was so extremely tenacious of every point relating to decency and order, that he says himself, "I should have thought the saving of souls *almost a sin*, if it had not been done *in a Church!*" What less than Almighty power could conquer prejudices like these!

Mr. *Wesley* had strenuously maintained the new doctrine (as it was then called) of Salvation by Faith wherever he preached; but though this Divine truth was so well suited to the state of fallen man, and though many did embrace it, finding it to be the "power of God unto salvation;" yet many others, especially among the higher orders of society, were offended, and Mr. *Wesley* was soon told at most of the churches, "Sir, you must preach here no more."

Early in the year 1739 Mr. *Whitefield* went down to *Bristol*, and in that city first began to preach in the open air. Mr. *Wesley* continued his labours in *London* and *Oxford* alternately, and occasionally in the neighbouring places, without any

intention of altering his usual manner of proceeding. But in the month of March he received a letter from Mr. *Whitefield* pressing him to come to *Bristol* without delay, and to share with him in his labour and in his joy. Mr. *Wesley* was not at all forward to comply with this request. He appeared at a full stand—he knew not what to do. A dispensation of the Gospel was committed to him; the churches were shut against him; he saw the people perishing for lack of knowledge; the regular shepherds in general cared not for the flock; the Word of the Lord was with him as a fire in his bones: and, therefore, at last, though he was warmly opposed by his brother Charles and others, he resolutely broke through all his prejudices and prepossessions, and freely gave himself up to do the work *in that way* which he believed the Lord required at his hands.

On April 2, 1739, he first went out into the highways and hedges to compel sinners to come to the marriage supper of the Lamb.

This new method of preaching, as might be expected, exposed Mr. *Wesley* and all his brethren who followed his example to the scoffs and ridicule of the giddy multitude, and an enormous load of calumny and reproach was poured upon them from every quarter. They had to encounter the very "beasts of the people," and their lives were frequently in imminent danger from lawless mobs. They saw, they felt, however, that God was with them: the Word which they thus preached was attended with power. Many of the most profligate and abandoned of mankind became reformed, and were "renewed in the spirit of their minds." The effects which were produced by their preaching were, to them, incontrovertible evidences of the approbation of God; they, therefore, *stood* in the midst of all assaults:

——"as an iron pillar strong,
"And stedfast as a wall of brass!"

They pressed into every open door; and when the churches were denied them, or could not contain the multitudes that attended, they went out and preached that men should repent, in *Moorfields*, on *Kennington Common*, and wherever an opportunity presented itself of holding forth the Word of life.

The souls that were deeply affected under their ministry came, as might be expected, to them for advice. In the latter end of the year 1739, Mr. *Wesley* says, "Eight or ten persons came to me in London who appeared to be deeply

convinced of sin, and groaning for redemption." This may be considered as the *rise* of the *Methodist Society*.

As their numbers increased daily, Mr. *Wesley* found it impossible to give them advice separately; and therefore desired them to come together on a Thursday evening. But he soon found himself inadequate to the task alone, and some circumstances of a temporal nature occurring at *Bristol*, gave rise to the division of the Society into *classes*, which consisted of twelve or fifteen persons, one of whom was called the *Leader*, and appointed to watch over the rest.

As the winter approached the weather would not permit them any longer to meet in the open air. A convenient building, therefore, near Moorfields, in London, being proposed to Mr. *Wesley*, he gladly embraced it. It had been a Foundry for the King's Cannon; and it was soon fitted up with benches, &c., for the accommodation of the hearers. The men and women sat apart, as in the primitive churches. In *Bristol* Mr. *Wesley* erected a Preaching house, which was the *first* Chapel the Methodists ever built. The first stone was laid May 12, 1739; and in order to avoid the appearance of dissenting from the Church of England, it was called the *New-Room*. About two years after he erected a building in *Newcastle-upon-Tyne*, which he called the *Orphan-House*, because he originally designed to support orphans and widows therein—and for some years his design was fully carried into execution.

Mr. *Wesley* and his brother *Charles*, who was also zealously affected in this good cause, prosecuted their labours in the midst of the greatest hardships and most grievous sufferings. They visited various parts of the kingdom; and wherever they preached the Word was owned of God, and Societies were formed. The harvest was truly great, but the labourers were very few; they therefore prayed the Lord of the harvest, that He would send forth more labourers into the harvest. In this they were heard and answered; not, indeed, as they expected or desired, but in a way that tended to *destroy the wisdom of the wise, and to bring to nothing the understanding of the prudent.*

Some of those who had tasted of the good Word of God and felt the powers of the world to come were constrained by the love of Christ, which they happily experienced, to care for those of their own household, and also for their neighbours, whom they saw thronging the downward road, and perishing for lack of knowledge. This induced them, without

any previous design, to speak to these lost sinners of their dreadful state; of the gracious intentions of God in Christ Jesus concerning them; and of the happiness resulting from the possession of true religion. Many of their neighbours also, noticing the great change in their conduct and conversation, were incited, from curiosity, to inquire of them concerning this sect, which at that time was everywhere spoken against. This induced these persons simply to declare the things which they had seen and felt; and *their* word was in the demonstration of the Spirit and with power. Thus, without any premeditated plan or design of their own, these men became *Exhorters* in the Church of God. Mr. *Wesley* and his brother, with many others, knew not what to think of this—it was a "new thing in the earth," and, according to their views at that time, subversive of all order and decorum.

It does not clearly appear in what month of the year 1740 the Lay-preachers assisted Mr. *Wesley* as Itinerants (indeed, he mentions a *Joseph Humphreys*, who gave him some assistance in 1738; but the first regular Lay-preacher was *Thomas Maxfield;* and it is probable that he first preached in the beginning of the year 1740. Mr. *Wesley* being necessitated to leave *London* on some important business, and having no Clergyman to watch over the flock in his absence, he appointed Mr. *Maxfield* to pray with the people, and to give them such advice as he judged to be needful. It is certain, however, that Mr. *Wesley* had not the most distant idea of his attempting to preach, nor does it appear that Mr. *Maxfield* had any such intention himself; but being fervent in spirit, and mighty in the Scriptures, he was led on further than he designed, and at last began to *preach!* The Lord also bore testimony to the word of His servant, and confirmed it by awakening and converting souls by his ministry.

However, his having thus, as they thought, usurped the sacred office without a regular call, gave great offence to many, and Mr. *Wesley* was requested to repair to town without delay, in order to stop the evil.

Mr. *Wesley's* mother was a woman of deep piety, strong sense, and sound judgment in the things of God; she had heard Mr. *Maxfield* preach, and was fully persuaded that he was called of God to the work of the ministry.

When Mr. *Wesley* came to town, she observed that his countenance expressed great dissatisfaction, and she inquired into the cause; he warmly replied, "*Thomas Maxfield* has turned preacher, I find." Mrs. *Wesley* looked attentively at

him, and replied, "*John*, you know what my sentiments have been; you cannot suspect *me* of favouring readily anything of this kind. But take care what you do with respect to that young man; for he is as surely called of God to preach as you are." This deterred Mr. *Wesley* from the execution of his purpose; and finding upon inquiry that good was done to the souls of the people, the practice was *suffered* to continue.

This, however, is an incontestible proof that Mr. *Wesley* had no *design*, nor, at that time, the least idea of having Preachers under him as sons in the Gospel, as some of his enemies have insinuated. Indeed, the more the life of this great man is developed, the more clearly it will appear that he was influenced by the purest motives; that every step which he took was in the *order of God*, and that one circumstance made way for another, till the plan designed by HIM, who had called him to this "office and ministry," was so far completed, as to answer the most important ends—even the conversion of thousands and tens of thousands to the knowledge of the truth!

In the month of May, 1742, Mr. *Wesley* visited Yorkshire; at *Birstal*, near *Leeds*, he met with *John Nelson*, who had also begun to exhort his neighbours to "flee from the wrath to come;" and his word was made the power of God to the salvation of many souls. The manner in which he began to preach is thus related by Mr. *Wesley*. "*John Nelson* had full employment in London, and large wages; but he found a constant inclination to return to his native place. He did so, and his relations and acquaintance soon began to inquire what he thought of this new faith (which, by means of Mr. *Ingham*, had occasioned much noise and talk in Yorkshire). *John Nelson* told them plain blank that this new faith, as they called it, was the old faith of the Gospel, and related to them his own experience. This was soon noised abroad, and more and more came to inquire concerning these strange things. Some put him upon proving these great truths, and thus he was brought unawares to quote, explain, compare, and enforce several parts of Scripture. This he did at first *sitting in his house*, till the company increased so that the house could not contain them. He then *stood at the door*, which he was commonly obliged to do every evening as soon as he came from work." In different parts of the kingdom, several others were raised up in a similar manner, and their labours were abundantly blest to many souls.

For some time, these Lay-preachers exercised their talents only in the neighbourhood where they lived, while their own hands ministered to their necessities; and even after they went forth to preach, and had wholly devoted themselves to the work of God, there was no regular provision made for them, but their wants were supplied, as they occurred, by the Stewards of the different Societies. At the Conference in 1752, it was agreed that each Preacher should receive the sum of *twelve pounds* per annum, to provide himself with clothes, books, &c. This small sum, though very inadequate, "considering the *time* in which it was fixed, the *depreciation* of money, and the enormous *advance* of every article of consumption," is, with a few exceptions, continued to this day [1801].

All the Lay-preachers looked up to Mr. *Wesley* as the father of the family, and were directed by him in the work. He appointed each Preacher his place from time to time, as exigencies required. As the number of Societies and Preachers increased, it became necessary for the preservation of order, and to prevent their obtruding upon each other in their labours, to appoint each Preacher his proper station, and to fix its bounds. These limits were first called *Rounds*, then *Circuits;* and the number of Preachers in them were according to the existing circumstances.

As it was impossible for Mr. *Wesley* to superintend all the Societies himself, he saw it expedient to appoint one Preacher in each circuit to *assist* him in this work, and that Preacher was, in consequence of his office, called the *Assistant.*

The work continuing to increase on Mr. *Wesley's* hands, and believing that in a *multitude of counsellors there is safety,* he saw it necessary to converse with certain of the Preachers respecting the work in which they were engaged. He accordingly desired the Preachers to meet him, which meeting was afterward called the *Conference.* The first meeting was held in London, June 25, 1744.

Most of the primitive Methodist Preachers, like their predecessors, the first Ministers of the Gospel, were *plain* men, called of God from their different secular avocations to take upon them this office and ministry. Some of them were evidently men of strong parts, possessed of sound judgment, and of a quick understanding in the fear of the Lord. Few of them had enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education; but being satisfied of their call from God, and burning with holy zeal for His glory, they went forth, in His strength, making mention of His righteousness, and His only. They

simply and affectionately related to their congregations the important truths which they had been taught from the Scriptures, and which they had happily experienced in their own souls—"not in the wisdom which this world teacheth, but in the demonstration of the Spirit and with power." And the Lord bore testimony to the word of His servants, and wherever they preached *signs and wonders were wrought in the name of the holy Jesus.* Thus did this great work begin, and thus did it mightily grow and prevail, till it has spread through and covered every part of this land!

Before I conclude, I would beg leave to observe that it is impossible for these Preachers to have been influenced by any other motive than the glory of God, and the advancement of His kingdom among men. Mr. *Wesley* generally told them, before they engaged in the work: "To be a Methodist Preacher is not the way to Ease, Honour, Pleasure, or Profit; it is a life of much labour and reproach. They often fare hard, often are in want. They are liable to be stoned, beaten, and abused in various ways. Consider this before you engage in so uncomfortable a way of life." Most of the Preachers *at that time* found Mr. *Wesley's* words true. Their labours were intense; their accommodations and provisions in general mean; and they had frequently to contend with the *outcasts of men;* and were sometimes abused in a manner too shocking to relate! They cheerfully, however, sacrificed ease, honour, and worldly gain; and, with the Apostle, *counted not their own lives dear unto themselves, so that they might but finish their course with joy, and the ministry which they had received.*

My reasons for introducing these Memoirs, with this brief sketch of the State of Religion, and the honoured instruments the Lord has made use of in promoting His glory in the world, are—first, to show the peculiar care of God over His Church and People, in thus raising up a succession of men from time to time to preserve His truth inviolate, and to perpetuate it to posterity. Secondly, To convince the infidels (if these pages should be perused by such) that in the darkest and most degenerate ages which the world has known, God has had His witnesses (though sometimes very inconsiderable in number), who have faithfully and invariably testified that the deeds of the men of this world are evil. Thirdly, To make the people called *Methodists* especially sensible of their privileges; and to afford them the means of knowing the *rock whence they were hewn, and the hole of the pit whence*

they were digged; that they also may remember the honoured *instrument* first called of God, and see how the Lord *blessed* him and *increased* him; and that they may discover the different steps by which he was led to adopt those various plans which have so wonderfully conduced to their prosperity, both as individuals and as a people.

I have aimed at *brevity* and *perspicuity* throughout the whole. If the people I have the honour to be connected with (as it is principally for *them* I write) are pleased and profited, and the great HEAD of the *Church* glorified and exalted, my highest ambition will be gratified; and all that is within me shall say, NOT UNTO ME, NOT UNTO ME, BUT UNTO THY NAME, O GOD, BE ALL THE PRAISE FOR EVER AND EVER. AMEN.

THE

METHODIST MEMORIAL.

WILLIAM BAINES.

HE was for some time master of *Kingswood School*, near *Bristol*, but he afterwards procured ordination from the late friendly Bishop of Bath and Wells, and for several years he preached at two or three churches in the neighbourhood of *Bristol*. Mr. *Wesley* then invited him to *London*, to assist him as a Curate in his Chapels there. In this office he continued for some time; his ministerial talents were not great, but he was generally esteemed a very sensible and pious man. In the time of the late American war he suffered his mind to be too much occupied with the politics of the day: but the days of his pilgrimage were soon ended, for on December 27, 1777, the Lord was pleased, by a violent fever, to take him to that world where

"No horrid alarm of wars
Shall break his eternal repose."

JAMES BARRY.

HE was for many years a faithful labourer in his Lord's vineyard; and as he laboured much so he suffered much, but with unwearied patience. In his death he suffered nothing, stealing quietly away. But his end was *peace, quietness, and assurance for ever!* He died at *Gainsborough*, in Lincolnshire, in the year 1783.

BENJAMIN BEANLAND.

He was raised up as a Preacher among the Methodists when the work was in its infancy; and consequently he was called to endure grievous sufferings for the truth's sake. He had many narrow escapes for his life, and many wonderful deliverances; but he had at that time such firm confidence in God, that the wicked were never permitted to do him any harm. He was a very sensible man, and possessed of uncommon ministerial gifts, so that he was a most delightful Preacher—both acceptable and useful.

In those days there was no settled provision made for the Preachers, but when they wanted anything they made application to the Stewards of the Circuit for a supply of their wants. This method was not pleasing to Mr. *Beanland*, and consequently when he had nearly worn out the clothes with which he set out he would not condescend to ask for more, and made this a pretext for leaving the work; he therefore returned home again, saying, "sooner than he would be damned for debt he would work hard, and thus provide himself with what he wanted." It certainly was wrong for the people among whom he laboured to permit this *man of God* (for such he *then* was) to fall into such a temptation: as the people ought at all times to anticipate the necessities of those who are thus labouring for their good. Reason dictates that the *labourer is worthy of his hire;* and the Lord of the vineyard hath ordained that *they who preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel.* If the Ministers of the sanctuary minister to the people *spiritual things*, it surely becomes them, to whom they thus minister, to give them what is necessary of their *carnal things.* Though the consideration of these things may tend greatly to extenuate the fault of Mr. *Beanland* in leaving the work, yet it does not altogether free him from the guilt. He ought to have recollected that the God whom he was serving in the Gospel of His Son had said, *Trust in the Lord, and do good; dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.* It is evident, however, from the sequel, that the thing which he had done greatly displeased the Lord, and that which he so much feared, and which by human prudence he endeavoured to prevent, came awfully upon him; for after all his industry and economy, he was actually *cast into prison for debt!* He lived for many years afterwards in a state of extreme poverty and distress, and what is still worse, there is too much reason to fear that he

also became vain in his imagination, measured back again his steps to earth, and lost that sweet savour of religion which he had once so happily enjoyed. It is remarkable that he frequently attempted to rise and shake himself from the dust; that he often endeavoured to recover his ministerial gifts; but that God, whom he had so greatly dishonoured, and whose Spirit he had so deeply grieved, would not permit this, and he ended his days very suddenly in great obscurity.

THOMAS BEARD.

He was among the first Lay Preachers. Mr. *Wesley* gives the following brief account of him; and though it is all I can collect, it is certainly worthy of note. He was a quiet and peaceable man, who was torn from his wife and children, and sent for a soldier—that is, banished from all that was near and dear to him, and constrained to dwell among lions, for no other crime, real or pretended, than that of calling sinners to repentance. But his soul was in nothing terrified by his adversaries. Yet the body after a while sunk under its burden. He was lodged in the hospital at *Newcastle-upon-Tyne*, where he praised God continually. His fever increasing, he was let blood; his arm festered, mortified, and in the end was amputated. Two or three days after this God graciously signed his discharge, and called him up to His eternal throne in the year 1774.

"Servant of God, well done! well hast thou fought
The better fight; who single hast maintained
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of God, in word, mightier than they in arms."

Mr. *Hopper*, in a letter to me, dated Sept. 8, 1800, makes honourable mention of Mr. *Beard*, and says, "he died a martyr at *Newcastle-upon-Tyne*."

The following lines were written by the Rev. *Charles Wesley* as a poetic tribute to his memory:—

1 Soldier of Christ, adieu!
Thy conflicts here are past,
Thy Lord hath brought thee through,
And giv'n the crown at last;
Rejoice to wear the glorious prize,
Rejoice with God in paradise.

2 There all thy sufferings cease,
  There all thy griefs are o'er,
The prisoner is at peace,
  The mourner weeps no more;
From man's oppressive tyranny
Thou livs't, thou liv'st for ever free.

3 Torn from thy friends below,
  In banishment severe,
A man of strife and woe,
  No more thou wander'st here;
Join'd to thy better friends above,
At rest in thy Redeemer's love.

4 No longer now constrain'd
  With human fiends to dwell,
To see their evil, pain'd,
  Their blasphemies to feel;
Angels and Saints thy comrades are,
And all adore the Saviour there.

5 Thou canst not there bemoan
  Thy friend's or country's loss,
Through sore oppression groan,
  Or faint beneath the cross;
The joy hath swallowed up the pain,
And death is thy eternal gain.

6 What hath their malice done,
  Who hurried hence thy soul!
When half thy race was run,
  They *pushed* thee to the goal;
Sent to the souls supremely blest,
And *drove* thee to thy earlier rest.

7 Thou out of great distress,
  To thy reward art past,
Triumphant happiness,
  And joys that always last;
Thanks be to God, who set thee free,
And gave the final victory.

8 Thy victory we share,
  Thy glorious joy we feel,

Parted in flesh we are,
But join'd in spirit still:
And still we on our brethren call,
To praise the common Lord of all.

9 Not for your needless aid,
Not for your useless pray'rs,
(Jesus for us hath pray'd,
And all our burthens bears),
Yet still on you we call and cry,
Extol the Lord of earth and sky.

10 Then let us still maintain
Our fellowship Divine,
And till we meet again
In Jesu's praises join;
Thus, till we all your raptures know,
Sing *you* above, and *we* below.

JOHN BENNET.

He began his itinerant labours in the Gospel in the year 1747. He possessed considerable ministerial abilities; and was a most indefatigable and successful labourer in the vineyard, especially in *Derbyshire*, *Lancashire*, and *Cheshire*, for several years. By the following letter we may form some judgment of what his labours were about the year 1750:—"Many doors," says he, "are opened for preaching in these parts, but cannot be supplied for want of Preachers. My circuit is one hundred and fifty miles in two weeks; during which time I preach publicly *thirty-four* times, besides meeting the Societies, and visiting the sick," &c. Mr. *Bennet*'s extraordinary labours were attended with an uncommon blessing, and he was instrumental in raising several Societies in *Lancashire*, before Mr. *Wesley* had visited that part of the kingdom. By the postscript of a letter, which he wrote to Mr. *Wesley* in March, 1747, I presume that he had been wavering in his mind respecting the controverted points; for he says, "I must confess that I lately looked upon man as a mere *machine;* and whoever considers man as such, cannot

possibly escape falling into the doctrine of *Reprobation* and *Election*. I looked upon man in this light from reading some authors, which has caused me many an uneasy hour; I wish all my young brethren may escape this *place of torment*. Unguarded expressions which we have used in our exhortations have given rise to the Calvinistic doctrine, as also to Antinomianism."

In a few years after this, Mr. *Bennet*, however, embraced this very system which he at the above period so much deprecated. So mutable a creature is man! On the 26th of December, 1752, he separated from Mr. *Wesley's* connection, and took a considerable part of the Society at *Bolton-le-moors*, in *Lancashire*, along with him. He called Mr. *Wesley* a *Pope*, and charged him with preaching *Popery!* He also charged him with denying the perseverance of the saints, and teaching sinless perfection. The two former charges were utterly false; the two latter misrepresented. Mr. *Wesley* taught that a believer *might*, though he *need not*, fall from grace; he also exhorted believers to *go on to perfection*—that is, as he explained it, to *love God with all their heart;* but this he termed *Christian*, not *sinless* perfection. Mr. *Bennet* was Pastor of an Independent congregation at *Bolton* for several years.

ABRAHAM BISHOP.

He was a native of the Isle of Jersey. He began his itinerant labours in the province of *Nova Scotia* and *New Brunswick;* and at the Conference 1793, was appointed for *Grenada*, in the *West Indies*, where he concluded his labours and finished his course. He lived continually within the veil, and his soul uninterruptedly longed for the salvation of sinners. He was instant *in season, and out of season;* an useful Preacher all the day long, without the least breach of modesty or decorum. He preached well, both in French and English. In the same letter, of which two-thirds were written with his own hand in the most lively and animating manner, an account was transmitted of his death by the Rev. Mr. *Dent*, Rector of *St. George's*, *Grenada*, who loved him as his own child. He fell a sacrifice to the yellow fever, which at that time prevailed in the West India islands. Though not conscious of the violence of his disorder, he said to one of

his friends, "I am ready to go to heaven." He earnestly exhorted all who came near him, appeared entirely dead to the world, and had a glorious prospect of a blessed eternity.

RICHARD BLACKWELL.

THIS excellent man began his public labours about the year 1766. He possessed considerable talents for the ministry, and was wise above his years. He was wholly devoted to God, and an example to the flock. He was serious, spiritual, and heavenly in all his conversation—preaching in season and out of season, *out* of the pulpit as well as *in* it. After travelling two or three years, he caught a fever at *Aberdeen;* and, though in a kind of delirium, he rose from his bed, and preached a very useful sermon in the chapel, to the admiration of all present. This was undoubtedly an imprudent step, and ought to have been prevented, if possible, by his friends; for it increased the fever to such a degree that he died in a few days! But his end was glorious! He went to God full of faith and the Holy Ghost. Many of the Ministers and Gentlemen of the city of Aberdeen conferred great honour upon this young man at his death, and attended his funeral; while one of them, a gentleman of considerable respectability, requested that his remains might be interred in his family vault.

Mr. *Blackwell* went to the joy of his Lord, December 27th, 1767. He was only confined to his room one week. On Sunday, the 13th, he preached at five in the evening to a crowded audience, from the words of *David* to his son *Solomon*, "*Arise and be doing, and the Lord be with you,*" and indeed it was a *farewell* sermon. He was not able to meet the Society; but, nevertheless, as he had caught cold, his indisposition was but little thought of. He continued very poorly till Thursday, when he had great distress both of body and mind, occasioned by the buffetings of Satan. On Friday, he was afraid he should lose the use of his reason; and early on Saturday morning he was seized with a delirium, which continued till three o'clock on Monday morning; during which time he never closed his eyes till a little before he expired. At intervals he spoke of the glory and majesty of Jehovah, and of the things of God in general, with great delight, and died happy in the Lord.

ANDREW BLAIR.

THIS eminently useful man was born in the North of *Ireland*, about the year 1748. In early life he discovered a strong inclination to reading and study; he preferred conversing with books to all other gratifications; and thought nothing too much that he could do to procure a variety of them. Those who knew him from the beginning of his Christian course esteemed and loved him much for his close walking with God, and his great faithfulness in the work of the ministry. In the year 1768, he first heard the Methodists preach; and, in 1771, he was brought to a saving acquaintance with God, and received the truth as it is in Jesus. He soon began to tell of the lovingkindness of the Lord, and to declare those truths to others which he had found to be the power of God to the salvation of his own soul. In this work he met with considerable encouragement, and his labours were abundantly blest. He was received upon trial at the Conference in 1778, and was everywhere received by the people with the warmest affection, and regarded as an eminent messenger of the living God. He had a more than ordinary knowledge of men and things, and could trace the human heart in its various turnings and windings; and therefore was well calculated to detect those who had not the *root of the matter* in them. In conversation, he was a pattern of ease, modesty, and good sense; and all his conversations were directed to the glory of God, and to the edification of souls. His public discourses were well digested, solid, and lively, and were generally attended with a Divine unction. Many in different parts of Great Britain and Ireland felt the power of his word, and acknowledged him as their father in the Gospel. He was mighty in prayer; it was evident to all who heard him that he possessed the *spirit* of this duty in an uncommon degree, and that he dwelt as in the secret of the Divine presence. The last Conference he attended was at London, in 1792; and on his return from thence to his native country he enjoyed a good state of health, but in a few weeks his health began to decline, and there appeared evident symptoms of a dropsy. The physician advised a trial of the *Bath* waters, and for that purpose he came into England; but after an unsuccessful trial of several weeks, he returned to Dublin in the middle of December, where he was affectionately received by Mr. *Arthur Keene*, who treated him *as his own son*. His conversation was such as became a messenger

of God on the brink of eternity. With all the solemnity of a dying man, he said, "I entered upon the ministry under a conviction that it was my duty to do all the good I could. I had a zeal for the glory of God; but neither on this, nor on any other thing I have done, do I rely, *but solely on the merits of Jesus!*" He then lifted up his voice and said, "How long, Lord, do Thy chariot wheels delay—come quickly to my waiting soul." At another time he said, "It appears mysterious to me that I should be cut off in the midst of my days, especially when I think of my dear wife and four helpless babes; but God knows why it is so, and that is enough for *me*. I know He stands in no need of *me;* I should be vain if I thought He did. I believe He made some use of me; but He can raise up thousands, and make them more useful than I have been." His last night was a very restless one; in the morning, he said his left leg was pained as if in a fire, but added, "It will soon be over." And so it proved, for at twelve o'clock on Monday, April 8th, 1793, he breathed forth his happy spirit into His hands, who had redeemed him unto Himself with His own blood. His last words were—"LET THE NAME OF THE LORD BE MAGNIFIED—GLORY BE TO GOD. AMEN."

RICHARD BOARDMAN.

HE was a man of great piety, of an amiable disposition, and possessed of a strong understanding. He was one of the first regular Methodist Preachers who went to preach the Gospel on the continent of America. He went thither with Mr. *Pilmore*, in the year 1779. Mr. *Boardman* was greatly beloved and universally respected by the people wherever his lot was cast. His ministerial labours were much owned of God, both in Europe and America. He finished his course, by an apoplectic fit, at *Cork*, in Ireland. The following are the circumstances which attended the death of this man of God:—

Sunday, Sept. 29, 1782, Mr. *Boardman* having been eleven days in *Cork*, was going out to dinner; as he was walking, he was suddenly struck blind, so that he could not find his way, till one of our friends met him, and took him by the hand. Soon after he seemed to recover himself, and sat down to dinner. But quickly after he had a fit which deprived him

both of his speech and understanding. A physician was called in, who apprehended there was no immediate danger. Monday he seemed to be perfectly well, and preached both that and the following evenings. His mind was calm and serene, and no way anxious about either life or death. On Friday morning he was present at the *Intercession*, and was observed to pray with an uncommon degree of freedom and power. At three o'clock he went out to dine, but as soon as he came into the house, he sunk down insensible. He was then conducted back in a carriage to his own house, and about nine o'clock in the evening he expired in the arms of two of his brethren, and in the presence of many of his friends, who commended him to God with sorrowful hearts and streaming eyes.

The Sunday before his death, he preached from, "*Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.*" It was a very solemn meeting, and a reverential awe filled the hearts of the congregation. In his last prayer, at the Intercession on Friday, he prayed fervently for the people, and begged that if this was to be their last meeting on earth, they might have a happy meeting in the realms of light. It is remarkable that when he was leaving *Limerick*, he told Mrs. *Boardman that he should die in Cork!* But this was no concern to him, as he knew for him *to live was Christ, and to die eternal gain.* To him, sudden death was sudden glory! But how necessary for *us* to have our loins girded, and our lamps burning, that, if the Bridegroom should come at midnight, or at cock-crowing, we may be found ready!

The following remarkable interposition of Divine Providence in favour of this man of God is certainly worthy a place in these memoirs. It comes from a person of respectability and veracity, and was related to him by Mr. *Boardman* himself.

I preached (says Mr. *Boardman*) one evening at *Mould*, in *Flintshire*, and next morning set out for *Park-Gate*. After riding some miles, I asked a man if I was on my road to that place; he answered, "Yes, but you will have some sands to go over, and, unless you ride very fast, you will be in danger of being enclosed by the tide." It then began to snow to such a degree that I could scarcely see a step of my way, and my mare being with foal, prevented my riding so fast as I otherwise should have done. I got to the sands, and pursued my journey over them for some time; but the tide then came in and surrounded me on every side, so that I could neither

proceed nor return back, and to ascend the perpendicular rocks was impossible. In this situation I commended my soul to God, not having the least expectation of escaping death. In a little time I perceived two men running down a hill on the other side of the water, and by some means they got a boat, and came to my relief, just as the sea had reached my knees as I sat on the saddle. They took me into the boat, the mare swimming by our side till we reached the land. While we were in the boat, one of the men said, "Surely, Sir, God is with you!" I answered, "I trust He is;" the man replied, "*I know He is;*" and then related the following circumstance:—"Last night I dreamed that I must go to the top of such a hill. When I awoke, the dream made so deep an impression on my mind that I could not rest. I therefore went and called upon this my friend to accompany me. When we came to the place, we saw nothing more than usual. However, I begged of him to go with me to another hill at a small distance, and then we saw your distressing situation." When we got ashore, I went with my two friends to a public-house, not far from the place where we landed, and as we were relating the wonderful providence, the landlady said, "This day month, we saw a gentleman just in your situation, but before we could hasten to his relief, he plunged into the sea, supposing (as we conjectured) that his horse would swim with him to the shore; but they both sunk and were drowned together!"

I gave my deliverers all the money I had, which I think was *eighteen-pence*, and tarried all night at the public-house. Next morning I was not a little embarrassed how to pay my reckoning. I therefore apologized to the landlord for the want of cash, and begged he would keep a pair of silver spurs, till I should send to redeem them. But he answered, "The Lord bless you, Sir, I would not take a farthing from you for the world." After some serious conversation with the friendly people of the house, I bid them farewell, and recommenced my journey, rejoicing in the Lord, and praising Him for His great salvation."

CHARLES BOONE.

He was a man of an excellent spirit, greatly beloved by the people, and an able, faithful, zealous Minister of the Lord Jesus. He was engaged as an Itinerant in the work of the

Lord about *twenty-four* years, and was the happy instrument in the hand of God of turning many to righteousness. There appeared to be sweetly blended in him the softness of moderation, with the inflexibility of truth; the meekness of wisdom, with the ardour of piety; and the desire of unity and peace, with strict attention to order and discipline. His last circuit was *Plymouth-Dock*, where he laboured faithfully as long as he was able. He left *Dock* in the latter end of July, 1795, and came near the city of *Exeter*, where he intended to reside a few months for the benefit of the air. His feeble frame sunk under the disorder, however; and, sensible that the time of his dissolution was drawing near, he informed Mrs. *Boone* that it was probable he should not continue long with her. After one very restless night, he said to Mrs. *Boone*, with his usual composure of mind, "I have often dwelt on, and enforced upon the minds of the people, *In such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh!*" She replied, "Yes; and you have also urged, *Be ye also ready;*" and asked him if he knew that God was making him ready for Himself? He said, "Yes." His extreme weakness rendered him incapable of saying much, but no way discomposed his mind, which was stayed on God, and his will perfectly resigned to the Divine disposal. Not a murmuring word passed his lips, his consolations abounded, and he was all serenity and peace. When asked, "If Jesus was precious?" he replied, "Very precious." He fell asleep in Jesus about half-past five o'clock, Monday afternoon, July 20th, 1795.

Thus died this excellent man, in the full enjoyment of that lively and blooming hope which the righteous possess at their death. He knew in whom he had believed, even in CHRIST, the *resurrection and the life*. He felt the sublime pleasures of true religion; and faith realised to his enraptured view the opening, the boundless prospects of a happy eternity. He fell a prey to a rapid *atrophy;* but death is his eternal gain. Having fought the good fight, he is now crowned with *glory, honour, and immortality*.

WILLIAM BRAMMAH.

HE was a plain, honest man, of deep piety and great zeal for the cause and interest of the Redeemer's kingdom. His talents for the ministry were remarkably small, so that it was

almost proverbial, "Hear Mr. *Brammah once*, and you will hear all he has to say, let his text be what it will." But God has sometimes chosen the *weak things of the world to confound the mighty, and things which are not to bring to nought things which are:* in order that *he that glorieth may glory in the Lord.* Thus it was with this good man. He was much owned of God, and his labours were universally blest. He had some hundreds of seals to his ministry in *Yorkshire* and *Lancashire*, whom he hath found amongst the blest, and who will be the crown of his rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus. He finished his course about the year 1780.

JOHN BRETTELL.

He was born at *Stourbridge*, in *Worcestershire*, in the year 1742. The Spirit of God began to work on his mind at an early period, and he felt he wanted something to make him happy; but he was not properly awakened till he was near twenty years of age. Under the ministry of a Mr. *Brettell*, a Local-preacher, God was pleased deeply to affect his mind; and from that day he began to flee from the wrath to come. He met with much opposition from his parents, and sometimes was locked out of doors. In the midst of these heavy trials, the distress of his soul was great. However, he continued *instant in prayer*, and sought the Lord with his whole heart. He became a member of the Society at *Birmingham;* and in a class-meeting the Lord manifested Himself to his soul, and gave him a comfortable evidence of His favour. In about four years after he was justified, he began to preach; and his labours were a blessing to many of his own kindred and neighbours. He came out as an Itinerant Preacher at the Conference 1771. He travelled about *twenty-six* years, with the short intermission of about three years, occasioned chiefly by a state of illness. He was a man of great plainness and simplicity of manners, of great sincerity and integrity of heart, and his ministerial labours were blest to many. The sickness, which terminated in his removal hence, was a slow fever. When he was first taken ill, he had a strong presentiment that his sickness would be unto death; but he was remarkably happy in God. After which Satan very powerfully attacked him, and he was greatly distressed with depressing

views of his own unworthiness and ingratitude. This led him to pray much for purity of heart, and he was remarkably blest. He said to his brother, "I bless God, I was never more resigned to His will; I have no pain, nor have I had any doubt of my acceptance with God since my affliction began." To two of his brethren he said, "Blessed be God, I have not served Him for nought; but I am very conscious, that though I am

"Unworthy of the crumbs that fall,
Yet rais'd by Him who died for all,
I eat the children's bread."

A little before he departed this life, not being able to speak, he was desired to raise his fingers if Jesus was precious; he instantly lifted up his hand with great emotion. He then opened his eyes, and looked with his usual ease and pleasantness, and in a few moments breathed his last. Thus died a meek and humble follower of Jesus, having just entered the 55th year of his age.

THOMAS BRISCOE.

He was an Itinerant Preacher among the Methodists for about *thirty* years. He was a man of many afflictions, being subject to extreme nervous debility, so that for many years he could not take a circuit. His disorder was first occasioned by lying in a damp bed, and by poor accommodations in the country parts of Ireland. He was a sensible, well-read man, and by no means a weak Preacher. After spending a few years as a *Supernumerary* in the city of *Chester*, he died happy in the enjoyment of God, and with a hope full of a glorious immortality, in the year 1797.

JOHN BROADBENT.

He was born near *Leeds*, in *Yorkshire*, and was brought to a saving acquaintance with God when very young. He was received upon trial as an Itinerant Preacher about the year 1772. He was a man possessed of a strong and clear under-

standing, and had considerable gifts for the work of the ministry. He was very sensible and pious, and universally respected by the people where he laboured for *twenty-two* years. He was fervent, lively, and zealous in the pulpit; and, having naturally a weak constitution, he frequently so exhausted himself in preaching, that he was ready to drop down when he concluded his sermon. A short time before his death he settled at *Frome*, in *Somersetshire*, where his path to eternity was smoothed by the affectionate treatment he received from those steady friends to the cause of God, Mr. and Mrs. *Blunt*. Finding that he had sunk into an irrecoverable decline, he laid out himself to the uttermost in the honourable cause in which he had been for many years engaged, and he preached to the very last. He observed to a friend, just before he expired, "*that God had very much blest his soul!*"

The following lines were inscribed on his tombstone:—

Here lies
The Body of
The Rev. JOHN BROADBENT,
(23 Years a Preacher of the Gospel
In Connection with the People called Methodists,)
Who fell asleep in Jesus,
Nov. 10th, 1794,
Aged 43 Years.

His fervent zeal, with heav'nly Knowledge join'd,
Display'd his Piety and Strength of Mind,
And prov'd what can by God to Man be given;
Yet those who knew him best, knew but in part
The Goodness and the Greatness of his Heart,
Would'st thou know all his worth—meet him in heaven.

The preceding lines were composed by his particular friend, Mr. *Bradburn*, who also preached his funeral sermon at *Frome*, from 2 *Cor.* v. 4.

DANIEL BUMSTEAD.

He was a native of *Colchester*, in *Essex*, and was brought to an acquaintance with Divine things in the days of his youth. In the year 1762, he began his public labours in the vineyard

of the Lord, and for many years was remarkably successful. He was a man of deep piety, and of great integrity; he was very zealous and active in the work of the ministry, and was highly acceptable wherever his lot was cast. Had he continued in the work to the end of his days, he would doubtless have proved a blessing to thousands more than he did; but he was tempted to relinquish the itinerant life on account of his family connections, and was prevailed upon to engage in *secular* things, and to settle in London. It is no little matter to give up that call to *man* which we have received from *God* —to leave that sacred work, and again to entangle ourselves with the things of this world! This step which Mr. *Bumstead* took was an unguarded one, and proved very unsuccessful. It cost him much pain; and he lamented it even in his last moments. He continued, however, united to the people, and occasionally preached. He retained a measure of piety, and after weathering out a few years in much affliction, both in body and mind, he departed this life in peace, and went to God in the year 1797.

EDWARD BURBECK.

FROM his childhood he was eminent for uprightness, industry, and the fear of God. He was converted to God at an early period of his life, and was soon called to bear a public testimony for Him in the world. He was admitted on trial as an Itinerant Preacher at the Conference in 1783, and finished his course in the North of *Scotland*, in the year 1788. His last circuit was *Inverness*, where he obtained a good report of all men. He was remarkably serious, eminently devoted to God, and zealous in promoting the best of causes.

RICHARD BURKE.

HE was a man of great piety, uprightness, faith, and patience. His Lord chose him in the furnace of affliction: and he was made perfect through sufferings. He united the wisdom and calmness of age with the simplicity of childhood. He was received upon the list of Itinerants in 1765; and concluded

his life and labours in 1778. Mr. *Wesley* remarks in his journal, "Sunday, Feb. 15, 1778, I buried the remains of *Richard Burke*, a faithful labourer in our Lord's vineyard—a more unblameable character I have hardly known. In all the years he has laboured with us I do not remember that he ever gave me occasion to find fault with him in anything. He was a man of unwearied diligence and patience, and *his works do follow him.*"

JOHN BURNET.

He was a very pious, devoted, useful young man. He came out to travel at the Conference, 1787, and in a short time finished his course in *Ireland*. He continued through a long illness in a triumphant state of mind, and his end was glorious. He was enabled to meet the last enemy not only with courage, but with extraordinary triumph. He saw to the other side of the valley, and rejoiced in hope of the glory of God.

WILLIAM BUTTERFIELD.

He was born near *Halifax*, in *Yorkshire;* and in early life was made a partaker of the grace of God in truth. He soon after began to warn sinners to *flee from the wrath to come*; and was for some time an acceptable useful Local preacher. In 1784 he became an Itinerant Preacher, and laboured faithfully for *eleven* years; when it pleased God to visit him with a very painful disorder (an inflammation in the brain), which deprived him of the power of reason; but at intervals God gave him the use of his understanding, and he then testified of the goodness of God. He died in peace at *Darlington*, in *Yorkshire*, in 1794.

JOHN CATERMOLE.

He began to travel as a Preacher in the Methodist connection about the year 1763. He was a deeply serious, pious, upright man; but was naturally of a gloomy disposition, bordering

upon melancholy. This rendered the itinerant life a trial to himself; and his labours were not so acceptable to the people as they otherwise would have been: he therefore continued as a Travelling Preacher but one year. He settled at *Portsmouth Common*, where he opened a school; and preached occasionally as long as he was able. He retained his piety and integrity, and was very useful in his line of life to the last. He published several useful Tracts, and died in peace about the year 1799.

JONATHAN CATLOW.

He began his labours in the ministry when he was only sixteen years of age. Yet notwithstanding his youth he was blessed with a considerable degree of heavenly wisdom, and fervent zeal for the honour of God and the salvation of souls. In those days it required no small degree of courage, and deadness to the present world, to be a Methodist Preacher. This good man had frequently to contend with the beasts of the people. In one place where he preached the mob contrived to dig a deep pit in the middle of the road in which he had to return home. They had filled the pit with water, and intended to have plunged Mr. *Catlow* into it. When he came near the place, he perceived their design, and, without taking any notice of it to them (who were not far off), he quietly turned aside, and thus escaped the danger. The foremost of the mob, supposing Mr. *Catlow* to have fallen into the pit, came rushing forward, and plunged in themselves, while their companions came after them, and fell in also before they perceived their mistake. In the meantime, Mr. *Catlow* walked quietly home, and thus escaped out of their merciless hands. After travelling for several years, he settled at *Keighley*, in *Yorkshire*, where, by attending the funeral of a person who died of a malignant fever, he caught the same disorder, and after suffering much, he died, in the flower of his age, very happy, and rejoicing in the hope of the glory of God. He requested that a sermon might be preached at his funeral from 1 John iii. 2. And it is worthy of remark, that from that time there was such a revival of the work of God in that neighbourhood as had never been known before. Thus did God own the death of this good man whose life had been a pattern of piety to all who knew him. He died about the year 1763.

THOMAS CHERRY.

He entered upon the work of the ministry in the year 1767. He was a very pious, steady, useful young man. He laboured faithfully and with success for a few years, and then it pleased the Lord to take him to an early rest. He finished his course with joy about the year 1773.

JAMES CLOUGH.

He came from *Rochdale*, in *Lancashire*; and began to travel as a Methodist Preacher in the year 1760. He laboured as an Itinerant about ten or twelve years, and then desisted and settled at *Leicester*, where he acted as a Local Preacher to the last. For several years before his death he was much quickened in his soul, which caused him to be more abundantly zealous and active in the work till about the year 1795, when it pleased the Lord to take him to his reward in a better world.

ALEXANDER COATES.

He was a native of *North Britain*, and being made a partaker of the grace of God when very young, he entered upon the important work of the ministry at an early period. He was an eminently holy man, and was qualified for extensive usefulness in the Church. His ministerial abilities were very great, so that he was a very popular Preacher; and his ministry was not only pleasing, but profitable. He was a scribe well instructed in the things of the kingdom. He was mighty in the Scriptures, and was remarkable for his pertinent quotations from that sacred treasury. His conversation *out* of the pulpit corresponded with his abilities *in* it. This rendered him an agreeable companion to the pious, and gave energy to his public ministrations. After a life spent in holy communion with God, and of extensive usefulness to men, he finished his course with joy and triumph at *Newcastle-upon-Tyne*, Oct. 6, 1765. The account which was transmitted to Mr. *Wesley* of the death of this good man, by one who was in the house where he died, is as follows:—"I had the oppor-

tunity the last evening of seeing our dear aged brother *Coates* (he was at that time the oldest Preacher in the connection). A few days before he was sorely tempted by the enemy; but near the close he had perfect peace. His faith was clear, and he found Christ precious, his portion, and his eternal all. I asked him, a little before he expired, 'If he had followed cunningly-devised fables?' He answered, 'No, no, no!' I then asked him, 'Whether he saw land?' He said, 'Yes, I do.' And after waiting a few minutes at anchor, he put into the quiet harbour of everlasting repose.

RICHARD COATES.

He came out as an Itinerant Methodist Preacher at the Conference in 1764, and was appointed to labour in what was then called the *Staffordshire Circuit*. He was a deeply pious, lively, and zealous young man; he was much beloved by the people among whom he laboured, and was very useful. He was appointed a second year for the same circuit; but it pleased the Lord, in a few months, by a rapid decline, to take him to His everlasting rest. His disorder was supposed to be brought on by the severity of the winter and his excessive labours in the circuit. He was very happy in his soul during his affliction; and though he suffered much, he was perfectly resigned to the will of his heavenly Father, continually saying, "Not my will, but Thine be done." The Lord made all his bed in his sickness, and enabled him to triumph over the last enemy. His soul was preserved in perfect peace; and in joyful hope of a blessed immortality, he left this vale of tears at *Wednesbury*, in *Staffordshire*, in the year 1765, in the 28th year of his age. His body was interred in the church-yard at Wednesbury, and his funeral sermon was preached by Mr. *Mather*.

BENJAMIN COLLEY.

He was a native of *Tollerton*, near *Easingwood*, in *Yorkshire*. He united himself to the Methodists in the year 1761; and having received Episcopal ordination, he was invited by Mr.

Wesley to *London*, where he officiated as a Clergyman in the Methodist Chapels. He was a man of deep piety and uprightness, and earnestly aspired after the heights and depths of Christian holiness. In the year 1762, not being sufficiently upon his guard, he was carried away by the enthusiasm of *George Bell* and *Thomas Maxfield*. He, however, was soon convinced of his error; and being tenderly dealt with by Mr. *John Mannus* (who had been the honoured instrument of his conversion to God), he was in a short time recovered from that dangerous snare into which he had fallen, and was restored again to Mr. *Wesley* and the connection. In July, 1763, he was employed in the work of God at *Newcastle-upon-Tyne*, where he was made a blessing to many. From thence he wrote to Mr. *Wesley* as follows:—"The bar which Satan thrust in God has burst asunder. You are near unto me; I can sympathise with you in your various afflictions. To reflect upon my former conduct, that added to the weight you endured, now pains me. Though *you* have forgiven me I cannot forgive *myself*. I cannot bring into words how I loath and abhor myself. O that you and I may abhor this spirit! I think if ever I had Scriptural experience it is *now*. I have continued to preach morning and evening, though often tempted to give over, through the cloudiness of my understanding, and my various horrible conflicts within. Though I did not then see it, the Lord was with me in the fire; and though it was as much as I could bear, yet there was a way for my escape. His hand sustained me, and I am now (O for gratitude!) brought into the wealthy place. I keep off from the contention as much as possible, both in preaching and conversation; and enforce Repentance, Faith, and Holiness, both of heart and practice. This is the only way that I can find to pull down the strongholds of Satan."

He continued to labour faithfully and with a degree of success for several years; and though at times subject to evil reasonings, and exercised with strong temptations, yet he drank very deeply into the spirit of holiness, and enjoyed great peace and Divine consolation. He witnessed a good confession, before many witnesses, in his last moments, and died, full of faith and the love of God, rejoicing in hope of the glory that shall be revealed at the resurrection of the just. Mr. *Wesley*, in his printed journal, says, "Sunday, November 8th, 1767, I buried the remains of that excellent young man, *Benjamin Colley*. He did *rejoice evermore, and pray without*

ceasing; but I believe his backsliding cost him his life. From the time he missed his way, by means of Mr. *Maxfield,* he went heavily all his days. God, indeed, restored his peace, but left him to be buffetted of Satan in an uncommon manner: and his trials did not end but with his life. However, some of his last words were, 'Tell all the Society, tell all the world, I die without doubt or fear.'"

LAWRENCE COUGHLAN.

He was a native of *Ireland;* and at an early period of Methodism was called to preach the everlasting Gospel. He was a deeply pious man, and a very lively, zealous preacher. His ministerial labours were much owned of God, especially at *Colchester,* where the Lord put great honour upon him, and gave him many seals to his ministry.

In the year 1762, he wrote to Mr. *Wesley* as follows: "I bless God, I do hold fast whereunto I have attained; Christ is all and in all to my soul. In all His works, 'my God I see the object of my love.' I am often so filled with gratitude and love, that I can only let silence speak His praise. Sometimes my soul is drawn out in sweet, holy mourning for those who are as sheep without a shepherd. At other times God shows me what a poor, helpless creature I am; and the sense of this always abides with me, so that I am often amazed at my own ignorance; and whatever good I feel or do, I can truly say it is the Lord." In another letter, written in the same year, he says, "I find Christ to be exceedingly precious to my soul, and it is my one desire to do His will. My soul is as a well-watered garden; *my life is hid with Christ in God;* and, I believe, *when Christ, who is my life, shall appear, I shall appear with Him in glory.*" These extracts prove him to have been a man experimentally acquainted with the things of God, and that he was fully devoted to His service. In the year 1764 he was ordained, with some other Methodist Preachers, by a *Greek* Bishop, who was then in this country; on which account, I am informed, he was put away from the Methodist connection. He afterwards, about the year 1768, procured ordination from the then Bishop of London, and was sent as a Missionary to *Newfoundland;* where, though he met with much opposition for three years, he laboured faith-

fully, and, for the last four years, with a considerable degree of success.

The following letter, which he wrote to Mr. *Wesley* in the year 1772, will afford us some information respecting his labours, and the success which attended them in that dreary region:—"I bless God, my poor labours in this land have been attended with some little success; some precious souls are gone to glory, and a few more are *walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comforts of the Holy Ghost.* I am now in the seventh year of my servitude as a Missionary, at the end of which I hope to return to England. Could I travel up and down in this land so as to be useful any longer, I would gladly stay; but as I cannot, except by water in small boats, I am not able to stand it. I am, and do confess myself, a *Methodist.* The name I love, and hope I ever shall. The plan which you first taught me, as to doctrine and discipline, I have followed. In the winter I go from house to house, and expound some part of God's word; this has given great offence, but God is above men, devils, and sin. We have the sacrament once a month, and have about two hundred communicants. This is more than all the other Missionaries in the land have; nor do I know of any who attend our sacrament who have not the fear of God, and some are happy in His love. There are some also whose mouths the Lord hath opened to give a word of exhortation, and I hope He will raise up more. About this time twelve months, I hope to be on my passage to England. If I come by the way of *Ireland,* I should like to see my old friends there. I shall be glad to know if it will be agreeable to you for me to speak in your Societies. I beg to ask you one thing more: having served the Society [for propagating Christian Knowledge] seven years as a Missionary, upon my return to England, with a strong testimonial from my parish, is the Society obliged to find me a living? And if I could get a place in the Church, would you advise me to accept of it? If I know my own heart, I would be where I could be most useful. To be shut up in a little parish church, and to conform in every little thing for sixty or a hundred pounds a year, I would not—no, nor even for a thousand."

He returned to England at the expiration of the seven years, and was for a short time Minister of the Chapel at Holy-well-mount, London; but not finding himself comfortable in his situation, and probably wishing for a more extensive sphere of usefulness, he solicited Mr. *Wesley* to

receive him again into his connection. But the days of his usefulness were near a close; and a short time after, while he was engaged in conversation with Mr. *Wesley* in his study, he was seized with a paralytic stroke, and was thus suddenly taken to the paradise of God.

JOHN COOK.

At the Conference in 1794, he was appointed to labour in the island of *Dominica*, in the West Indies. He was recommended in the strongest manner by all the Preachers, Stewards, and Leaders of the Circuit to which he belonged. On his arrival at *Tortola*, he was seized with the putrid fever, then raging in that part of the world. A lodging was prepared for him on a hill where the air was particularly salubrious, and two physicians attended him, but in vain! After an illness of only *five* days, he was taken to his reward, in the prime of his life, and in the triumph of faith. "How unsearchable are Thy judgments, O God! and Thy ways past finding out." But he was *taken away from the evil to come*—and, *what we know not now, we shall know hereafter.*

THOMAS CORBETT.

He was a native of *Leicestershire*, and lived for several years *without God in the world;* but he at last yielded to *the influences of grace*, and found the Gospel to be the *power of God unto salvation*. After which he began to warn sinners to *flee from the wrath to come:* this he did first in his own neighbourhood; and, his labours being blest, he was called forth into the vineyard, and gave himself wholly to the work of the ministry. He laboured with success for several years. He was a plain, honest, pious man. He endured much in his last illness, but was wonderfully supported by the grace of God. He manifested great fortitude, and departed this life not only in peace, but in the full triumph of faith, in the year 1789.

WILLIAM M'CORNOCK.

He was a native of *Ireland*, and was born in 1746. His father, perceiving he had a tolerable genius for learning, purposed to have qualified him for the Church; but having an aversion from seriousness, and his master resigning the school where he was to have been educated, this design was laid aside. He received, however, a tolerable education, but soon became exceedingly vain and wicked. He fell into drunkenness, and many other grievous sins, and persisted in a course of sin and rebellion against God for several years. In the year 1772, he began to attend upon the ministry of the Methodists. At *Clones*, he heard Mr. *James Perfect* preach his farewell sermon, and the word reached his heart with power; his soul was deeply humbled before God, he had a clear discovery of his sin and misery, and also of the riches of Divine grace in Christ Jesus. In the end, the Lord manifested Himself in mercy to his soul; he received the Lord Jesus Christ as his *complete* and *only* Saviour. Speaking of the state of his mind at that period, he says: "If I had had the tongues of men and of angels, I could not have expressed all the joy that I felt. From this hour I began to live, and found the sanctifying influence of God's Spirit spiritualising my nature. I had also a vehement desire to spend and be spent in the service of God."

On the 25th of October, three days after he was set at liberty, he set out to warn his neighbours to *flee from the wrath to come*. He was for some time, in the place where he resided, like a *sparrow on the house top;* for thirty miles on one side, and for about ten on the other, there were none (whom he knew), who were acquainted with God, so that his soul was pressed down with grief. He had frequent and sore temptations, even from his own father, to his former sins; but he found the grace of God to be sufficient for him. His father sometimes threatened to disinherit him if he persisted in his methodistical ways; at other times he changed his voice, and promised to give him a freehold estate if he would relinquish his religion; but he was deaf to all his threats and his promises, and he determined to follow the Lord at all events. He was remarkably courageous for God, and valiant for the truth; he reproved sin wherever he met with it, and in this work his word was remarkably blest, and he was instrumental in turning many from the error of their ways. This encouraged him to proceed further; he soon began to preach

publicly, and his labours were attended with a general blessing. He continued thus to work for God for several years, and was instrumental in informing some of the most ignorant, and of reclaiming some of the most wicked men in that part of the country. In the year 1779 his sphere of usefulness was enlarged; Mr. *Wesley* called him forth into the vineyard, and he engaged as an Itinerant Preacher in the *Inniskillen* and *Sligo* circuits. In the year 1782, in the month of October, he took a tour of about one hundred and thirty miles into the country, in order to raise some new Societies. He met with considerable difficulties: once he had to swim his horse over two arms of the sea; he was another time benighted on a mountain, where he could not meet with a house for many miles. At length he heard a dog bark, and following the sound, he was conducted to a house where he was comfortably entertained. After travelling a short time in his native land, he willingly devoted himself to the work of a Missionary, and went over to the *West Indies*, that he might be instrumental in converting the poor Negroes to the knowledge of the truth. He was appointed to labour in the island of *Dominica;* but it pleased the Lord to cut short his life, and soon to conclude his labours. The following are the circumstances of his death, communicated by a gentleman in the above island, dated August 12, 1789:—

"Shortly after Mr. *M'Cornock's* arrival, I met him about a mile from my house. I urged him to go home with me; but having promised to preach at Mr. *C*——*'s*, he went thither directly. Some time after this, he came to see me, and exhorted the slaves, which seemed to have a good effect upon them. He went two or three times to *Prince Rupert's Head*, about thirty miles from hence, but, alas! his last visit thither proved fatal to him. He bought a horse, that he might stop and preach to the inhabitants on his way thither: this was a most severe and fatiguing journey, especially to one not inured to the climate. He caught a severe bilious fever by the way, and, when he got to the end of his journey, he continued preaching and exhorting the people for three days. He then took to his bed, where he lay for two days delirious; when his gracious Master was pleased to take this blessed man to the everlasting enjoyment of Himself.

JOHN COWMEADOW.

He was a deeply pious young man, of an excellent spirit, and unblameable in conversation. He was admitted on trial at the Conference in 1783, and as a Preacher was acceptable and useful. He laboured in the vineyard, though with much weakness of body, till the year 1786, when the Lord removed him from his work and labour, and received him to his eternal reward. Mr. *Wesley* says, "Sunday, Nov. 5th, 1786, I buried the remains of *John Cowmeadow*, another martyr to loud and long preaching. To save his life, if possible, when he was half dead, I took him to travel with me; but it was too late. He revived a little, but soon relapsed, and after a few months died in peace. He had the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, and was of an exemplary behaviour."

JOSEPH COWNLEY.

This venerable man was born June 26th, 1723, at *Leominster*, in *Herefordshire*. From his very childhood the divine Spirit attracted his attention, and led his mind to reflect on eternity and its awful concerns. He first heard the Methodists in the city of Bath, and under some discourses he heard from Mr. *Wesley*, he was fully enlightened. He now sought the Lord with great earnestness, and rested not till he found Him to the joy of his soul. In the year 1744, he began to exercise the ministerial talents God had given him in the place of his nativity, and his first attempts were crowned with success. In 1746, Mr. *Wesley* sent for him to *Bristol*, and from that time he gave himself up to the work of the ministry, and commenced an Itinerant Preacher. He was very eminently qualified for this important work, and his labours were abundantly blest and owned of God, both in this kingdom and in Ireland. He continued his itinerant labours with uncommon assiduity till the year 1755, when he was visited with a severe fever, which so relaxed his nerves, that his labours were considerably interrupted. A pain settled in his head, which no medicine could ever remove. He told me himself, in the year 1790, *that he had never been free from this pain, either night or day, for more than thirty years!*

In the month of October, 1756, he arrived at the Orphan

House, in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. His disorder rendering him incapable of fulfilling the duties of an itinerant life, his labours were from this time principally confined to the North of England. But he laboured faithfully, and put forth all his strength in the work of God to the very last period of his life. Wherever he came he was received as a servant of God, and the Lord gave him many seals to his ministry, who will be the crown of his rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus.

At the Conference in 1788, Mr. *Cownley* was appointed to superintend the Societies in *Edinburgh* and *Glasgow*. He continued his labours there as long as he was able, but at last was constrained to yield; and in the month of October, 1789, he returned to Newcastle, and resumed his former station. In the former part of 1792, it was evident to many of his friends that he was ripening for eternity. The concerns of his everlasting state absorbed all his soul. In prayer with his family and friends, the tears flowed from his eyes, and his approaches to the throne of grace indicated the closest union with God. In the month of September, being in the country, he caught cold, which brought on a complaint in his stomach, by which he was often afflicted. His last sermon was from Psalm cv. 3, *Let the heart of them rejoice who seek the Lord.* And with this, on the Lord's day, September 23, he concluded the labours of near half a century.

On his return to Newcastle, he had all the medical assistance which could be procured; but, alas, all in vain! He said, "My heavenly Father is the best physician. He is my *only* physician." On one saying, "The blood of the Redeemer is precious in our dying moments," he replied, "O precious! O precious! What should I do but for *that!*" Doctor Clarke, seeing him in extreme pain, said, "Don't be afraid." Mr. *Cownley* replied, "The fear of death, Sir, has long since been removed; I am not afraid to die, but I am afraid lest I should become impatient under this affliction," When the physician withdrew, while the sweat fell in large drops from his face, he cried out, with remarkable fervour, "JESUS, I AM THINE—*Thou art my only physician; but if it is Thy will, and I have finished the work Thou hast committed to me, then take me to Thyself.*" He afterwards repeated, "Lord, how little have I done for Thee!" The Lord's day before his decease, the consolations of God were so sweet, that his cup of joy ran over. "I feel," said he, "such love in my heart, that if I were carried to the chapel, I could sit and preach to the people." But his labours were ended; angels

were ready to tune their harps, and the everlasting gates to lift up their heads, and admit his redeemed spirit into the regions of delight and happiness. Monday, Oct. 8th, 1792, a few minutes after eight o'clock, he sat down to supper. His daughter *Mary* had withdrawn into an adjoining room—she soon heard a noise and returned, but he was speechless!

"Death broke at once the mortal chain,
And forced the soul the nearest way."

He reclined his head on the chair, and without a struggle or a groan expired!

He was a man of eminent piety, strong sense, and remarkable seriousness. His abilities for the ministry were very uncommon: he was a man of great reading, and was possessed of a fund of divine knowledge, so that there was a rich variety in all his discourses. After preaching several thousands of sermons in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in the course of near forty years, it was generally remarked, *Mr. Cownley has always something new.* Indeed, the pulpit was his *element*, and there he shone! Mr. *Wesley* did not hesitate to say, "He is one of the best Preachers in England." His discourses, though generally plain, were distinct and argumentative; he pleaded more by the gravity and force of his sentiments, than by the elegance or graces of his style. But what is far better, the unction from the Holy One generally accompanied his word, and he reached the hearts of his auditors. From a disposition naturally reserved, he conversed but little in company; but when he did, he generally spoke to some good purpose—he united the solemn with the familiar, and was at once cheerful and serious. His end was the consequent issue of his life. Death had lost its terrors. He said, "It is better for me to be dissolved, that I may be with Jesus."

WILLIAM CRABB.

He was possessed of an amiable disposition, was deeply pious, and much devoted to God. But he was of a very nervous habit, and was much afflicted in body. Satan taking the advantage of his infirmities, he was frequently in great heaviness, and was sometimes distressed beyond measure: this prevented him from enjoying the comforts and consolations

commonly resulting from the possession of genuine religion. But his end was peace, and he left behind him a noble testimony of the love and faithfulness of that God who never did forsake those who put their trust in Him, however He might permit them to be exercised for a season with grievous temptations. He was taken to his everlasting rest about the year 1764.

ANDREW COLEMAN.

He was born in *Colerain*, in the *North of Ireland*, of very respectable parents. Blest with an amazingly comprehensive mind, and vigorous retentive memory, he fathomed the depth of every study, and could not be contented with a superficial knowledge of any subject. Whatever he read, he made his own; and whatever he learned, he retained. Having finished his classical studies, he was obliged to take up a little school in order to procure himself the necessaries of life, as the impaired state of his parents' circumstances did not permit him to hope for any assistance from that quarter. What he acquired by his labours in this way, he gave for the support of his family, and often went whole days without food that he might help to support those from whom he received his being.

About the year 1778, it pleased God to awaken and bring to the knowledge of the truth one of his school-fellows, Mr. A. C., now one of our travelling Preachers. As a very tender friendship subsisted between those two, they often spoke together of the things of God, and attended the ministry of Mr. *Thomas Barbor*, who was acting as a Missionary at his own cost, and emphatically performing the work of an Evangelist through an extensive tract of country near the sea-coast of the county of *Antrim*. His mind was soon found to be very susceptible of divine impressions—it became gradually enlightened; and having earnestly sought redemption in the blood of the cross, he received it, to the unspeakable joy of his soul. After some time he was employed as a class-leader, and at the entreaties of several, began to exhort in different country places in the vicinity of *Colerain*. His word met with universal acceptance, and in July, 1785, he was well recommended to the Dublin Confer-

ence as a fit person to travel. He was accordingly received on trial, and sent to the *Sligo* Circuit. He was now in the eighteenth year of his age, and nearly six feet high, the rapid growth of his body appearing to keep pace with that of his mind. But it was soon found he had passed the meridian of his life. The circuit to which he was sent was a severe one—he laboured to the uttermost of his power, and in about nine months he fulfilled his course, having fallen into a rapid consumption. He returned to his mother's house a short time before the ensuing Conference, and fell asleep in Jesus, June 18th, 1786, aged eighteen years. He had the happiness of seeing his mother and grandmother brought to an acquaintance with the truth before his departure; and his last words to them, as his holy soul prepared to take its flight into the eternal world, were, *Follow me!* Mr. *Wm. West* preached his funeral sermon out of doors, to an audience that no house could contain; and the high estimation in which he was held was evinced by the *many thousands* who attended his remains to the grave. The funeral procession extended more than half a mile! The evening before he died, he desired to be carried out in his chair to see the setting sun: his desire was complied with; and having beheld it a while with pleasing emotion, till it sunk under the horizon, he observed, "This sun has hitherto been partially obscured to me, but it shall be no more so for ever!" And about the time it began to re-enlighten that part of the earth, his happy soul soared away to the regions of glory.

God's ways are all equal. He never removes any of His servants till they have *accomplished* the work He has given them to do. Extraordinary talents are not given merely in reference to *this world.* They refer also to *eternity,* and shall there have their consummation and plenitude of employ. Far be it from God to light up such tapers to burn only for a moment in the dark night of life, and then to extinguish them for ever in the damps of death. Heaven is the region where the spirits of just men *made perfect* live, thrive, and eternally expand their powers in the service and to the glory of *Him* from whom they have derived their being.

The extensive learning of Mr. *Coleman* was his least excellence. This, indeed, he accounted but dross and dung in comparison of the excellence of the knowledge of Jesus Christ crucified. Through this, the world and all its enjoyments were crucified to him. His very retentive memory has already been noted: when he was about *fourteen* years of age, he had

the whole of the *Common-Prayer* by heart; could repeat all the rules in *Lilly's Latin Grammar*, all those of the *Westminster Greek Grammar;* with all the verbs, *active*, *passive*, and *middle*, in the same work. He had made himself such a master of the *Æneid* of *Virgil*, and the *Paradise Lost* of *Milton*, at the same age, that on the mention of any line in either of those poems, he could immediately tell the *book* in which it occurred, and the *number* of the *line!* His natural disposition was uncommonly amiable. He humbled himself at the feet of all; and the invariable language of his heart, both to God and man, was, *what I know not, that teach thou me.*

WILLIAM DARNEY.

He was a native of *Scotland*, and was among the first Itinerant Methodist Preachers. He travelled for many years, and was instrumental in raising several Societies in the North of England, which for some time went by the name of *William Darney's Societies*. He was intimately acquainted with the Rev. Mr. *Grimshaw*, of *Haworth*, and was rendered peculiarly useful to him in the beginning of his Christian course. Mr. *Darney* published a volume of hymns, and a small volume of sermons on the leading doctrines of the Gospel. He was rather an eccentric character, but was generally esteemed as a pious, good man, and was useful to many. For some years previous to his death he desisted from the itinerant life, and settled near *Colne*, in *Lancashire;* but he was not idle; he preached, as he was able, to the very last, and he was blest in raising a small Society in that country a little before he finished his course. He died in peace about the year 1780.

PETER DEAN.

He was a native of *London*, but for several years he resided with the Rector of *Berwick*, in *Yorkshire*, where he appeared to be deeply serious and devoted to God. There also he began to preach, and was greatly esteemed by many of the people. He was admitted upon trial, as an Itinerant Preacher,

in the Methodist connection, at the Conference 1777, and was appointed for the Norwich Circuit; but he only continued in the work for one year. He then married a person of considerable property, and settled in business in London. But this plan not answering his expectations, he soon relinquished business, and retired to *Newington Butts*, where in a short time he was taken ill, and removed to another world.

There were (as I am informed by a gentleman of great respectability and undoubted veracity) some awful circumstances attending his latter end; which I would not relate, but from a hope that they may prove an everlasting warning to others who may be engaged in the same work, and exposed to similar temptations. These circumstances, I am aware, may appear to a certain class of readers strange, and may be imputed to a heated imagination, or to the influence of enthusiasm; I, however, venture to record them just as they have been transmitted to me—leaving every one at liberty to form his own judgment, and to draw his own inferences from them. When this poor unhappy man thought himself on the verge of eternity, and Death, the king of terrors, stared him in the face, he confessed that he had been influenced by no other motive, nor had he any other end in view, in commencing an Itinerant Preacher, than to obtain a rich wife! And he added, *The Lord has given me my desire, and His curse with it—and now I am ruined for ever!* From that time he refused to be comforted, would take neither food nor medicine, abandoned himself to black despair, and seemed *resolved to die!* For some time before his death his countenance would suddenly change, and be very horrid to look upon; he himself was conscious of it, and sometimes would go to the glass, and would then turn and say to his wife, "*Now* look at me—*now* will you believe?" In a short time he was confined to his bed, and was visited by several ministers and others (and among the rest, by the gentleman to whom I am indebted for this awful memoir, therefore he was himself an eye and ear witness); but their admonitions, remonstrances, and prayers seemed to be all fruitless! A few days before he died, his wife and a deeply pious person were sitting with him in his room, when they heard something beat him violently on his breast; they heard the blows, but saw nothing! He immediately cried out as in great agony, and upon examination they found his breast quite black with the strokes he had received! After this he one day feigned himself asleep, and Mrs. *D.* and her companion, that he might not be disturbed,

left the room. Perceiving that they were gone, he put forth all his strength, and rolled himself headlong on the floor:—on hearing the noise, they instantly returned, and (awful to relate) found him dead! Mr. *Wesley* is allowed by all who knew him to have been possessed of as much candour and Christian charity as most men who ever lived; yet, from these dreadful circumstances of Mr. *D.'s* death, I am informed that he refused to read the funeral service over his body!

O how necessary both for Ministers and people to watch over the motives and intentions of their hearts! Surely *these* (as the Apostle observes, 1 Cor. x. 6) *were our examples, to the intent we should not lust after evil things, as they also lusted. If thine eye* [thy intention] *be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness: if therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness.* But let us remember, *God is not,* cannot *be mocked; whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.* Motives as well as actions are known to Him with whom we have to do, with the utmost precision. He searcheth the heart—He trieth the reins: *He is a God of knowledge, and by Him actions are weighed.* While, therefore, we are very cautious of judging one another, let us, with the greatest scrupulosity and impartiality, *judge ourselves, that we be not judged of the Lord;* and as there is so much danger of deception, and that deception will be attended with dreadful consequences, let us call upon God that He may assist us in this important and arduous work; let us say with the Psalmist, *Search me, O God, and know my heart, try me and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.*

WILLIAM DENTON.

He was admitted as an Itinerant Preacher in the year 1790, and was a truly serious, watchful, exemplary Christian, of great humility, meekness, and patience. He was an acceptable and edifying Preacher, greatly respected and beloved by the people in all the Circuits where he travelled. He was admitted into full connection at the Conference 1795, but was obliged immediately to desist from travelling, through a painful and distressing disorder, which arose from a hurt he had received in the work. This affliction, which continued

and increased upon him for many months, he supported with great resignation to the Divine will, and though frequently exercised with sore temptations and much heaviness, he went off the stage of life in great peace and triumph, at *Leeds*, in *Yorkshire*, some time in the year 1796.

JOHN DILLON.

He was born in the army, and received his Majesty's pay at fourteen years of age. In the year 1746 he was called abroad, and was in the famous battle of *Dettingen*. He was likewise in the battle of *Fountenoy*, where thousands fell on the right hand and on the left. He was there taken prisoner, but received not one wound, which very deeply affected his mind, and he resolved to lead a new life. But this, as he says, was in his own strength, and in a few weeks he was the same man as before. The Lord continued to strive with him mightily, yet he went on in sin. It pleased God to visit him with three severe fits of sickness, in the last of which his mind was so deeply affected with his state, that it was the continual cry of his heart, *What shall I do to be saved?* As soon as he got better, he went to church every day, and his distress continued and increased, till on Friday, Oct. 11, 1757, in the afternoon, while the Curate was reading the second lesson (*Luke* xv.), and especially in the reading of the parable of the prodigal son, he felt great encouragement from God that he should be received also; and when those words were read, *This my son was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found*, his soul was fully set at liberty. His heart rejoiced in God his Saviour, and his mouth broke out in holy praise. At this time he had never heard the Methodists, nor had he the least acquaintance with them. Afterwards, he heard Mr. *Trembath*, who at that time was a famous Preacher among the Methodists, though he afterwards fell from God, and greatly reproached the cause of truth. Mr. *Dillon* was wonderfully pleased to hear him preach without a book, and the word was rendered profitable to his soul. He soon after became a member of the Society, and in the year 1762 he was made a happy partaker of the *perfect love of God*. He frequently preached whilst in the army; but in the year 1765 he came forth to labour in the vineyard of the Lord. He

laboured principally in Ireland, where he endured great hardships, and passed through grievous sufferings, which the following letter will fully evince. It is dated *Augher*, Feb. 14, 1768, and addressed to the Rev. Mr. *Wesley*:—

"REV. SIR,—When I first came into this Circuit, the want of health, the exceeding bad beds, damp rooms, and hardly food to support my body, was a trial to me. But O, how can the Lord make hard things easy! For I had not been there long before I was quite willing to spend and be spent for the sake of the people. Indeed, I have long thought that poverty, with real simplicity and the love of God, is much safer than the greatest affluence without it. I am given to see clearly that the business of a Preacher of the Gospel is not to mind (though he cannot do without them) what he shall eat or drink, or how he shall lie, &c., but *how he shall save souls*, and for that end *become all things to all men, so he may gain some.* I find a great desire to go to new places where the Gospel has not been preached; but am almost continually afraid of having my brains beat out, so that I frequently labour in great heaviness. O, that God would deliver me from needless fears, and help me to add to my faith courage! What a shame is it that I, who have been preserved amidst showers of cannon-balls and bomb-shells, should now fear! Some time ago I was brought before the Provost of *Inniskillen* by a Clergyman, for preaching. I was nearly three hours with him, and one or two Clergymen more, and a room full of ladies, &c. The Clergyman took me by the hand, wished me good luck, bid me God speed, and desired me to preach hell and damnation everywhere; and said, "If you are the real servants of God, sent forth to convert the world, I wish myself, with all my brethren who oppose you, seven feet under ground."

He was greatly afflicted in his body, and for many months was exercised with strong pain; but he bore all without a murmuring thought, without the least shadow of discontent. In the morning of May 11, 1769, without any struggle or groan, he fell asleep in Jesus.

JOHN DOWNS.

HE was a Preacher among the Methodists for many years: a man of sincere, unaffected piety, of great affliction, and possessed of an uncommon genius. Mr. *Wesley* was of the

opinion that his mind was equal to the great *Sir Isaac Newton's*. Mr. *Charles Wesley* gives the following account of his death:—"*John Downs* has lived and died the death of the righteous. For several months past he has been greatly alive to God, walked closely with Him, and was visibly growing in grace. Ever since the time he was resolved to preach again, he has preached as often as he really could, and with great success. On Friday morning he rose full of faith, and love, and joy: he declared it was the happiest day of his life, and that he had not been so well in body for several years. He expressed his joy in showers of tears. He was led to pray for the people so as never before. Going out to the chapel at West-street, he said, 'I used to go trembling, and with reluctance; but *now* I go in triumph.' His text was, *Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.* His words were unusually weighty, and with power, but few. He perceived he could not finished his discourse, and gave out this verse of the hymn—

"'Father, I lift my heart to Thee,
No other help I know.'

His voice failing, he fell upon his knees, as meaning to pray, but he could not be heard. The Preacher ran and lifted him from his knees, for he could not raise himself. They carried him to bed, where he lay, quiet and speechless, till eight o'clock on Saturday morning (Nov. 6, 1774), and then fell asleep. O for an end like his! It is the most enviable, the most desirable I ever heard of! I visited his widow yesterday afternoon: she surprised me and all who saw her. So supported, so calm, so resigned! A faithful friend received her into his house. She had one *sixpence* in the world, and no more! But her *Maker is her Husband!* We all agreed, *It is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes.*"

JOSEPH EASTERBROOK.

THIS deeply pious and very useful man was a Clergyman of the Church of England, and Vicar of the parish of *Temple*, in the city of *Bristol*. Though he was not an Itinerant Methodist Preacher, yet he greatly reverenced Mr. *Wesley*, and highly esteemed the Preachers in his connection as his

brethren in the ministry. He was an able Preacher, and a bold defender of the same important truths of Christianity, and was instrumental in increasing the number of members in the Methodist Society: for it was with him an invariable rule to send those who were awakened under his ministry, and who came to him for advice, to meet in class, and advise them to unite themselves to the Society, that they might be built up in faith and love. He considered the Methodists, as they consider themselves, not as a *distinct* body from, but as *auxiliaries* to the *Church of England;* and therefore he gave them the right hand of fellowship, and wished them good luck in the name of the Lord. This is my apology for recording his excellent name in these memoirs. The following concise account of this good man is taken from a sermon that was preached on account of his death in the *Methodist Chapel, Bristol,* by Mr. *Henry Moore:*—

"The Rev. Mr. *Easterbrook* was," says Mr. *Moore*, "*a righteous man* (referring to his text, which was Isaiah lvii. 1, 2). *He had put off the old man, which is corrupt after the deceitful lusts, and he had put on the new man,* which is *created after God in righteousness and true holiness.* He was not content with *making clean the outside of the cup.* Though he was, as all his friends testify, of a very unblamable behaviour from his youth, yet this satisfied him not. He felt that *corruption of nature, whereby man is gone from original righteousness, and is of his own nature inclined to evil, so that the flesh lusteth always contrary to the Spirit.* And, therefore, he pressed after those *great and precious promises by which we are made partakers of the Divine Nature.* He was renewed in the *spirit of his mind;* a child of God by faith: *the Spirit itself bearing witness with his spirit that he was a child of God.* And his conversation was as becometh the Gospel of Christ. *He adorned the Gospel of God his Saviour.* Even keen-eyed jealousy could fix no blot upon him, either as a Christian, or in his ministerial character: but nevertheless in this he gloried not. The language of his heart was—

"'Whate'er in me seems wise, or good,
Or just I here disclaim;
I wash my garments in the blood
Of the atoning Lamb.'

The righteous, says Solomon, is bold as a lion. Such was Mr. *Easterbrook. He added to his faith* courage. *God had not given to him the spirit of fear, but of power, and of*

love, and of a sound mind. His faith was that which *overcometh the world.* He could say, when tempted to fear or shame—

"'To Him I turn my steady face,
Want, pain defy, enjoy disgrace,
Glory in dissolution near!'

As a fruit of this a noble ingenuousness was manifest in him. As he *renounced the hidden things of darkness,* so he *walked not in cunning craftiness.* Even a superficial observer might see that he was a man that had a window in his breast. He spake the truth from his heart. Guile, as a wise and good man has observed, is good for nothing but sin, and cannot be needed while we have a single eye. His whole behaviour was a comment on this. By manifestation of the truth he commended himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God. As he *was not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ;* not even where it was attended with most of its original reproach, his spirit also was truly catholic; he remembered the words of his blessed Master, *Whosoever doeth the will of My Father who is in heaven, the same is My mother, and sister, and brother.* And he was truly a *merciful man.* This was the distinguishing part of his character. He also, like his Master, *delighted in mercy and judgment;* any severity *was his strange work.* His ministerial office seemed to him (what it really is) only a means of more effectually dispensing that mercy which belongs to the Christian character, and of which the souls and bodies of men so greatly stand in need while in this vale of misery and woe. The merciful God, previous to his call to the ministry, had opened his eyes to see the *world lying in the wicked one.* He therefore laboured to pluck them as brands out of the burning—to snatch them from the verge of hell. And as he saw the worth of souls, so he was not satisfied with the usual stated ministrations, but *from house to house, taught, reproved, and exhorted with all long-suffering.* Even this did not satisfy his enlarged heart. He undertook a work of mercy which surprised even the most religious of his friends. *Boasting* in him *was excluded;* but it should not be hid *that he actually preached a sermon in every house in his large parish!* This work took him about two years: but it shall never be forgotten. *It shall be found unto praise, and honour, and glory, at the appearance of Jesus Christ.*

"But he felt the misery of the *body* too. He was, in this respect also, a merciful man. He was a dispenser of the *goods*

as well as of the *faith* of Christ. *The sorrowful sighing of the prisoners* (who were also his charge) *came up before him.* In this also he showed himself a member of Christ. Indeed, his whole life was one continued act of mercy to the souls and bodies of men. Like *Joseph* to the famishing Egyptians, the miserable found him a ready friend and an able advocate. He counted not his substance or his life dear to himself. The language of his heart was—

"'Thy mind throughout my life be shewn,
While list'ning to the wretch's cry;
The widow's and the orphan's groan,
On mercy's wings I swiftly fly,
The poor and helpless to relieve,
My life, my all for them to give.'"

It is well known that he abridged himself in all his necessary expenses; and denied himself many of the lawful comforts of life that he might relieve the destitute. And when all the worldly goods, which his station in the Church put him in possession of, had failed, the merciful Lord, whose Spirit had excited him, stirred up many to assist him in this labour of love. He saw, like *Elijah, the meal continue, and the oil failed not.*

But this burning and shining light was given to the world only for a short time. His great and continual labours, with too great a neglect of himself, brought on a general weakness, which increased more and more, notwithstanding the best medical assistance, and at last took him out of this world to his eternal reward on the 21st day of January, 1791, in the fortieth year of his age. In his affliction he was always the same, invariably patient, resigned, and thankful. If ever he seemed recalled to any expectation of life, it seemed, like the great Apostle, to be excited by his unspeakable love to his flock at large, and especially to the *children of his faith and prayer.* With what tenderness would he sometimes say, "My flock! My flock! I would live for them! But Thy will be done! O that the Lord would send them a Pastor after His own heart! To Him I commend them!" Some of his last words were, "God does all things well. His will be done. I have no fear: I fear not death; I fear not judgment;" and then, after a pause, added those remarkable words, "I *delight* in the thought of judgment! I know my interest in the Judge; and I know I shall stand before Him with joy."

WILLIAM EELS.

He was a native of *North Shields*, near *Newcastle-upon-Tyne*, and was converted to God when young. He came out to travel in the Methodist connection in the year 1772. He was a man of piety, of good sense, and of considerable talents for the work of the ministry. He was generally esteemed, and greatly beloved by the people where he laboured. About the year 1782 he married a pious woman of considerable property, at *Bolton-le-moors*, in *Lancashire*. This, as was supposed by some of his friends, tended rather to puff up his mind; and Mr. *Wesley* having left his name out of the deed of declaration in the year 1784, he was grievously offended. He continued, however, to travel, till the Conference of 1788, when, by mistake, his name was left out of the Minutes, he not being present at the Conference, and this gave him the finishing stroke. He, therefore, immediately left the connection, and united himself with *John Atlay*, who, at this Conference, had espoused the cause of the Trustees at *Dewsbury* and *North Shields*, in opposition to Mr. *Wesley* and the Conference. Mr. *Eels* continued in union with Mr. *Atlay* till the year 1793, when finding himself uncomfortable in his situation, he had intended to have returned to the Methodist connection again; but, I believe, while the Conference was sitting, he was taken suddenly ill, and departed this life in peace at *Dewsbury*, in *Yorkshire*.

JOHN EDWARDS.

He was a native of *Ireland*, and at an early period of his life was brought to a saving acquaintance with the things of God; and the Lord, who had thus called him by His grace, counted him faithful, and put him into the ministry when he was very young. About the year 1753, having changed his views of the controverted points, and embraced the Calvinistic doctrines, he left the connection of Mr. *Wesley*, and settled at *Leeds*, in *Yorkshire*. He there gathered a very considerable and respectable congregation, who erected him a commodious chapel. He continued to labour faithfully among his people there for many years; was very useful, and universally respected; and at his death, which happened about the year 1784, was greatly lamented by his flock. He departed this life in great peace, and in joyful expectation of everlasting glory.

THOMAS ELLIOT.

He was a native of *Ireland*, and was brought to the knowledge of the truth when very young, and soon began to call sinners to repentance. He was admitted on trial at the Conference in 1790; but was only able, through weakness of body, to continue in the work as an Itinerant for four years: he still, however, preached a little as a supernumerary for two years. He was a deeply pious, zealous young man, of a strong understanding, and of good gifts for the ministry. His complaint was a consumption, brought on, as was supposed, through excessive labour.

JOHN ELLIS.

He came from *Liverpool*, and began his public ministry as an Itinerant in 1762. He was a very upright, honest man. His sermons were simple and plain; but generally accompanied with a Divine power to the hearts of the people. He walked closely with God; and was greatly respected by the people among whom he laboured. His death was very sudden: for while engaged in reading, he fell from his chair, and expired, without the pomp of dying, in the city of *Worcester*, in the year 1772. But his loins were girded, and his lamp burning, and therefore he was ready to enter into the marriage chamber! O that we who read may attend to that Divine admonition—Be ye also ready. It is remarkable that Mr. *Ellis's* father lived to the great age of *one hundred and three.*

Mr. *Ellis* was a man mighty in prayer; but his chief excellency was in the gift of *exhortation.* Many stout-hearted sinners, while he was exhorting them to *flee from the wrath to come*, felt the power of the word from his mouth, and were constrained to leave the error of their ways, and to turn to God with all their heart. On Christmas-day, 1771, he opened the (then) new chapel in the city of *Worcester.* In his sermon he spoke much of the uncertainty of life; and particularly observed, respecting himself, that he never lay down to sleep but he expected to awake in the eternal world! His death happened on Saturday, January 5th, 1772. He had a very violent cough; but he went out to tea with a friend on the Friday evening. He was observed to be very powerful in

prayer with the family. He returned to Mr. *Lewty's* about seven o'clock, and seemed as usual. After breakfast, on the Saturday morning, he prayed with the family, and then retired into his room. He had been but a short time in retirement before he was heard to fall on the floor. Mr. *Lewty* immediately went into the room, and found him breathing his last. Medical help was without delay procured, but in vain; the spirit of this holy man had

"Clapp'd its glad wings and tower'd away,
To mingle with the blaze of day."

It is remarkable that he had minutely settled all his accounts, and a few days before had made his will, and had valued and bequeathed everything he had. The people in *Worcester* were deeply affected at his death; they greatly lamented him, and to show their respect to his memory, most of them went into mourning.

ROBERT EMPRINGHAM.

He was received as an Itinerant Preacher in the year 1770 or 1771. He was a plain, honest man, and laboured faithfully in various parts of the kingdom for about *twenty-two* years, and then died in peace in the year 1792.

JOHN EVANS.

He was converted to God in the army, and was there raised up to preach the everlasting Gospel. The following letter will afford some information concerning his conversion and his triumphant end. It is dated *Ghent*, Nov. 12, 1744, and addressed to the Rev. Mr. *Wesley*.

"Dear Sir,—I am a stranger to you in the flesh. I know not if I have seen you above once, when I saw you preaching on *Kennington Common;* and then I hated you as much as (by the grace of God) I now love you. The Lord pursued me with convictions from my infancy, and I often made good resolutions; but finding as often that I could not keep them (being made wholly in my own strength), I at length left off all striving, and gave myself over to all manner of lewdness

and profaneness. So I continued for some years, till the battle of *Dettingen*. The balls came thick around me, and my comrades fell on every side; yet I was preserved unhurt. A few days after this, the Lord was pleased to visit me again: the pains of hell gat hold upon me, the snares of death encompassed me. I durst no longer commit any outward sin, and I prayed God to be merciful to my soul. Now I was at a loss for books; but God took care for this also. One day, as I was at work, I found an old Bible in one of the train waggons. To read this I soon forsook my old companions; all but one, who was still a thorn in my side. But not long after he sickened and died. My Bible was now my only companion, and I believed myself a good Christian, till I met with *John Haime*, who robbed me of all my treasure; he stole away my gods, telling me, "I and my works were going to hell together." This was strange doctrine to me; for being wholly ignorant of the righteousness of Christ, I sought only to establish my own. When the Lord had at length opened my eyes, and shown me that *by grace we are saved, through faith*; I began immediately to declare it to others, though I had not as yet experienced it myself. But October 23, as *William Clements* was at prayer, I felt, on a sudden, a great alteration in my soul: my eyes overflowed with tears of love. I knew that I was reconciled to God, which inflamed my heart with fervent love to Him, whom I now saw to be my complete Redeemer."

Mr. *Wesley* adds, "He continued both to live and to preach the Gospel till the battle of *Fontenoy*. One of his companions saw him there laid across a cannon, both his legs having been shot off with a chain-shot! He was praising God, and exhorting all around him, till his spirit returned to paradise."

JOHN FENWICK.

He was a Preacher in the Methodist connection for many years; being a person of property, he was very useful before he commenced an Itinerant. His ministerial gifts were but small, yet he had a considerable degree of zeal, but this was not always tempered with Christian knowledge. He died in the year 1787. His end was not glorious or triumphant, but there was reason to conclude he died in peace.

MICHAEL FENWICK.

He was a very eccentric character; he had a *weak head*, but his most intimate friends generally supposed him to possess a *good heart*. He travelled some time with Mr. *Wesley*, but his eccentricities were so great that he was dismissed from that post. He almost idolized Mr. *Wesley*, and imitated him, as far as he was able, in his manner of speaking, praying, preaching, and writing; and it was generally acknowledged that he *mimicked* the latter so well, that it was difficult, without strict scrutiny, to discriminate between them. His courage in the defence of Methodism and the cause of God was undaunted, but his zeal sometimes led him into imprudencies. He was not permitted to travel in a circuit, nor was he acknowledged as a Preacher for several years before his death; yet he always attended the place where the annual Conference was held, and continued there during its sitting, though he was never permitted to be present in the Conference after the year 1784. But his preaching occasionally was connived at, and a small pittance was allowed him annually by the Conference, to preserve him from want and distress. He also met with various friends in different parts of the kingdom, who kindly and generously entertained him, while he occasionally preached in their neighbourhood. A gentleman of considerable respectability near *Bridlington*, in *Yorkshire*, hospitably received him into his house for some years previous to his death. In that neighbourhood he finished his pilgrimage. It pleased God to take him hence in a violent storm of thunder and lightning, in the year 1797. But he was observed, for some time before, to have drank very deep into the spirit of holiness. His conversation was in heaven; and he frequently expressed his earnest desire to depart and to be with Christ. The day before, or the day on which he died, he spoke of *sudden* death as very desirable, and also observed, "if the Lord called *him suddenly*, he was ready to go!" A pious woman in that neighbourhood dreamed, the night before Mr. *Fenwick* was killed by the lightning, that she was standing at her own door, and looking up, she saw the heavens open, and two angels descended to the very place (the *mill*, where he and his companion had fled for refuge from the storm), and in a short time she saw them ascend towards heaven again, with a glorified spirit accompanying them; and as they ascended, she distinctly heard their voices singing *hallelujah*, and she exclaimed, "It

is the voice of Mr. *Fenwick* which I hear!" This dream she related to several persons previous to the awful circumstance occurring, so that this puts it beyond the possibility of being fictitious.

JOHN FLETCHER.

He was a native of *Nyon*, in *Switzerland*, and was born September 12th, 1729, of an ancient and honourable family. He feared the Lord greatly from his very childhood, and about the year 1755 he was brought to a saving acquaintance with God. Having tasted the powers of the world to come, he was pressed in spirit to exhort others to partake of the same blessing. This he began to do a considerable time before he entered into holy orders. In the year 1757 he was ordained at *Whitehall*, and on that very day assisted Mr. *Wesley* at *West-street Chapel*. He was now doubly diligent in preaching wherever the providence of God opened a door for him to proclaim the everlasting Gospel. In the year 1760 he settled at *Madeley*, in *Shropshire*, as *Vicar* of the parish, and from the beginning he was a laborious workman in his Lord's vineyard; he literally preached in season and out of season to *all* persons, in *all* places, and at *all* times; publicly, and from house to house, did he *warn every man, and teach every man, in all wisdom and love*, that he might *present every man perfect in Christ Jesus*. But though he faithfully discharged every part of his parochial duties, yet he always considered himself honoured in being united to the Methodists. He embraced and defended their doctrines, received the Preachers into his own house, erected a chapel for them in his parish; he attended their annual Conferences, and had his name in their Minutes to the last period of his life!

But that which rendered this venerable man a prodigy in his day, was his unexampled and almost unparalleled piety and devotedness to God. He was supposed by most who knew him to be one of the most holy men who ever lived upon earth. He lived continually within the veil, and his conversation was always in heaven. His death was occasioned by a putrid fever, which he caught in the faithful discharge of the important duties of his station, so that he may be considered as dying a *martyr* for Christ. It was on Sunday, Aug. 14th, 1784, that his precious soul entered into the joy of his

Lord, in the 56th year of his age, and in the 25th of his ministry at *Madeley*.

Mr. *Wesley*, at the conclusion of his account of this extraordinary man, says, "I was intimately acquainted with him for *thirty years*. I conversed with him *morning, noon*, and *night*, without the least reserve, during a journey of many hundred miles. And in all that time I never heard him speak an improper word, or saw him do an improper action! Within fourscore years I have known many excellent men, holy in heart and life; but one equal to him I have not known. One so uniformly devoted to God, so unblameable a man in every respect I have not found, either in *Europe* or *America!* Nor do I expect to find another such on this side of eternity."

I cannot conclude this sketch of this truly apostolic man, without introducing a few circumstances of the concluding scene of his invaluable life, taken from the character given of him in that excellent work of his, "The Portrait of Saint Paul," written in *French*, and translated by the Rev. Mr. *Gilpin*. "Equally prepared for every event, he met his last great trial with all that composure and steadiness which had invariably distinguished him upon every former occasion of suffering. He entered the valley of the shadow of death as one who feared no evil. He considered it as the high road to that incorruptible inheritance which is reserved for the saints; and, looking forward with a hope full of immortality, he saw beyond its limited gloom those everlasting hills of delight and glory to which his soul aspired."

A few days before his dissolution he appeared to have reached that desirable point where the last rapturous discoveries are made to the souls of dying saints. Roused, as it were, with the shouts of angels, and kindled into rapture with visions of glory, he broke into a song of holy triumph, which began and ended with the praises of God's unfathomable love. He laboured to declare the secret manifestations he enjoyed, but his sensations were too powerful for utterance: and, after looking inexpressible things, he contented himself with calling upon all around him to celebrate and shout out that *adorable love* which can never be fully comprehended, or adequately expressed. This triumphant frame of mind was not a transient feeling, but a state that he continued to enjoy, with little or no discernible intermission, to the moment of his death. While he possessed the power of speech, he spake as one whose lips had been touched with *a live coal from the altar;* and when deprived of that power, his counte-

nance discovered that he was sweetly engaged in the contemplation of eternal things.

"On the day of his departure, as I was preparing to attend my own church, which was at the distance of nine miles from *Madeley*, I received a hasty message from Mrs. *Fletcher*, requesting my attendance at the Vicarage. I instantly followed the messenger, and found Mr. *Fletcher* with every symptom of approaching dissolution upon him. I had ever looked up to this man of God with an extraordinary degree of affection and reverence; and on this afflicting occasion my heart was uncommonly affected and depressed. It was now in vain to recollect that public duty required my presence in another place; unfitted for every duty, except that of watching the bed of death, I found it impossible to withdraw myself from the solemn scene to which I had been summoned. I had received from this evangelical teacher in days that were past many excellent precepts with respect to *holy living;* and now I desired to receive from him the last important lesson with respect to *holy dying*. And truly this concluding lesson was of inestimable worth, since so much patience and resignation, so much peace and composure were scarcely ever discovered in the same circumstances before. *Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.*

"While their Pastor was breathing out his soul into the hands of a *faithful Creator*, his people were offering up their joint supplications on his behalf in the house of God. The whole village wore an air of consternation and sadness, and not one joyful song was heard among all its inhabitants. Hasty messengers were passing to and fro, with anxious inquiries and confused reports. And the members of every family sat together in silence that day, awaiting with trembling expectation the issue of every hour.

"After the conclusion of evening service, several of the poor, who came from distant parts, and who were usually entertained under Mr. *Fletcher's* roof, still lingered about the house, and seemed unable to bear themselves away from the place, without a sight of their expiring Pastor. Secretly informed of their desire, I obtained for them the permission they wished. And the door of the chamber being set open, immediately before which Mr. *Fletcher* was sitting upright in his bed with the curtains undrawn, unaltered in his usual venerable appearance, they slowly moved, one by one, along the gallery, severally pausing, as they passed by the door, and casting in a look of mingled supplication and anguish.

"His weakness very perceptibly increased, but his countenance continued unaltered to the last. If there was any visible change in his feelings, he appeared to be more at ease and more sweetly composed as the moment of his dismission drew near. Our eyes were riveted upon him in awful expectation. But whatever we had felt before, no murmuring thought was suffered at this interesting period to darken the glories of so illustrious a scene. All was silence—when the last angelic messenger suddenly arrived, and performed his important commission with so much stillness and secrecy, that it was impossible to determine the exact moment of its completion. Mrs. *Fletcher* was kneeling by the side of her departing husband; one who attended him with uncommon assiduity during the last stages of his disorder sat at his head; while I sorrowfully waited near his feet. Uncertain whether or not he was totally separated from us, we pressed nearer, and hung over his bed in the attitude of listening attention—his lips ceased to move, and his head was gently sinking on his bosom—we stretched out our hands; but his warfare was accomplished, and the happy spirit had taken its everlasting flight."

HIS CHARACTER.—BY THE REV. MR. JOSHUA GILPIN.

He passed the earlier part of his life at *Nyon*, where he soon discovered an elevated turn of mind, accompanied with an unusual degree of vivacity. After having made a good proficiency in school learning, he was removed with his two brothers to *Geneva*, where he was distinguished equally by his superior abilities and his uncommon application. The two first prizes, for which he stood a candidate, he carried away from a number of competitors, several of whom were nearly related to the professors: and on these occasions he was complimented by his superiors in a very flattering manner. During his residence at *Geneva*, he allowed himself but little time, either for recreation, refreshment, or rest. After confining himself closely to his studies all day, he would frequently consume the greater part of the night in noting down whatever had occurred, in the course of his reading, worthy of observation. Here he acquired that true classical taste which was so frequently and justly admired by his intimate friends, and which all his studied plainness could never conceal. Here also he laid the foundation of that extensive and accurate knowledge for which he was afterwards distinguished, both in philosophical and theological researches. After

quitting *Geneva* he was sent by his father to *Lentzbourg*, a small town in the *Swiss Cantons*, where he not only acquired the *German* language, but diligently prosecuted his other studies, to which he ever discovered a passionate attachment. On his return from this place he continued some time at home, studying the *Hebrew* language, and perfecting his acquaintance with mathematical learning.

His early piety was equally remarkable with earthly attainments. From his childhood he was impressed with a deep sense of the Majesty of God, and a constant fear of offending Him. His acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures guarded him, on one hand, from the snares of infidelity, and preserved him, on the other, from many of the vices peculiar to youth. His conversation was modest; and his whole conduct marked with a degree of rectitude not usually to be found in early life. He manifested an extraordinary turn for religious meditation; and those little productions which gained him the greatest applause, at this period, were chiefly of a serious tendency. His filial obedience and brotherly affection were exemplary: nor is it remembered that he ever uttered one unbecoming expression in either of those characters. He was a constant reprover of sin; and his modest freedom in this respect is said once to have offended a mother, whom he tenderly loved. While she was, on some occasion, expressing herself in too warm a manner to one of the family, he turned his eye upon her with a gentle reproof. She was displeased with the modest reprehension, and repaid it with some severity, which he received with the utmost submission, making only the following reply, "When I am smitten *on one cheek*, and especially by a hand I love so well, I am taught to *turn the other also*." This expression was not employed with an air of bravado, but with a look of so much tender affection, that the indignation of his mother was instantly turned into a look of pleasing admiration.

Persons who are designed by the Almighty for eminent services in His Church are frequently distinguished, in their youth, by striking peculiarities which awaken in those around them an expectation of something extraordinary in their future character. Of this kind was the following circumstance. During Mr. *Fletcher's* residence at *Geneva*, his sister, Madame *de Botens*, who had taken a house in that city for the convenience of her brothers, was visited by a widow lady from *Nyon*. This lady was accompanied by her three sons, who were not the most happily disposed, and whose improper

conduct, at this time, provoked her to so uncommon a degree as to extort from her a hasty imprecation. Mr. *Fletcher* was present upon this occasion: he was so struck with the unnatural carriage of this exasperated mother, that instantly starting from his chair, he addressed her in a very powerful remonstrance. He reasoned with her in an affecting and pointed manner. He observed and lamented the difficulties of her situation; but intreated her to struggle against them with discretion, and not with impatience. He exhorted her to educate her children in the fear of God, and to second such education by her own pious example. After assuring her that her conduct, on the present occasion, had filled him with the utmost horror, and that he could not but tremble for the consequences of it; he concluded his address by alarming her fears lest the imprecation she had uttered should be followed by some unexpected family affliction. The same day, the widow, in her return to *Nyon*, embarked upon the lake, where she was overtaken with a tremendous storm, and brought to the very point of perishing. In the midst of her danger, the words of her young prophet, as she afterwards termed Mr. *Fletcher*, were deeply impressed upon her mind. But they shortly returned upon her in a more forcible manner, with the melancholy intelligence that two of her sons were lost upon the lake, and the third crushed to death at one of the gates of *Geneva*. At this time Mr. *Fletcher* was not more than fourteen years of age.

Notwithstanding the *early piety* of Mr. *Fletcher*, it appears that he continued, for a long course of time, a perfect stranger to the true nature of Christianity. He was naturally of a high and ambitious turn, though his ambition was sufficiently refined for religious as well as scientific pursuits. He aspired after rectitude: and was anxious to possess every moral perfection. He counted much upon the dignity of human nature, and was ambitious to act in a manner becoming his exalted ideas of that dignity. And here he outstripped the multitude in an uncommon degree. He was rigidly just in his dealings; and inflexibly true to his word; he was a strict observer of his several duties in every relation of life; his sentiments were liberal, and his charity profuse; he was prudent in his conduct, and courteous in his deportment; he was a diligent inquirer after truth, and a strenuous advocate for virtue; he was frequent in sacred meditations, and was a regular attendant at public worship. Possessed of so many moral accomplishments, while he was admired by his friends,

it is no wonder that he should cast a look of self-complacency upon his character, and consider himself, with respect to his attainments in virtue, abundantly superior to the common herd of mankind. But while he was taken up in congratulating himself upon his own fancied eminence in piety, he was an absolute stranger to that unfeigned sorrow for sin, which is the first step toward the kingdom of God. It was not till after he had resided some time in *England* that he became experimentally acquainted with the nature of true repentance. By what particular providence he was led to a minute investigation of his own heart, or at what particular time, cannot be easily ascertained; but we have ample testimony that in his twenty-sixth year his knowledge of himself was as *solid* as it had been formerly *superficial*.

From this time his hopes and fears, his desires and pursuits were totally changed. From the heights of self-exaltation he sunk into the depths of self-abhorrence: and from shining in the foremost ranks of the virtuous he placed himself on a level with the very chief of sinners. Conviction made way for unfeigned repentance, and repentance laid a solid foundation for *Christian piety*. His sorrow for sin was succeeded by a consciousness of the Almighty's favour, and the pangs of remorse gave way to the joys of remission. Believing on Jesus, as the Scripture hath said, he found in Him a well of consolation *springing up into everlasting life*. A cloud of witnesses are ready to testify that from his earliest acquaintance with the truths of the Gospel, he continued to walk worthy of his high vocation, *growing in grace*, and *adorning the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things*. They who saw him only at a distance, revered him as a man of God; while they who enjoyed a nearer acquaintance with him were held in a state of constant admiration at his attainments in the Divine life. He appeared to enjoy an uninterrupted fellowship with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ. Every day was with him a day of solemn self-dedication, and every hour an hour of praise or prayer.

Mr. *Fletcher* was formed for pre-eminence, no common degrees of grace were sufficient to satisfy his unbounded desires. He towered above the generality of Christians, *earnestly desiring the best gifts*, and anxious to walk in the *most excellent way*. While others are content to taste the living stream, he traced that stream to its source, and lived at the fountain-head of blessedness. He was familiar with invisible objects, and constantly walked as in the presence of God.

To those who were much conversant with him he appeared as an inhabitant of a better world; so perfectly dead was he to the enjoyments of the present life, and so wholly detached from its anxious cares. Wherever he was called, by the providence of God, he was acknowledged as a *burning and shining light.* Even his spiritual friends could never stand in his presence without being overwhelmed with a consciousness of their own inferiority and unprofitableness. While they have seen him rising, as it were, upon the wings of an eagle, they have been confounded at their inability to pursue his flight; and while he has given way to the emotions of his fervent love, they have blushed at their own ingratitude and lukewarmness. *The candle of the Lord* eminently *shone upon his head, and the secret of God was upon his tabernacle. When he went out through the city,* or took his seat in the company of the righteous, he was saluted with unusual reverence as an angel of God. *The young men saw him, and hid themselves; and the aged arose and stood up.* Even those who were honoured as Princes among the people of God *refrained talking, and laid their hand upon their mouth. When the ear heard him, then it blessed him, and when the eye saw him, it gave witness to him.* When he spoke—his conversation was in heaven: and the hearts of his intimate friends still burn within them on every recollection of the gracious words that proceeded out of his mouth. When he was silent—his very air and countenance bespoke an angelic mind absorbed in the contemplation of God. When he was engaged in the ordinary actions of life he performed them with such a becoming seriousness, that they assumed a striking and important appearance. In all the changing circumstances of life he looked and acted like a man whose treasure was laid up in heaven. There his affections were immoveably fixed, and thitherward he was continually tending with all the powers of his soul: he spoke of it as the subject of his constant meditation; and looked to it as travellers to their appointed home. At times, when the pious breathings of his soul were too forcible to be repressed, he would break forth into expressions of adoration among his spiritual associates, and cry out, while tears of joy were bursting from his eyes, *My God! My Saviour! Thou art mine! A wretch unworthy of Thy notice! Yet Thou hast visited me with Thy mercy, and honoured me with Thy favour! I adore Thine unfathomable love! Ye who have tasted of His grace, assist me to magnify His name.* He was an instrument always in tune: and none can tell, but those who

have heard, how sweetly it would answer to the touch of him that strung it. He was an instrument of uncommon compass, and wonderously adapted to every occasion. Every breath that swept over the chords of this living lyre drew from it some according sound: if from man, it produced strains of affection and sympathy; if from God, it called forth higher sounds of gratitude and devotion.

Travelling some years ago with a friend, through part of *Italy*, as they approached the Appian-way, he directed the driver to stop before he entered upon it. He then ordered the chaise-door to be opened, assuring his fellow-traveller that his heart would not suffer him to ride over that ground upon which the apostle *Paul* had formerly walked chained to a soldier, on account of preaching the everlasting Gospel. As soon as he set his foot upon this Roman road, he took off his hat, and walked on, with his eyes lifted up to heaven, returning thanks to God in a most fervent prayer for that light, those truths, and that influence of the Holy Spirit which were continued to the present day. He rejoiced that England was favoured with the Gospel in its purity; and devoutly implored that Rome might again have the truths of that Gospel declared in those churches which were disgraced with a worship little superior to that of ancient Athens. He then took a view of the exemplary life, the extensive travels, and astonishing labours of the great apostle. He recounted his sufferings when a prisoner, and his trials when at liberty; his rigid self-denial and his voluntary poverty for the furtherance of the Gospel. He spoke of his painful ministry and his violent persecutions, enlarging with peculiar energy upon his last journey from *Jerusalem* to *Rome*. He then ran over his experience, his faith, his love, his abundant revelations, and his constant communion with the Lord Jesus Christ: demonstrating that without such communion he could never have supported the sharp conflicts and repeated sufferings to which he was daily exposed. Here he adverted to his own situation with a degree of gratitude that surpasses all description. What a miracle of mercy, said he, that a Christian, hated and despised as he is by all men, is yet suffered to live; and that we, who desire to be such, can travel at this day unmolested among those who abhor the truth as it is in Jesus. Their ancestors were stained with the blood of the innocent; and was the Gospel to be proposed in its purity to the present generation, they would rush upon the preacher of it as so many beasts of prey if He who restrained the lions from

devouring *Daniel* were not present to control their destructive zeal. These remarks were continued for a long time together, sweetly intermixed with occasional prayer and praise.

The following EPITAPH is taken from Mr. FLETCHER's Tomb-stone, verbatim.

Here lies the Body of
The Rev. JOHN WILLIAM DE LA FLECHERE,
VICAR OF MADELEY:
He was born at *Nyon*, in *Switzerland*,
September 12th, 1729,
And finished his Course in this Village
August 14th, 1785: where his
unexampled Labours will be long remembered.
He exercised his Ministry for the space of twenty-five years in this Parish with uncommon zeal and ability.
Many believed his Report, and became his Joy and Crown of rejoicing:
While others constrained him to take up the lamentation of the Prophet,
"All the day long have I stretched out my hands unto a disobedient and gainsaying people: yet surely my Judgment is with the Lord, and my Work with my God."
(He being dead yet speaketh.)

JOHN FLOYDE.

HE was admitted as a Preacher among the Methodists in the year 1770. He was a sensible, pious man; and was possessed of considerable abilities for the work of the ministry. He was a very acceptable and useful Preacher for several years; but instead of devoting his time unreservedly to the service of the sanctuary, he gave himself up to the study of *physic*, and possessing a ready mind, he made considerable proficiency in that science. He continued, however, an Itinerant Preacher till the Conference in 1782, when he desisted from the public work, and settled as a Surgeon and Apothecary, first at *Halifax*, and afterwards at *Leeds*, in *Yorkshire*. He was very successful in his profession; and he also officiated as a minister at a kind of episcopal chapel at *Stainland*, near

Halifax; and after his removal to *Leeds*, at another chapel in that neighbourhood; and occasionally as a Local Preacher among the Methodists. He continued thus for several years; but his most intimate friends obviously perceived in him a declension in religion. In the year 1798 the Lord was pleased to visit him with severe trials. His wife was afflicted with a very painful disorder, which baffled the power of medicine, and the art of the most skilful and eminent of the faculty. He was considerably embarrassed in his circumstances; and after living in credit and affluence for a series of years, he found himself, in a short time, reduced to a state of indigence and distress. In a few months he sunk beneath the weight of these severe trials, and having retired to a friend's at *Exley*, near *Halifax*, he there ended his days, in the month of July, 1798.

In his last sickness he had some severe conflicts with the enemy of his soul, and he deeply mourned on account of his backslidings from God. But the Lord regarded the cry of his soul, and a little before he departed, He lifted up upon him the light of His countenance, and restored unto him the joy of His salvation; so that he left the world with a sure and stedfast hope of eternal glory.

I remember it is written, *judge nothing before the time;* yet may we not infer from these circumstances, that in leaving his *particular calling, he wandered out of the way of understanding?*

HENRY FOSTER.

THIS holy man was a native of *Lestingham*, a village near *Pickering*, in *Yorkshire*. For several years he was a *burning and shining light;* and as he acknowledged God by a holy life, so the Lord honoured him with a happy and triumphant death. He was admitted upon trial as an Itinerant Preacher, at the Conference in 1780, and continued in the work for nearly *seven* years. He had a weak body, but a strong mind; he was well beloved by the people both as a Christian and Minister, and was calculated for great usefulness in the Church. But it pleased the Lord to take him to his eternal rest in the midst of his days. In his last sickness he often talked of eternity in transports of joy, and seemed to have a [illegible] in it that was much better understood from his

expressive looks than from his words. Once, after hearing a sermon on the near connection between us and the invisible world, he came into the house in an extacy unutterable, and said, "I fear my desire to depart is too great." At a love-feast at *Malton*, in *Yorkshire*, he was so filled with the power of God, that he cried out, "Lord, stay Thine hand, or the vessel will burst." That he was delivered from the fear of death, and could look upon the approach of eternity with delight, appeared from the whole of his conversation, and will be fully evinced by the following letter, which he wrote to an intimate friend a little before his death :—

"My life is far spent, and I am drawing near to the confines of eternity! But *my life is hid with Christ in God.* When I *lose* all, I shall *gain* all. If I had any choice in such things, I should like to be interred at *Lestingham*, but the will of the blessed Lord be done; for these bodies of ours, wherever laid, will soon be called from their native dust! Then shall *we meet in the air, and shall be for ever with the Lord!* O my full heart! I have much to say, but nature fails! I am not able to write—but if God should appoint (meaning after death) my freed spirit to do you any kind office, O how swiftly would I fly on the wings of love!"

As he drew near his end, he was so weak, that his friends were forced to be very careful in laying the bed-clothes upon him, lest the wind of them should take away his breath. Yet a night or two before he died he awoke, and looking upwards he said with a loud voice, and a countenance full of heaven and of God, "The curtain is fallen! I see Jesus! I see His hands and His feet, and the print of the nails! I see the Prophets and Apostles, and the mother of Jesus!" But our friends who were present were so agitated, and at the same time delighted with his words and heavenly appearance, that they could remember no more of what he uttered, though he continued to speak in this heavenly manner for above half an hour! After this he sunk into a calm, and hardly noticed anything more, till his triumphant spirit ascended to the regions of everlasting delight and glory, on the 12th of April, 1787.

FRANCIS FRAZIER.

He was admitted upon trial as an Itinerant Methodist Preacher at the Conference in *Ireland* (his native country) in

the year 1786. He was a pious, good young man, and an acceptable Preacher; but it pleased the Lord soon to remove him from a state of labour and suffering, to a state of rest and glory. After spending about three years in the work of calling sinners to repentance, he died in great peace in the year 1789.

WILLIAM FUGILL.

He was a native of *Rothwell*, near *Leeds*, in *Yorkshire*, and began to travel as a Methodist Preacher at an early period of the work. He was endowed by the great Head of the Church with very considerable ministerial abilities, and for some years was exceedingly useful, and highly acceptable to the people among whom he laboured. But, alas! he afterwards, by little and little, fell from his stedfastness, and he was excluded from the Methodist connection in the year 1764. Some time after he petitioned the Conference to be restored, but he was unanimously rejected. However, at the Conference in 1767, he was tried again for a short time, but it too soon appeared that sin had the dominion over him, and consequently he was again put away from the connection. He then returned to *Rothwell*, where he spent the residue of his days, and departed this life in the year 1800. O that such awful circumstances may lead us, whether Ministers or people, to *fear lest a promise being left us of entering into* His *rest, any of us should seem to come short of it.* May we *abstain from all appearance of evil*, and *give all diligence to make our calling and election sure! for if we do these things we shall never fall. For so an entrance shall be ministered unto us abundantly, into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.*

JOHN FURZE.

He was born at *Wilton*, near *Sarum*, in the year 1717. When only ten years of age, the Lord very powerfully affected his mind with everlasting things; he was afraid of death and hell, and prayed God to have mercy upon his soul. At fifteen he became a constant communicant at the Church: but still

there was something continually speaking within him, and saying, "One thing is wanting." He afterwards fell into great horror and distress of mind, which continued for a long time; he sought rest, but found none. The Lord, however, at last manifested Himself to his soul, and he was enabled to rejoice in Him as the God of his salvation. This was before he knew anything of the Methodists, nor had he one companion in the way. At last he ventured to speak of the things of God to a young man whom he thought was more serious than the rest. It pleased God to awaken and convert him also, and their souls cleaved to each other like the souls of *David* and *Jonathan*. They met together every evening to pray, and to pour out their souls in thanksgivings to God for all His mercies.

After a time, Mr. *Furze* and his companion, having heard of a company of Dissenters who met at a private house on a Sunday evening, they went thither, but were sadly disappointed. The Lord, however, brought great good out of it, and the next Sunday evening a great number of people assembled together at the house, and Mr. *Furze* began to exhort them to *flee from the wrath to come*. This was the beginning of his exercising as a public character, and he continued to preach in this house, and also in his own, and it pleased the Lord to bless the word to many souls. About *fourteen* were convinced of sin, and united together to help each other forward in the way to the kingdom.

He now met with great opposition from various quarters, and he particularly found our Lord's words verified, *A man's foes shall be those of his own household*. His wife very violently opposed him, and once struck him on the face, and beat out one of his teeth! This severe trial he was enabled to bear, and in meekness and patience he possessed his soul; he stepped up to her, put his tooth in her lap, and instantly retired to his chamber without speaking a word! But it was a sorrowful day to her! She fell into great distress on account of her sins; she sought the Lord with great earnestness, and the following day found Him in the joy of her soul. She now cheerfully united with him in family duty, and was an *helpmeet* to him in the way to heaven! She willingly submitted to his going out as a travelling Preacher, though he left her with several children. In all her letters to him, she said, "I find difficulties, but let not that distress *you*. I am content. Go straight forward in the work God hath called you to."

I am not able to ascertain the precise time of his going out to travel, but I conjecture from the Minutes it was about the year 1765. He was rendered a peculiar blessing to many in different parts of the kingdom, particularly in *Lancashire* and *Cheshire*. There was a great revival of the work of God in *Manchester* when Mr. *Furze* was stationed there, and the following remarkable circumstance is worthy of record:—

A poor woman that lived about ten miles from *Manchester*, hearing some say, "We have been there, and have found the Lord," told it to a neighbour, and said, "I wish I could go to *Manchester* and find the Lord." Her neighbour said, "Then why do you not go?" She replied, "I have got no shoes." Her neighbour answered, "I will lend you mine." She said, "Then I will go." She accordingly went to *Manchester*, but knew not where to go. Seeing a gentleman in the market-place, she asked him, "Where is it that people go to find the Lord?" He said, "Among the Methodists, as far as I know." She asked, "Where are they?" He answered, "Come, and I will show you." He brought her to the passage which led to the chapel, and said, "Go in there." A person came to her, and asked, What she wanted? She said, "Is this the place where the people find the Lord?" One of the Leaders then came *(John Morris)*, and having heard her simple relation of the cause of her coming, he took her into the chapel, and placed her near the middle of the room, and advised her to look at none but the Preacher. She took his advice, and about the middle of the sermon she exclaimed, "Glory be to God, I have found the Lord!" Which she repeated over and over, being filled with joy unspeakable.

Another instance of the goodness of God at *Congleton*, in *Cheshire*, which Mr. *Furze* has recorded in his life, deserves particular notice. Two men were there, pot-companions, *David* and *Samuel*. *David* made it his business to stand in the street near the time of preaching, and swear at the people as they were going to it. About this time there were several remarkable conversions. At this *David* seemed much perplexed, and asked *Samuel*, "What can this be? What is it that they do to the people to convert them? I have a good mind to go and see." Accordingly, they both went to hear Mr. *Furze* preach; but after they had sat about a quarter of an hour, *David* started up and said, "I will stay here no longer." He attempted to run, but quickly dropped down; however he rose, and with some difficulty got home. He

went straight to his chamber and got to bed: he turned himself a few times, and then leaped up and said, "I will lie here no longer." He ran into the fields, and there wandered all the night. In the morning he came home, went into his shop, and thought he would go to work. He heated his iron in the forge, and lifted up his hammer over his head; but he imagined Satan was just behind him, and ready to carry him away. He immediately let fall his hammer, ran out of the shop, and wandered in the fields all the day. In the evening a farmer saw him, and said, "*David*, why are you not at your work?" He answered, "I think I shall work no more." The farmer asked, "Why so?" He said, "I am afraid I shall be converted." It quickly spread through the town that *David* was going to be converted. But *David* protested *he would not!* And in order to prevent it, he would go and get drunk directly! He accordingly went and drank *two quarts* of ale, and *half a pint* of brandy! He was now raging mad, and after knocking down several persons, and destroying the furniture in the public-house, he went home; but he now thought Satan would surely have him; he therefore took to his heels and ran into the fields, where he spent the day. At last he went to *Samuel*, and said, "Ever since I heard that old man preach I can neither eat nor sleep." Then said *Samuel*, "Take it for a warning, or I will keep thy company no more." *David* said, "What shall we do?" *Samuel* answered, "Whatever *thou* dost, I will join the Society." *David* fell a weeping, and said, "If *thou* dost, so will *I*, if they will have me." As soon as their design was known, several persons went to Mr. *Furze*, and desired he would not receive them. A little before the time of preaching they came, and *Samuel* said to Mr. *Furze*, "We are two desperate wicked men, but we want to be better. And we beg you, for Christ's sake, to receive us into your Society." He replied, "Yes, for *Christ's sake*, I will receive you." They looked one at another, with tears flowing from their eyes, and said, "For Christ's sake receive us *now*, and let us go to the love-feast." Mr. *Furze* answered, "I do receive you *now* for Christ's sake." After preaching, *David* was observed to be in great distress; his cries and groans were such as struck terror into all who were near him. Mr. *Furze* kneeled down and prayed for him, and while he was praying, *David* started up, and cried aloud, "Glory be to God, my sins are forgiven!" At the same time, *Samuel* said, "O precious Lamb of God! all in a gore of blood for me!" *David* then broke through

the people, and caught *Samuel* in his arms, saying, "Come, let us sing the Virgin Mary's song together: I could never sing it before; but now, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour!"

Mr. *Furze* continued to labour in the vineyard as an Itinerant as long as he was able; and from the Conference 1782, he acted as a *Supernumerary*. For some years previous to his death, he resided chiefly in the *Salisbury* circuit, and often visited *Frome*, where he was entertained in the most affectionate manner in the family of Mr. *Blunt*. He closed his life in holy triumph in the year 1800.

JAMES GAFFNEY.

He was admitted as an Itinerant Preacher in the Methodist connection at the Conference 1776. He was possessed of genuine piety, and had considerable abilities for the work of the ministry. He was wise above his years, and was universally acceptable and useful in the circuits where he laboured. But his labours were soon ended; for it pleased the Lord to take him away, in the midst of his days and usefulness, by a rapid consumption, in the year 1779. But he was fully delivered from the fear of death: he was to him no *King of Terrors*, but the *Messenger of Peace*. He was unspeakably happy in God, though in violent pain, till his triumphant spirit entered the regions of eternal felicity.

ROBERT GAMBLE.

He was a native of the West Riding of the county of *York*, and was brought to a saving acquaintance with divine things at an early period of his life. For some time he resided at *Sowerby*, in the *Halifax* circuit, where he officiated as a Local Preacher. At the Conference 1785, he was admitted upon trial as an Itinerant Preacher; and after labouring three years in *Great Britain*, at the Conference 1788 he was sent over, with Mr. *Matthew Lumb*, as a Missionary to the *West Indies*. He laboured in those islands for three years; but in February, 1791, in the island of *Saint Vincent's*, he was seized with a putrid fever; and after an illness of sixteen days he entered into the joy of his Lord.

JOSEPH GARNETT.

He was a native of *Barnard Castle*, and was a truly serious, pious man. He entered upon the work of the ministry as an Itinerant in the year 1768, and concluded his labours in the year 1773. His death was occasioned by sleeping in a *damp bed*. His death was a loss to the Church, yet it was gain to him; for as he walked with God in life, he was not deserted in his last moments. He was enabled to triumph over the last enemy, and his end was *peace, quietness, and assurance for ever!*

NICHOLAS GILBERT.

He was a man of deep piety, and possessed a sound and clear understanding in the things of God. A man of genuine simplicity, of great seriousness and integrity. He had considerable talents for the ministry, and was, as Mr. *Wesley* himself says, "an excellent preacher." He was greatly beloved by the people in the circuits where he laboured, and was a general blessing to them. He was likely to have been of great use in the Church; but God saw it best to snatch him hence by a fever, in the dawn of his usefulness. He died in April, 1763, in the city of *Bristol*.

DAVID GORDON.

He was born in *Ballymena*, in the North of *Ireland*, in the year 1757. His parents were pious members of the Methodist Society, and his father a Local Preacher. A circumstance which Mr. *Gordon* used to relate respecting his father, may not be unacceptable. "My father," said he, "was forty years a loving husband, thirty-nine an indulgent parent, thirty-nine a lover of Jesus Christ, and twenty-eight a Preacher of Righteousness. When he found that the messenger Death was approaching to remove him to another world, like good old Jacob, he called his family together and bade them all farewell: first his dear wife, then his children, and blessed them; and then with perfect composure, full of divine con-

solation, he committed his happy spirit into the hands of his gracious Redeemer, in the sixty-third year of his age."

David Gordon, the subject of this memoir, was often under Divine impressions; but he nevertheless continued a stranger to the knowledge of salvation by the remission of his sins, till the twenty-fifth year of his age. At that period, being conscious of the depravity of his nature, the spirituality of God's law, and the offences he had committed against it, he implored mercy at the hand of God, and obtained a sense of pardon through faith in the blood of Jesus Christ, in the month of October, 1782. Eighteen months after, the work of God was deepened in his soul, and he was enabled to *rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in every thing give thanks!*

He began his ministerial labours in 1784, and was appointed an Itinerant Preacher in the *Londonderry* circuit, in the month of December, 1785. He was deeply devoted to God, and his whole soul was engaged in promoting the best of causes. He continued his labours till the year 1799, when he was taken ill. Previous to his last sickness, he had some presentiment of his approaching dissolution; and from the time he was seized with the first symptoms of his disorder, he entertained scarcely any hope of life. During his sickness his mind was preserved in perfect peace, and he was remarkably happy in God. He said to Mr. *Dowling*, his fellow-labourer, "My soul enjoys a constant peace; let us be employed in prayer and praise." At another time, he told him the text which he desired to have his funeral sermon preached from, viz., *I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, &c.* He then said, "Brother, tell the people that the Lord raised me up to be a Preacher of the everlasting Gospel, and made me a prince and a king among His people. I have cause to praise Him above thousands; for though I have often been unfaithful to Him, his Church, and cause, since I first set out to serve Him; yet He has sprinkled my most holy things with His precious blood. O that I had a thousand tongues to speak of His goodness to a poor unworthy worm. I do experience His love every moment unchangeable."

On the Wednesday before his death, he longed to be dissolved, that he might be with Christ. After supplicating for supporting grace in the trying hour, he offered up his wife and children to the Lord, and prayed for the Church, and all the afflicted children of God. Then, in an extacy of joy he said, "He is coming, He is coming, skipping over the *mountains* to bring me to glory. I am waiting every moment

for the Lord's coming; and I think every moment will be the last, and then the scene will be closed. Jesus is come! It is a glorious thing to die triumphing in the Lord! I long to be dissolved, and to be with Christ." On Thursday he said, "Christ is near; He is unchangeable: you have no cause to doubt concerning me; for I am built upon Christ, the Rock of eternal ages." At another time he said, "It is finished! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." Friday, he said, "God will be glorified in my death: when the people are assembled at my funeral, the Lord will pour out His Spirit upon them" (which indeed was the case). "I am going to change the Church militant for the Church triumphant." On Saturday, December 6th, the day on which he died, he said, "I have heard a glorious song; and glory was the substance and subject of it." About ten o'clock, while some of his friends were engaged in prayer, he raised his hands, and, with a smile, said, "Sing that hymn,

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath."

Soon after he suddenly opened his eyes, and raising his hands, broke forth in an extacy of joy, saying, "To him that believeth, all things are possible: Jesus is mine and I am His." And then, without a sigh or groan, he fell asleep in the Lord, in the forty-third year of his age, and in the fourteenth year of his Itinerant ministry.

JAMES GORE.

He began his public labours in the ministry, at the Conference, 1786. He was a young man of good understanding, great sweetness of temper, and eminent piety. He was very acceptable as a Preacher, but his time in the work was short; for in the year 1790 he was called away, in the very flower of his age, to partake of the glory and happiness of heaven. He was enabled, through grace, to triumph over the last enemy, and in a glorious manner he entered the haven of everlasting repose.

DANIEL GRAHAM.

He was a young man of great piety, and eminently devoted to God. When very young, he was called to the important

work of the ministry; and at the Irish Conference in 1788, he was received as an Itinerant Preacher. After spending four years in *Ireland*, his holy soul burning with zeal for the Divine glory, he left his native land, to carry the everlasting Gospel to the poor Negroes in the West Indies. He was truly possessed of a missionary spirit; and his labours were not in vain. But it pleased that God, who is *too wise to err*, to take this eminently holy young man to his great reward in the prime of his life and usefulness. In a few months after he had begun his labours among the heathen, in the island of *Barbadoes*, he caught the *yellow fever* (which at that time raged horribly in that island), by which he was taken to an early rest in the paradise of God.

ROBERT GREEN.

He came into the vineyard, as an Itinerant Preacher, in 1793, and continued his labours till the Conference 1799, when it pleased the Lord to visit him with an affliction which baffled all the skill and efforts of the gentlemen of the faculty. He was therefore necessitated to desist from that work in which his whole soul was engaged; and in which he had faithfully employed his talents, and had cheerfully spent all his strength. In the month of October, 1799, he went to the city of *Bath* for the benefit of the waters; but, alas! it was too late. On the 6th of November he took to his bed, and was entirely confined to it from that time to the day of his death. His disorder being principally in his head, he was frequently delirious; but even then no expression escaped him unbecoming a Christian minister; and often in the midst of his wanderings, the mention of God and the things of God brought him to himself. His mind turned to the subject of religion, as to that with which he was well acquainted, and in which his heart delighted. But his delirium was not constant. God gave him frequent opportunities of declaring his confidence in Him and resignation to His will in clear and strong terms, to the great profit of all who heard him. At one of these times he said, "I don't feel a murmuring thought at the dispensation of the Lord. I know He cannot err: He does all things well." At another time he said, "Poor creatures that we are, how entirely dependent we are upon God! It is a mercy that it is so. It would greatly dishonour Him to substitute anything in the place of Jesus Christ as a Saviour."

Just as he awoke on Wednesday morning, Nov. 20th, he said, "He hath *made* us and *redeemed* us." Mrs. *Green* said, "Yes, and makes *intercession* for us." He answered, "Blessed be God,"

"Not a cloud doth arise
To darken the skies,
Or hide for a moment my God from my eyes."

Mrs. *Green* then said, "My dear, you are hastening to eternal bliss." He replied, "Yes; blessed be God:"—and continued for some time repeating, "Eternal bliss!" Soon after, Mr. *Walter Griffith*, who writes this account of him, came into the room, and reminded him of the words of the Psalmist, *When my flesh and my heart faileth, &c.* He said, "He is the strength of *my* heart, and *my* everlasting portion." He now grew weaker and weaker every hour, so that, though recollected a good part of Thursday night, he was not able to speak much. Towards morning, he said, "I shall praise HIM FOR EVER—FOR EVER—AND EVER. YES, I KNOW I SHALL." One then said, "GOD *is love*." He answered, "I KNOW HE IS." These were his last words, and he soon after fell asleep in Jesus, Nov. 20, 1799. Thus died this amiable young man, not quite *thirty-three* years of age! How unsearchable are the ways of God!

PAUL GREENWOOD.

HE was a primitive Christian, whose soul was engaged with God, and in the success of His work. He excelled in deep seriousness, heavenly-mindedness, and in close walking with God. He was a man of great simplicity and uprightness of heart. He was an acceptable, useful Preacher, and laboured faithfully in the vineyard for *twenty* years.

In March, 1767, he was taken ill of a fever at *Warrington*, and though he was in general delirious during his sickness, all his conversation was heavenly and spiritual. The first time the gentleman at whose house he lodged perceived him to be in a delirium, was upon asking him how he did? Mr. *Greenwood* replied, "They tell me that the heavens and the earth are fled away." Mr. *Gaskill* answered, "Well, if they are, we shall have new heavens and a new earth." "That is true," said Mr. *Greenwood*, and was out of bed in a moment. When he got to the window, he observed, "The Lord hath

spared this corner where we live, what a mercy that is?" He then said, "Another sun shall arise, Christ the Sun of Righteousness, with healing in His wings!" He preached and prayed the last night of his life, till daylight appeared in the morning: and having made the above remark, he immediately fell asleep in Jesus. It is somewhat remarkable that his aged mother, a woman of deep experience in the things of God, died very happy the same morning at *Keighley*, in *Yorkshire*. What a joyful meeting would these kindred spirits have in paradise!

WILLIAM GRIMSHAW.

THIS very extraordinary man was a Clergyman of the Church of England. He was born at *Brindle*, near *Preston*, in *Lancashire*, in September, 1708. In 1731 he was ordained Deacon: he was then deeply impressed with the importance of the ministerial office; but afterwards, while Minister of *Todmerden*, he lost all seriousness. He became vain and trifling, and contented himself with doing his duty (as it is termed) on Sundays. In 1734 his mind was again deeply affected, and he became very serious; and in 1742 he was savingly converted to God, and became a bold defender of the truth as it is in Jesus. He was for many years Minister of the parish of *Haworth*, in *Yorkshire*, where he was exceedingly beloved; and his labours were crowned with success. Many of his parishioners for a long time after his death could not bear to have his name mentioned without shedding tears!

After his conversion to God he was so filled with holy zeal for the honour of his *Master* and the salvation of sinners, that he not only faithfully discharged the duties of his *Local* situation in his parish, but he went out into the highways and hedges—into the streets and lanes of the city, to compel sinners to come to the marriage supper of the Lamb! His labours in the vineyard were abundant, yea, almost unparalleled: for he travelled through the wild, uncultivated parts of *Yorkshire* and *Lancashire* in the most inclement season of the year; sometimes at the hazard of his life, in pursuit of the poor lost sheep in the wilderness. He is said frequently to have preached *thirty*, and sometimes near *forty* sermons in a week; besides attending to his parochial duties!

[redacted] united himself to the people called Methodists in 1745,

and for some years was Mr. *Wesley's Assistant* of what was then called the *Haworth Circuit.* Many of the first Methodist Societies in that part of the kingdom were of his raising: and his name is still precious to those who remember his faithful labours among them. He received the Itinerant Preachers into his own house, and erected a chapel for them in *Haworth,* where they regularly preached during his life, and for many years after his death. Mr. *Wesley,* Mr. *Whitfield,* Mr. *Romaine,* and whoever preached Jesus as the foundation of the sinner's hope, in the *Establishment,* found easy access to his pulpit; and as to all others who preached the same doctrines, he bade them *God speed;* and wished them good luck in the name of the Lord.

Mr. *Grimshaw* continued his labours for above fifteen years; and then it pleased the all-wise God to take His servant to his reward, in the midst of his vigour and usefulness. The parish of *Haworth* was visited with a malignant fever, of which many died. Mr. *Grimshaw* caught the disorder by visiting his flock; and it is remarkable that previous to his catching the fever, he had a strong presentiment that one of his family would certainly die in a short time. He repeatedly exhorted all to get ready, as he said he did not know which of them it might be. He was wonderfully supported by the presence of God in his affliction, yea, his consolations abounded. When the Rev. Mr. *Venn* inquired into the state of his mind, he cheerfully replied, "As happy as I can be on earth, and as sure of glory as if I was in it." At another time he said, "I have suffered all night what the blessed martyrs did; my flesh has been, as it were, wasting in the fire; but I have nothing to do but to step out of this bed into heaven! I have my foot upon the threshold already." An old friend of his, Mr. *Jeremiah Robertshaw,* called to see him; when they parted Mr. *Grimshaw* took hold of his hand and very familiarly said, "The Lord bless you, *Jerry;* I will pray for you as long as I live, and if there is such a thing as praying in heaven, I will pray for you there also." From the first attack of the fever he welcomed the approach of death. His intimate experimental knowledge of Christ abolished all the reluctance which nature usually feels to dissolution; and triumphing in Him who is the Resurrection and the Life, he departed this life April 7, 1763, in the fifty-fifth year of his age, and in the twenty-first of his eminent usefulness in the Church of Christ. His body was interred at *Luddenden,* near *Halifax,* with what is more ennobling than all the pomp of

solemn dirges: for he was followed to the grave by an immense multitude of souls with the most affectionate sighs and tears. The pious people in that country were in general quite discouraged when they lost Mr. *Grimshaw*. The whole neighbourhood presented one general scene of mourning and distress, and the greater part of them thought *all was over then*. But God's *thoughts are not as our thoughts, nor His ways as our ways*. For under the ministry of Mr. *John Pawson*, Mr. *Daniel Bumsted*, and Mr. *Paul Greenwood*, who were appointed for that circuit the Conference after Mr. *Grimshaw's* death, it pleased the Lord in a very remarkable manner to revive His work all over that part of the country; so that more sinners were converted to God in *one year* than in the *seven* preceding years! This was intended doubtless to convince the people that *the good that is done upon the earth it is the* LORD *that doeth it*. That it is neither by human might or power, but by the SPIRIT OF THE LORD alone that souls are brought home to God.

JOSEPH GUILFORD.

HE had been in the army for several years: and after his conversion to God, he truly possessed the spirit of an *hero;* for he feared *no man:* where the cause of God and truth were concerned he was as bold as a lion, and in nothing terrified because of his adversaries. In his preaching he was a *Boanerges;* his sermons were generally very alarming; and his zeal and fervour of spirit were very remarkable. His wife was an eminently holy woman, and was in every sense an *help-meet* for him. When it therefore pleased the Lord to take her to himself, her husband sustained an unspeakable loss. A loss that to him was irreparable; for some disagreeable circumstances attending his second marriage, it was judged expedient (especially considering his age) that he should give up the itinerant life and become a Local Preacher. He settled in London, where he finished his course with joy in the year 1777. Mr. *Wesley* in his Journal for that year remarks: "Whit-Sunday, May 18, I buried the body of *Joseph Guilford*, a holy man and a useful Preacher. Surely never before did a man of so weak talents do so much good! He died as he lived, in the full triumph of faith, vehemently rejoicing and praising God."

On the Saturday before he died he got out of bed and desired his wife to join with him in prayer: when he prayed in a most fervent manner; particularly for the prosperity of Zion. His wife being fearful that through the extreme weakness of his body he would exhaust himself too much, requested him to desist for a time; but he replied, "Let me alone; for I never had such sweet communion with Jesus before—I see the heavens opened, and I shall soon join that glorious company above." When he lay down in bed he sung an anthem, wherein are these words: *In Thy presence is life: heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.* His soul was so swallowed up in God that he got no sleep the whole night. In the morning he arose, and was remarkably cheerful; he eat his breakfast with a good appetite, and repeated several verses of a hymn. He then, with eyes lifted up to heaven, leaning on his wife's shoulder, walked across the room; and said, *As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, there is but a step between me and death:* and instantly, without sigh or groan, he resigned his happy spirit into the arms of his beloved Saviour.

The following anecdote is well authenticated, and claims particular attention. While Mr. *Guilford* was in the army, the *Duke of Cumberland*, who was then Commander-in-Chief, was desired by some of the enemies of religion to put a stop to the meetings of the praying soldiers. One day the *Duke* was passing by where a number of them *were gathered together praying.* Mr. *Guilford* (if I am rightly informed) was then engaged in that Divine exercise; and while the Duke was listening at the door, he was earnestly entreating God in behalf of his Majesty *King George* and all the *Royal Family.* The *Duke*, who heard him with deep attention, seemed much affected, and said to those who were with him, "I would to God that all the soldiers in the British army were like these men."

JOHN HAIME.

He was an eminetly holy, useful man, especially in the army, for a series of years; and though not a regular Itinerant Preacher (except for a very short time), his name is worthy of record in these memoirs. He was a native of *Shaftsbury*, in *Dorsetshire*, and was born in 1710. The Lord began to work

powerfully upon his mind when he was very young; but he lived without God in the world for a number of years. In 1739 he enlisted in the army, in the Queen's regiment of dragoons. His convictions for sin frequently returned upon him, and strong desires were incited in his soul after God. But he was dreadfully harassed with blasphemous thoughts, and was often tempted to think that he had committed the *sin against the Holy Ghost.* He still, however, kept crying to God for mercy. He read, and fasted, and went to church, and prayed seven times a day—and his prayer was not in vain. The Lord listened to his cry, and made him partaker of His hope. He took away all his sorrow and fear, and filled him with peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. This was some time before he became acquainted with the Methodists.

In June, 1742, he went with the regiment into *Flanders,* where the Lord proved him and tried him, to show him what was in his heart. He was present at the battle of *Dettingen,* and stood the fire of the enemy full *seven* hours; but he says himself, "*My heart was filled with love, peace, and joy more than tongue can express.*" In the winter of 1743 the Lord gave him a companion or two in the way, and they formed themselves into a Society, to help each other to *work out their salvation with fear and trembling.* Their number soon increased to *twenty,* several of whom had already found peace with God. Mr. *Haime* was their *Leader;* and in a little time he began to preach, and his word was attended with the power of God. He usually, in the summer of 1744, had a thousand hearers, officers, common soldiers, and others. He frequently preached four or five times a day, besides taking care of the Society, and attending to his military duties. He was remarkably courageous for God, and in the defence of the truth was as bold as a lion. His labours were attended with an uncommon blessing, and the Society in the army soon amounted to *three hundred,* and *six Preachers* also were raised up among them. Mr. *Haime* himself says, "I frequently walked between twenty and thirty miles a day; and preached *five and thirty* times in the space of a week. So great was my love to God, and to the souls which He had purchased with His own blood, that I have many times forgotten to take any refreshment for *ten* hours together.

About the year 1746 or 1747 he was discharged from the army, and Mr. *Wesley* permitted him to go into a circuit, though previous to this he had been grievously tempted by [illegible]n, had fallen from his stedfastness, and was not at that

period recovered. He continued to travel as a preacher for some time; and twice went over into *Ireland* to preach the everlasting Gospel in that country. In January, 1767, he was preaching in the East of *Cornwall*, and there the Lord filled him again with love, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost; which, I believe, he continued to enjoy without interruption till his spirit returned to God.

The following are the particulars of his triumphant end, as related by Mr. *George Story*:—On the 18th of August, 1784, died *John Haime*, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. For more than a twelvemonth past his health was visibly upon the decline; but although a hectic fever was continually increasing, and wearing him to skin and bone, yet his zeal for God and concern for the salvation of souls abated not in the least. He preached as long as he was able to speak, and longer than he could stand without support. The Sunday before his death he requested the Society to attend him in his own room: and for several minutes powerfully and affectionately exhorted them to persevere to the end in that faith which worketh by love and purifieth the heart. The morning before he died, in attempting to get out of bed, he fell down, and was much hurt, which occasioned violent pain. In about two hours after, the pain being a little abated, he desired to be raised up in bed; and after shaking hands with five or six friends who were with him, he prayed for the Divine blessing upon them separately, next for the Church in general, and lastly for the little flock over which he had long been Overseer. His strength gradually decreased, and his sight and speech in a great measure failed. Yet he frequently broke out in prayer—in these and such like sentences: "*O Lord, in Thee have I trusted, and have not been confounded. In Thee do I* now *trust, let me* never *be confounded. Salvation is of the Lord. I have nothing to bring, nothing to offer unto the Lord; but God be merciful to me a sinner! When my soul departs this body, a convoy of angels will conduct me to the paradise of God.*" His last prayer that could be understood was to this effect: "*O Almighty God, who dwelleth in light which no mortal eye can approach, and where no unclean thing can enter, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts: grant us continually sweet peace, quietness, and assurance for ever.*" About an hour before his death he was heard to say, "*This is a good way! O that* all *may tread* this *path in the important hour!*" He then departed so quietly that it was scarcely perceivable when he drew his last breath.

JOHN HAMPSON.

He was born near *Chowbent*, in *Lancashire;* and in his youth was a member of the Church of Protestant Dissenters in that place: who at that time had the famous Doctor *Taylor* (afterwards of *Norwich)* for their minister. Early in life the Lord called him by His grace, and he united himself to the people called Methodists; and in the seventeenth year of his age he began to hold forth the word of life to others. He was in his person, strong, tall, and comely, and was favoured with a remarkably pleasing voice. His soul was filled with zeal for the Divine honour, and his courage sometimes betrayed him into what might be construed imprudencies. He travelled as a Preacher in troublesome times; when the propagators of divine truth frequently carried their lives in their hands. Mr. *Hampson* was once preaching in the city of *Norwich*, and a fellow of the baser sort disturbing the congregation, Mr. *Hampson* told him plainly if he did not desist, he would exert his power and oblige him. The fellow, however, regardless of his threats, persisted. Mr. *Hampson* immediately descended from the pulpit, ordering the congregation to sit still, and taking the disturber of the peace in his arms, he carried him through the midst of the congregation, and cast him into the street. He then returned to the pulpit and concluded his sermon. After it pleased God to take away his first wife, he married for his second a very worthy woman, who was a near relation of a gentleman of considerable property and respectability in the neighbourhood of *Nantwich*. Here Mr. *Hampson* for some time settled; though he frequently visited the Societies, and preached occasionally at *Manchester*, *Chester*, and the neighbouring places for many miles round.

Doctor *Priestley*, having once heard Mr. *Hampson* preach, said to him, "I am surprised, Mr. *Hampson*, that you can preach *extempore* as you do. When I lecture my pupils, I can address them *extempore;* but when in the pulpit, I am at a loss." Mr. *Hampson* replied, "Doctor, we are so odd as to think we are *supernaturally* assisted!"

After Mr. *Hampson* had resided some time in *Cheshire*, he entered into business with a house in *Manchester*. But he found himself very uneasy in his *new sphere*, and after a time he applied to Mr. *Wesley* to employ him again as an Itinerant Preacher. Mr. *Wesley* consented, and he continued to travel in for several years: till at the Conference 1784, finding Mr. *Wesley* had not inserted his name in the *Deed of Declaration*,

Mr. *Hampson* was grievously offended, and at the subsequent Conference withdrew from the connection. He settled at *Southborough*, near *Tunbridge Wells*, where he officiated as Minister in the Dissenting-meeting; and was also Master of a Charity-school. He continued, however, his friendship and esteem for the Methodist Preachers, and treated them with great respect and love, and sometimes preached to their congregations.

THOMAS HANBY.

He was born in the city of *Carlisle*, Dec. 16th, 1733. He was converted to God when very young, and was early called to bear a public testimony for Jesus Christ. He was admitted as an Itinerant Preacher at the Conference in 1755, and continued a faithful Minister of the Lord Jesus for about forty-four years. He preached till within a few days of his happy and triumphant death, and was the oldest Preacher then in the work as an Itinerant.

On Christmas-day, 1796, Mr. *Hanby* expounded part of the second chapter of St. Luke, at six o'clock in the morning, at *Nottingham*. In the afternoon he preached from Isaiah ix. 6, *His name shall be called Wonderful, &c.* And in the evening he preached again from 1 Timothy iii. 16, *Without controversy great is the mystery of godliness.* Added to the above labour, he met four or five classes, and renewed their quarterly tickets. After this he felt himself unwell, and the next morning much worse. A few evenings afterwards, observing his affectionate partner in great distress, he said, "*God will be a Father to the fatherless, and an husband to the widow.*" And soon after he said, "I have left my *all* with God! What should I do, if I had my religion to seek *now?*" Speaking of the grave, he observed, "*There the weary are at rest!*" On Thursday the Doctor called to see him, and said, "My good Sir, how are you?" He answered, "I am departing: but I have fought a good fight." His end was now fast approaching, and while two of his brethren were commending his soul to God in solemn prayer, the power of the Highest overshadowed them, and the glory of the Lord filled the place! A few minutes after they rose from their knees, and were watching to see this faithful servant of God breathe his last; he quietly, and without

a sigh, fell asleep in Him who is the resurrection and the life, on Thursday, December 29th, 1796, in the sixty-third year of his age.

He was a man of genuine piety, of an amiable temper; and literally possessed the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price. Yet in any matter which related to conscience and the cause of God, he was firm, unshaken, and courageous. His ministerial talents were considerable, and he faithfully employed them all for God. His labours were everywhere acceptable, and he was eminently useful. He was chosen President of the Methodist Conference in the year 1794, and was the first after Mr. *Wesley*, who filled that office, that was called to his great reward.

SAMUEL HARRIS.

He was a very pious, steady, promising young man: his heart was truly engaged in the work of God, and much united in love to his brethren in the ministry. He cheerfully exerted all his strength in promoting the honour of Christ, and the salvation of immortal souls. But the work was too great for his weak frame, and after spending about two years in doing the *work of an Evangelist*, he fell into a deep decline, of which he died remarkably happy in God, in the year 1797.

JOHN HARRISON.

He was engaged in the work of the ministry but a short time; it pleased the Lord to cut short his days on earth, and to take him to an early rest. He was deeply devoted to God; was very serious and modest, and had very promising abilities. He died very happy in God near *Lisburn*, in *Ireland*, in the year 1777.

WILLIAM HARRY.

He was a native of *Wales*, and was a plain, honest, pious, upright man. He travelled for several years in the moun-

tainous parts of his own country. He was called to endure great hardships, but he patiently *bore all things as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.* After faithfully serving God in the exercise of those gifts which he had committed unto Him, he *finished his course with joy,* triumphing in Him who is the *Resurrection and the Life.*

RICHARD HENDERSON.

He was a native of *Ireland,* and came into this country in the year 1762. His gifts for the ministry were great; and he was a workman that needed not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth. He was for several years a very acceptable and useful Preacher in the Methodist connection. He was naturally of a timid, diffident, reasoning spirit; of a melancholy habit, which frequently led him to view himself in an unfavourable light. And being inclined to *deep thinking,* he began to criticise and philosophise upon the Scriptures, which greatly impeded his usefulness, and bewildered his mind. Hence he gave up the work of the ministry, and buried his most excellent talent in the earth.

He settled at *Hanham,* near *Bristol,* where he kept a private asylum for *Lunatics* for some years. His state of mind was far from being comfortable; but he retained his piety, and died in peace. The following letter, relative to the closing scene of Mr. *Henderson's* life, was written to Mrs. *Henderson* by that truly exemplary and pious woman, the late Mrs. *Elizabeth Johnston,* of *Bristol,* who was present at the time of Mr. *Henderson's* death:—"What he (Mr. *Henderson*) said was not the rejoicing of a babe, but the adoration of a father. He seemed let into such a sense of the infinite love of God, and His mercy to him in particular, that awed him and us that were about him. I am sure it had such an effect upon me, that I could scarcely receive the common mercies of your house, I felt myself so utterly unworthy. His chief concern was lest he should feel a thought contrary to the will of God, and you know how patiently he bore the most exquisite sufferings, and with what strength of mind he bore the sight of death in its approach. I must acknowledge I could not speak much to him, but chiefly prayed and read with him and to him. In the former I felt very peculiar favours vouchsafed; but as death drew near, I felt (and so I told him) that his

view of eternal things was beyond my reach; and he said all that was to come was between God and his own soul, which made him say to me, 'Do not interrupt me.' At that time who can tell what passed before him!"

He was the father of the famous *John Henderson*, who died a few years ago in the University of *Oxford*.

JAMES HERVEY.

THIS amiable and faithful servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, having been a member of the *original* Society of *Methodists* at *Oxford*, I thought him justly entitled to a place in this work.

The Rev. *James Hervey* was born at *Hardingstone*, near *Northampton*, on February 26, 1714. He was the son of a Clergyman, and was from his childhood designed for the ministry. In the year 1731, when seventeen years of age, he was sent to the University of *Oxford*, and was entered at *Lincoln College*, where the Rev. *John Wesley* was then a *Fellow*. In the year 1733, if not before, Mr. *Hervey* became acquainted with Mr. *Wesley*, and those who were then united together to assist each other in their studies, and in the things which belonged to their everlasting peace. His connection with them was attended with the most blessed consequences. He entered into holy orders as soon as he was of proper age, and in 1736 he left *Oxford*, and became his father's Curate. He afterwards went to *London;* and after staying some time there he accepted the Curacy of *Dummer*, in *Hampshire*. Here he continued about twelve months. He then, in the year 1740, undertook the Curacy of *Biddeford*, where he remained two years and a half; when, the Rector dying, he was dismissed by the new incumbent (who was insensible of pious or learned excellence) against the united request of the parishioners; who offered to maintain him at their own expense. He there planned his excellent "*Meditations among the Tombs*," *&c.*, and it is probable that he there wrote some part of them. He says himself that it was on a ride to *Kilkhampton*, in *Cornwall*, and in that Church, where he laid the scene of that work. In 1743 he returned about August to *Weston-Favel*, in *Northamptonshire*, and officiated as his father's Curate till June, 1750; at which time his health was much impaired by his great attention to study and labour. He therefore removed

to *London* for a change of air. In May, 1752, his father died, and, as he accepted of the livings of *Weston-Favel* and *Collingtree*, he resided at the former place the remainder of his short life. His labours, both in his ministerial office and in his study, he pursued closely as long as he was able under the disadvantage of a weak constitution; which, together with the severity of his last illness, he supported with great fortitude and patience.

In the month of December, 1758, his disorder had increased so much that he was confined to his room. But in his affliction *the joy of the Lord was his strength.* He said, "I am not afraid to die. I assure you I am not. I know what my Saviour has done for me; and I want to be gone." A few hours before he expired he expatiated largely, and in a very striking manner, on those words of St. Paul: *All things are your's; life or death—for ye are Christ's.* "Here," says he, "is the treasure of the Christian." *Death* is reckoned among the inventory; and a noble treasure it is. How thankful am I for *death;* it is the passage through which I pass to the Lord and Giver of eternal life. *These light afflictions are but for a moment,* and then comes *an eternal weight of glory.* O welcome death! Welcome death! *To live is Christ, but to die is gain.* He then said, with great serenity and sweetness in his countenance, though the pangs of death were upon him, *Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy* most holy and comfortable *word; for mine eyes have seen Thy* precious *salvation.* A little after he said, "The great conflict is over! Now all is done!" After which he spoke no more, except now and then said, "precious salvation." During the last hour of his life he said nothing, but, leaning his head against the side of the easy chair, he, without the least emotion, closed his eyes and departed on *Christmas-day,* 1758, in the forty-fifth year of his age.

When his body was conveyed to the Church, it was covered, by his express desire, with the *poor's pall,* and he was interred under the communion-table in the chancel of *Weston-Favel,* on Friday, the 28th of December, in the presence of a numerous congregation, full of regret for the loss of so excellent a Pastor: all bearing a visible witness of *his* worth and *their* sorrow. The poor thankfully acknowledged his benevolence, and as they looked into his grave, seemed to say within themselves, "*There lies the man whose unwearied kindness was the constant relief of my various distresses; who*

*tenderly visited my languishing bed, and readily supplied my indigent circumstances."**

Others, once ignorant and ungodly, looked at this *depositum* of his body, and thus vented their expressive sighs: "Here are the last remains of that sincere friend *who watched for my soul.* I tremble to think into what irretrievable ruin I might quickly have been plunged, had not his faithful admonitions and repeated exhortations been blest to arrest me in the wild career. I was then unacquainted with the Gospel of peace; but now enlightened through his instructions I see the all-sufficiency of my Saviour. His discourses are still warm on my heart, and I trust will be more and more operative in my life."

It may be truly said of Mr. *Hervey* that few lives have been more heavenly, and few deaths more triumphant. *He died in the Lord:* his name is recorded in the annals of eternity; and the honours conferred upon him by his beloved Master will continue blooming and incorruptible in the world of glory. In the pulpit he was earnest and fervent, and fully evinced that he felt the efficacy of what he preached. He generally preached without notes; his method was judicious and clear; he was particular in enforcing what he said with some pertinent passage of Scripture; and he always endeavoured to adapt his language to the lowest capacity. His charities to the poor were great; and he abridged himself of many necessary things in order that he might do more good, saying, "I will be my own executor." It is said he was never known to be in a passion; no worldly concerns (though he sometimes met with very trying ones) ever affected him. His humility rendered him invulnerable. When he was misrepresented and calumniated, he would say, "Our enemies are sometimes our best friends, and tell us truths; and then we should amend our faults, and be thankful for such information: and if what they say be not true, and only spoke through malice, then such persons are to be considered as diseased in their minds, and we ought to pray for them. They are to be pitied," said he, "and I might as justly be angry with a man who is diseased in his body." "God," said Mr. *Romaine*, in his funeral service, "had enriched him with great gifts, and with great graces: God had emptied him of pride and self, and clothed him with humility; yea, had given him the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price."

* "Meditations among the Tombs," vol. i., p. 65.

WILLIAM HITCHENS.

He was a native of *Bisveal*, near *Redruth*, in *Cornwall;* and brother to *Samuel* and *Thomas Hitchens*, whose holy and useful lives, and happy and triumphant deaths were published to the world by the late Rev. *John Wesley* many years ago. Mr. *Hitchens* was employed for some time as an Itinerant Preacher—when Methodism was in its infancy. He was a sensible, pious, good man; and was called to suffer grievous persecutions while he continued to travel. He afterwards married, relinquished his itinerant life, and settled in the hatting business in the city of *Bristol*. There he continued, and preached occasionally as a Local Preacher for many years; and there he closed his life in peace.

SAMUEL HODGSON.

From his Life, written by himself, we learn that he was born at *Halifax*, in *Yorkshire*, February 22, 1759. While he was very young, he had serious thoughts of God and eternity: which were deepened by the conversation of his father, and hearing the preachers catechising the children. But he gradually gave way to the natural inclination of his own mind. His conscience often condemned him, and he was terrified by dreams and visions in the night, so that he was constrained frequently to cry, *God be merciful to me a sinner!* He had also, even at this early period, a concern for the souls of others—particularly once, when he heard a company of colliers swearing. Whilst they talked together, he said within himself, "How can these poor wretches, or I, hope to go to heaven while we continue thus sinful!" And when one of his sisters was dangerously ill, whom he looked on as in a state not fit to die, he wept and prayed earnestly for her in secret.

When he was about sixteen, while at home at his father's for a week at Christmas, he and one of his companions were guilty of some mischief, which was discovered, and for which his father reproved him sharply. He wept bitterly, and the next day, at a prayer-meeting in his father's house, whilst his eldest brother was at prayer, he was much broken down, and resolved in good earnest to devote himself to God. His

conviction was deepened by hearing a sermon shortly after. He began now to feel that he had sinned against God, as well as against his parents. All his sins stood in array before him, so that he saw himself standing, as it were, on the brink of a horrid precipice, just ready to fall into that burning lake,

> ——————————"Where peace
> And rest can never dwell, hope never comes,
> That comes to all; but torture without end
> Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
> With ever burning sulphur unconsumed."

He sighed, he wept, and prayed to God to give him grace to bring forth fruit meet for repentance. His Master, who was a Class-leader, perceiving a change in his conduct, invited him to a Class-meeting. Here his mind was much enlightened by hearing the experience of others, and his resolutions were greatly strengthened, so that about the beginning of March, 1775, he got a ticket as a member of the Society, Two things, for some time, hindered his receiving an assurance of God's favour. First, a thought that only a certain number could be saved, and that he was not of that number. Secondly, when he felt a little hope, he looked for the pardon of his sins in some kind of a miraculous manner. However, he resolved to wait upon the Lord; and if he was to perish, he was determined to perish crying out for mercy. One Sabbath evening, as he was going to a prayer-meeting, these words rushed suddenly upon his mind—*Jesus, by the grace of God, tasted death for every man.* Immediately he had such a sense of Christ's sufferings impressed upon his mind as quite overwhelmed him. He saw Him as it were suffering, bleeding, fainting, and dying on the cross, for the souls of *all men.* Hence he reasoned, "If Christ died for *all*, then He must have died for *me;* and therefore I ought not to doubt of the sufficiency of His merit to save *me.*" This gave him great ease and satisfaction; and when he entered the meeting, the first verse that was sung had such an effect on his heart as he had never before experienced; and while these words were on his lips, *And feel the sprinkled blood*, he felt such an assurance of God's favour and mercy as human language cannot express. He felt indeed the sprinkled blood applied; and the Holy Spirit bore witness with his spirit that he was now made a child of God. Soon after this, meeting with a strong temptation, his confidence was wrested from him; but *by applying* to the throne of grace he had it presently restored,

and was enabled to testify with gladness to others what the Lord had done for his soul.

One day in May, 1777, after having been much exercised about his call to preach, he heard, as it were, a voice in his heart, saying, "*Samuel! Samuel!*" To which he replied, "*Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth.*" Immediately these words rushed like lightning into his mind, *Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.* After he had risen from his knees, on opening the Bible, these words first caught his eye, *Feed my lambs.* This seemed a confirmation of what had just passed; and he gave himself to prayer, reading, and meditation in such a manner as he had not done before. About the latter end of 1777 he began to exhort in public, and continued so to do in the little meetings near him occasionally till the month of February, 1779; and the year following was received into full connection at Leeds Conference. He entered upon this work with fear and trembling, being impressed with an awful sense of its great importance, and of his own inability and inexperience.

After labouring at Bristol, Leeds, York, &c., he was appointed, at the Leeds Conference in 1793, for *Sunderland.* Here, to the unspeakable grief of all his friends, and to the great loss of the Church of Christ, he was drowned, April 20, 1795, by the oversetting of the passage-boat in crossing the river *Were.*

During the last week of his life he had preached seven times to different congregations in the country places from Amos iv. 12, *Prepare to meet thy God.* Indeed, he appeared to have near views of eternal things; and some few days before his death, when his wife inquired concerning the state of his mind, lifting up his eyes and hands, he replied with great earnestness, "I bless God, I find an unshaken confidence in Him."

He had twice crossed the river the same day; and in the evening he preached at a village about three miles from *Sunderland.* He seemed a good deal exhausted with preaching; but after a little refreshment returned. He left his horse on the same side of the river where he had preached, and went into the boat with his fellow-passengers and sufferers. It is said, with much appearance of truth, that he reproved some in the boat for swearing a few moments before it sunk. When the awful event took place, he exclaimed aloud, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit, and have mercy on my fellow-sufferers!" It is supposed the melancholy event was occasioned by the

boat being overloaded, and getting foul of a rope which lay in the passage, when it soon filled with water. About twenty persons were drowned, most of whom were afterwards found. On the ninth day, in the evening, Mr. *Hodgson's* body was found uninjured on the seacoast, about two miles from the place where he was lost. It was brought into the chapel, and the next day interred in the presence of more than a thousand deeply affected spectators. Sovereign of heaven and earth! Though clouds and darkness be round about Thee, yet Righteousness and Judgment are the habitation of Thy throne!

WILLIAM HOLMES.

He was among the first preachers who served Mr. *Wesley* as his sons in the Gospel. The following letter was transmitted to Mr. *Wesley* respecting his death. It is dated *Epworth, Lincolnshire,* January 31, 1747: "Brother *William Holmes,* going to *Missen* to visit some relations, was taken ill of a fever. It continued nine days. All this time he was preaching to all about him, and telling all who came to see him what God had done for his soul. He said, *The day of his death would be his coronation day!* Every morning finding so much of the love of God, he blessed the Lord for the comforts of the night past. Through the violence of the fever, he was for some time delirious, yet all this time he prayed as steadily as before. The ninth day he appeared to be something better; but the fever returning he died without a sigh. It was remarkable that before he died he told his wife it was strongly impressed upon his spirit that God had a work for him to do at *Ascham,* where his brother *Robert* lived. Just at the time of *William's* death (as it afterwards appeared) *Robert* was groaning in bed under strong convictions for sin. He turned himself and said, *What must I do to be saved?* A voice answered, *Believe on the Lord Jesus and thou shalt be saved.* He knew it to be his *brother's* voice, and presently perceived him (as he thought) to come and lay down by him. He endeavoured to take him in his arms, but could not. He then went out of the room, shutting the door after him, and left *Robert* rejoicing in God!"

THOMAS HOSKING.

He was a young man very zealous for God, active in his service, and of an unblameable behaviour. He was but just entering an useful life, when He, *who seeth not as man seeth*, was pleased to snatch him away suddenly, and lodged him safe in Abraham's bosom. He died in the second year of his itinerancy, in the year 1778.

JOHN HOSMER.

He entered upon the work of the ministry as an Itinerant in the year 1758. He was a son of thunder, a man mighty in prayer and in the Scriptures. He laboured with all his might in his Master's work, and was the honoured instrument in his hand of turning many to righteousness. The Lord who sent him was with him of a truth; and wherever he was stationed signs and wonders were wrought in the name of the holy child Jesus. But the ill state of his health was such as would not permit him to continue in this good work as a travelling preacher. He therefore married, and settled as a surgeon at Sunderland. In this place he was made very useful to many, both in his professional line and also as a preacher of the Gospel. But it pleased the Lord to afflict his servant with a very uncommon and painful disorder, which rendered him incapable of attending to his business, and in a short time he was reduced to a state of penury and want! The pain which he endured for many years was inconceivable, and the dreadful temptations he was exercised with were indescribable. Many of his Christian friends keenly felt for him and sympathised with him; but his case was a mystery to them all. However, such was the unbounded goodness of God, that when he had *fully* tried his servant he brought him out of the furnace like gold seven times purified in the fire. He finished his course in great peace in the city of *York*, about the year 1780.

JOHN HOUGHTON.

He was among the first Lay-preachers who assisted Mr. *Wesley*, and he endured great persecutions for the truth's sake,

especially in *Staffordshire*. He was once taken before *Lord Dudley* to answer for preaching. His Lordship asked his persecutors what Mr. *Houghton* had done? They answered, He preached and prayed extempore! His Lordship then asked, "Did he repeat the Lord's Prayer?" "Yes, my Lord." "Did he pray for the King?" "Yes." "Why then," said his Lordship, "Mr. *Houghton*, you may go and preach and pray wherever you please." He continued for some time in the Methodist connection, and then procured Episcopal ordination, and settled in the parish of *Kilrea*, in the county of *Londonderry*, *Ireland*, where he ended the days of his pilgrimage in peace, having lived many years a respectable Minister and a useful Justice of the Peace.

JOSEPH HUMPHREYS.

He was the first Lay-preacher who assisted Mr. *Wesley* in the year 1738. Mr. *Wesley* gives the following curious account of him in his last printed journal:—"Thursday, Sept. 9th, 1790, I read over the experience of *Joseph Humphries*. From his own account, I learn that he was perfected in love, and so continued for at least a twelvemonth. Afterwards he turned Calvinist, and found Mr. *Whitefield*, and published an invective against my brother and me in the newspaper. In awhile he renounced Mr. *Whitefield*, and was ordained a *Presbyterian* Minister. At last he received *Episcopal* ordination. He then scoffed at inward religion, and when reminded of his own experience, replied, '*That was one of the foolish things which I wrote in the time of my madness!*'"

WILLIAM HUNTER.

This eminently holy man was born at a village near *Placey*, in *Northumberland*, in the year 1728. The fear of God pervaded his heart when very young. When in the sixteenth year of his age, he heard Mr. *Hopper* preach, and was deeply affected, not with terror, but with love. He now began to share in the reproach of Christ, and from the regularity of his life and conduct he was called a *Methodist*. His old

companions in sin and folly came about him like bees—they cursed and swore, and raged horribly. He gave way, and again fell into the snare of the devil. After living for some months totally without God in the world, he was prevailed upon to hear preaching again, and it now pierced him as a two-edged sword. All the sins of his *whole life* stared him in the face, and lay as a heavy burden upon his conscience; he even roared for the disquietude of his soul, and wept and made supplication. His distress continued for many months, but he was then enabled to rejoice and say, *God is my salvation. Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortest me.*" He soon began to read the Scriptures publicly, and to make a few remarks upon them. The Lord owned the word of His servant, and a small Society was raised as the first-fruits of his labours. In the year 1767 he was received upon trial as an Itinerant Preacher, in which blessed work he continued to the end of his days.

The following account of his last sickness and triumphant end is given by the gentleman at whose house he finished his earthly course:—"On the 17th of July, 1797, Mr. *Hunter* came to my house, I having previously requested him to come and take care of the Society in my absence. When I returned on the 27th, I was much struck with his appearance, which was greatly altered from the last time I saw him. On inquiring how he was, he said, 'Very poorly,' and intimated that he was much exhausted by the labour of the preceding Sunday. At night he preached *for the last time*, from, *Be ye also ready*. In the morning he looked refreshed and pleasant, though very weak, and in the course of the day frequently walked out with me; but towards evening he began to breathe with difficulty. About one in the morning he called us up, and said, 'I am almost dead.' I was greatly affected with his humble, quiet, composed confidence in God. On Monday, the 31st, he frequently forgot himself, and had various symptoms of death about him. The next day he frequently said, '*I am a monument of the goodness of God. Glory be to His name for ever and ever!*' In the evening he said, '*The Lord is my strength and my song, He also is become my salvation.*' And added, '*The Lord be praised for ever and ever. I am a monument of God's rich mercy.*' A person present happening to say, 'Mr. *Hunter* gets no sleep,' he replied, 'Sleeping or waking, all is well; glory be to God for ever!' About ten o'clock, he gave out his favourite hymn—

"'I long to behold Him array'd
With glory and light from above,
The King in His beauty display'd,
His beauty of holiest love,' &c.

He then prayed with great fervour. August 2, the pins of the tabernacle seemed to loosen apace, and the pitcher to break at the fountain. In the evening he attempted to say something to me respecting the Divine law, but was not able to speak. At length he cried out, '*Glory be to God,* HE *hath fulfilled* all *righteousness; if this was not included in* HIS *obedience, it would be imperfect, and then what should we do!*' His whole salvation he rested on the merits of the Redeemer alone. While the bed was making, he sat in a chair, and desired that we would sing his favourite hymn, which we did in a solemn manner, during which his happy soul was swallowed up in the love of God. He then prayed with a holy fervour and devotion. In the morning, when I entered the room, he said, *There is much to do before we can die; but I have no fear; my whole heart is devoted to God; I have not followed cunningly-devised fables.* When any person came to see him he was very particular in recommending to them the service of God, with all its attendant comforts; nor did he suffer any to depart without pouring out his solemn benediction upon them. He frequently repeated Mr. *Wesley's* favourite hymn—

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath," &c.

He would then burst into tears of joy, and would cry out as in an extacy, "*O precious Christ! precious Jesus! What a sight is this? A poor unworthy creature dying full of faith and the Holy Ghost;*" and added—

"A feeble Saint shall win the day,
Though *death* and *hell* obstruct the way."

When he was raised up to drink a little wine and water, he said, with an air of holy triumph, *O grave, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?* In the evening he frequently attempted to whisper something weighty respecting the goodness of God, and got out, "Offer me up to God in prayer." About nine o'clock, he whispered in my ear, "Pray and praise;" and, indeed, when we prayed in his presence, it seemed as if the Divine glory filled the place. He would often say, "When will my Lord come?" And

when I observed, "God's time is a good time," he replied, "All is well—all is well." On Saturday, when I entered the room, he took my hand in his, but he could not speak. Asking him if he felt much pain, he laid his hand upon his right breast. Through the whole of Mr. *Hunter's* affliction there appeared such perfect resignation to the will of God, that I durst not pray either for life or death, but that God would treat His servant according to His good pleasure. On Wednesday he desired that I would inform his brethren, who were then assembled in general Conference, of his situation, and said, "*Tell all of them that I have never varied from the Methodist doctrine and discipline from my first setting out.*" On Sunday morning Mr. *Dodd* said to him, "Sir, you are very weak;" he replied, "Yes, but the Lord is strong—glory be to His precious name for ever!" In the evening he nearly fainted; when he opened his eyes, he whispered, "All is well—there is nothing wrong." He then, as well as he was able, blessed the children present, and exhorted them to seek the Lord. About four o'clock in the morning of the 14th of August, the happy spirit of this blessed man of God took its flight into the regions of eternal repose. During the seventeen days of his affliction the enemy was not permitted to approach him, for perfect love had cast out fear, and, in the fullest sense of the word, he rejoiced evermore, prayed without ceasing, and in everything gave thanks unto God."

Mr. *Hunter's* deportment was grave and serious. His humility was very great. It seemed as if he continually recollected our Lord's words, *He that is greatest among you, let him be as the younger, and he that is chief as he that doth serve.* In preaching the Gospel, and, indeed, in all his conversation, his expressions were solid and weighty; and in his intercourse with the people he was a pattern to all, manifesting a uniform piety, a deadness to the world, and a conversation that in all things adorned the doctrine of God our Saviour.

The following is a very remarkable anecdote respecting Mr. *Hunter*, which I had from his own mouth, in the city of *Edinburgh*, in the year 1787. In order that it might remain with me, I requested him to transmit me the account in writing, which he did, and the letter, of which the following is the substance, is now in my possession.

Mr. *Hunter* spent several years in the South of *Scotland*, and attempted to preach the Gospel in those towns and villages where the Methodists had never been. In the

prosecution of this good work he met with considerable opposition, not only from those who professed to be *of this world*, but also from those from whom better things might have been expected. This was particularly the case at *Kelso*, where, as Mr. *Hunter* says, "The two *Burgher* Ministers, who were before at enmity with each other, were made friends, and united their forces in order to prosecute me." In order to carry their plan into effect, they appointed a meeting; but one of them being taken suddenly ill, their design was frustrated. Mr. *N.'s* time of administering the Lord's Supper was at hand; and, though he was hardly able to officiate at all, yet he spent most of his strength on the *preparation day* in exclaiming bitterly against the Methodists! He could not even refrain on the Lord's day, *at the very Table!* He manifested his indignation and wrath in the very act of *administration*, and expressed the same in strong words! He even offended some of his own *moderate hearers*, who thought he carried his resentment too far. This, however, proved the last time of this gentleman's appearance in public; and he was, in a few days, summoned to the tribunal of God! "*This*," says Mr. *Hunter*, "*occasioned great thoughts of heart in many, and most were led to consider it as a just judgment from God!*" Whether they were right in this, the *great day* will disclose!

Mr. *M.*, the other Minister, had written and was about to publish a book against the Methodists, full of the most palpable lies. Just as this book was coming from the press, a person bearing the aspect and appearance of a gentleman was observed to come into the town from the English side of the *Tweed*. He had a very venerable appearance, and had inquired for Mr. *M.'s* house. He was observed to stand in the yard for some moments in a praying posture. He then knocked at the door, and being introduced to Mr. *M.*, he, in a very solemn manner, informed him, *He was a messenger sent from God, and was sent to reprove him for writing that vile book against the Methodists; and also told him of the dreadful consequences that would follow!* Which in a short time were awfully verified. For though this gentleman had for several years been a very popular preacher in that town and neighbourhood, *from that very period* his own people, without any visible cause, took against him, and they never rested till they rooted him out of the place, and he was constrained to leave the town in great disgrace. It is remarkable, that though all possible inquiry was made respecting the person

who called himself a *messenger from God*, no account could be obtained of him, nor was he ever seen or heard of more!

The following are Mr. *Hunter's* own words:—"These were days of sore trial; we seldom could get a quiet meeting. I was obliged to have recourse to the Magistrates for protection. The little few brought to God in the town were ready to stagger and give up the work, so that my trouble and exercise were not a little. At that time I dreamed a dream. I thought I was the General of a little army, whose armour was bright and glistering as the sun. We were besieged by a host whose number was like the sand of the sea. My works and fortifications were very weak, so that, to all outward appearance, there was no hope. However, I put my little army into a posture of defence, made my works as strong as possibly I could, fixed them in their proper ranks, and bade them to attend strictly to the word of command. It appeared to me something remarkable; I never in my life understood anything of the science of war, yet now I seemed to understand the whole of it. I had my eye continually upon the enemy: I marked all their works and movements; and by some means got intelligence of all their designs. They played their vollies continually upon us; I saw their *bombs* and *balls* fly in the air, but they never came nigh us to hurt us. Although I and my little army were exposed to the greatest danger, I felt no fear; all was peace within. I felt no fluttering in my spirits, but was constantly calm and recollected. I had work enough to encourage my little army, and to inspect the enemy. It pleased the Lord to make it known to me, that He would give me a complete victory; I was therefore all spirit and courage. I assured my army of conquest, and bade them fear not. I knew the day and the hour when they intended to take us by storm. I told my little army to stand their ground, and they should see a great salvation. There was a little river lay between us and the enemy. The day and the hour came. I knew not the way by which Infinite Wisdom would deliver us, but believed confidently that He would. At last the word of command was given by their General. How dreadful was their moving! I was looking intently upon them, and wondering which way the Lord would deliver us, when they came in a most tremendous form to the brink of the river. In that moment they set their feet into it, it rose up like a great mountain, and swept them all away; so that there was not one left to carry home the tidings! The scene was truly dreadful! I

saw them rolling in the waves, and heard them screaming and crying! I and my little army sung *victory*, and praised the Lord, and then I awoke! The impressions were so deep upon my mind, and the nature and art of war so clear to me, that had I been called to lead an army to battle, I believe I could have done it. The application of this dream was easy, '*Those who opposed us with such violence were swept away, and their places know them no more!*'"

From the whole tenor of Mr. *Hunter's* life, it is manifest that he was a *man of God*. And what shall we say to these things? *If God be for us, who shall be against us?* But let persecutors of every description tremble; for, *verily there is a reward for the righteous; verily He is a God that judgeth in the earth!*

FRANCIS ISHERWOOD.

He was a native of *Slingsby*, in *Yorkshire*, and came out as a Preacher in the Methodist connection in the year 1761. His humility, meekness, sincerity, and heavenly-mindedness were conspicuous. Being a young man of respectable parentage, he had the opportunity of evincing his deadness to the honours, riches, and pleasures of the world, by relinquishing all for the sake of Christ and His Gospel. He was crucified to the world, and willingly and cheerfully left his comfortable habitation and his friends, that he might publish, in the *highways and hedges*, to a lost and ruined world, the love of our glorious *Emmanuel*. When one who greatly loved him entreated him not to travel, insinuating that as he had a horse at his command, he might be as useful in preaching in his own neighbourhood; he replied, "*I have but a short time to live; let me do all the good I can before I die.*" He died in the course of the next year near *Manchester*. He was wonderfully supported by the God whom he had so faithfully served, and finished his course exceedingly happy in the love of God, and rejoicing in hope of future glory. His funeral sermon was preached to a great multitude of people by Mr. *John Furze*, near the churchyard where his body was interred.

PETER JACO.

He was born of serious parents at *Newlyn*, near *Penzance*, in *Cornwall*, in the year 1729. From his infancy he had serious impressions and awful thoughts of God; which, with the care of his pious parents, prevented him from running into many excesses incident to youth. Though he was exceedingly proud, passionate, and ambitious, and excessively fond of pleasure; yet in the midst of all he was completely miserable, and often to such a degree, that he sometimes wished himself anything but a rational creature. In the year 1746, God sent his messengers, the Methodist Preachers, into *Cornwall*, and it pleased the Lord under the ministry of one *Stephen Nichols*, to open the eyes of his understanding. He saw himself a poor, naked, helpless sinner, *without righteousness, and without strength;* and he was led to cry earnestly to God for mercy. He also instantly joined himself to the Methodist Society, but was for some time without hope. In this state he continued for near four months, and then did the Lord bring his soul out of trouble, and set him in a large place. His soul was filled with light and love, and he could no more doubt of his acceptance with God, through Christ, than of his own existence. He now thought it his duty to reprove sin wherever he saw it.

In the year 1751, Mr. *Wesley* appointed him to visit several Societies in the neighbourhood, and he came out as an Itinerant Preacher at the Conference 1754. He was remarkably comely in his person, tall and handsome; he possessed an amiable natural temper; his understanding was strong and clear; and he had acquired an eminent degree of useful knowledge, which rendered him an agreeable companion. His talents for the work of the ministry were very considerable, and he was as a scribe well instructed in the things of the kingdom of God. He was necessitated to desist from the itinerant life for several years previous to his death, on account of bodily indisposition; and he died in peace at *Margate*, in *Kent*, in the year 1781. His body was interred in the New Chapel Burying-ground, *City Road, London.*

The following inscription is on the stone erected to his memory:—

In
Memory of
Mr. PETER JACO,
Who died July 6th, 1781.
Aged 52 years.

Fisher of men, ordain'd by Christ alone,
Immortal souls he for his Saviour won;
With loving faith, and calmly potent zeal,
Perform'd and suffer'd the Redeemer's will;
Stedfast in all the storms of life remain'd,
And in the good old ship the haven gain'd.

JOHN JANE.

He was one of the first Preachers who assisted Mr. *Wesley*, and was a man of great simplicity, integrity, and uprightness. He laboured faithfully in the Lord's vineyard; but his work was soon done, for the Lord took him to Himself in the midst of his days. He was never well after walking from *Epworth* to *Hainton*, on an exceeding hot day, which threw him into a fever; but he was in great peace and love, even to those who were greatly wanting in love to him. He was some time at *Alice Shadford's* house, with whom he daily talked of the things of God, spent much time in private prayer, and likewise joined with her in prayer several times a day. On Friday, August 24, 1750, he sat up in the evening by the fireside; about six o'clock he fetched a deep sigh, and never spoke more. He was alive till the same time on Saturday, when, without any struggle or pain, with a smile on his face, he passed away. His last words were, "I FIND THE LOVE OF GOD IN CHRIST JESUS."

All his clothes, linen and woollen, stockings, hat and wig, were not thought sufficient to answer his funeral expenses, which amounted to *one pound seventeen shillings and threepence!* All the money he had in the world was *one shilling and fourpence!* "Enough," adds Mr. *Wesley*, "for an *unmarried* Preacher of the Gospel to leave to his executors!"

THOMAS JANES.

He was a native of *Plymouth-Dock*, and was admitted upon trial as an Itinerant Preacher in the Methodist connection in the year 1767. He was an able Preacher, and had something peculiarly pleasing in his manner and address. His soul was

engaged in the work of God, but, having a weak, sickly body, he could not long bear the fatigues of an itinerant life; he therefore settled in the city of *Bristol*, about the year 1770, where he was the Pastor of a congregation of Protestant Dissenters. He filled this office to the great satisfaction of his flock, and to the edification of their souls; but it pleased God in a short time to take him away, and in 1773 he left the world, with a blooming prospect of a blessed immortality. He compiled the "*Beauties of the Poets*," which was republished in the year 1790. The tenor of his conduct, private and public, proved him to be actuated by the best of principles, *The love of God and of all mankind.*

JOHN JENNINGS.

He came out to travel at the Conference in 1796. He was a young man of true piety, zeal, and diligence. He therefore laboured faithfully, and giving himself to reading, meditation, and prayer, his profiting appeared to all. He was ready for every good work, but the Lord was pleased to take him early to his reward. He enjoyed great comfort in his afflictions, and he departed this life in holy triumph, in the year 1800.

THOMAS JOHNSON.

He was born at *Wakefield*, in *Yorkshire*, in the year 1720. He was early deprived of his father; but his mother brought him up in the fear of God. When about twenty years of age, however, he contracted an acquaintance with some young men who were living *without God in the world*, and he soon found by awful experience that *evil communications corrupt good manners*. In the midst of all the good Spirit of God strove mightily with him. In the year 1748 he first heard the Gospel as preached by the Methodists, but their zealous manner of preaching gave him at first great disgust; he, however, continued to attend upon their ministry, and was much troubled when he heard or saw them persecuted. He at last got acquainted with some pious people who were members of

the Society, and their conversation was much blessed to his soul.

The following is his own account of the manner in which he was brought to God. "Our next-door neighbour was a Methodist. She came to our house one evening, and began to talk of religious matters; I heard her with deep attention. Observing this she said, '*Young man, if I mistake not, you have had convictions.*' Her words went to my heart as I had never felt under any sermon. As soon as she was gone I retired, and began to ponder on the word *conviction*. I said to myself, What can this mean? I do not know what it means; but I thought it meant something from God. I fell upon my knees before the Lord, and began to pray that he would give me *convictions*. The Lord regarded my simplicity, and answered my prayer. I *saw*, I *felt* myself a hell-deserving sinner: the hair of my head stood upright through fear, and I felt as if Satan himself was standing at my back. However, I cried to the Lord for help, and the temptation was removed. I arose from my knees, and was somewhat refreshed. I asked several how long they were under convictions before they found the peace of God? I thought it impossible for me to bear my trouble long, and yet I feared I was not sufficiently in earnest to find the blessing very soon. But in a few days my burden fell off in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye; and whether I was *in the body or out of the body* I could scarcely tell. I was delivered from the fear of death, *and longed to be dissolved that I might be with Christ.*"

Mr. *Johnson* entered the list of Itinerants at the Conference of 1752, and was generally both acceptable and useful wherever he went. He continued to labour faithfully in his Master's vineyard till the year 1784, when, finding the infirmities of old age coming on, he settled at *Birstal*, near *Leeds*. In the month of July, 1797, he was visited by some of the senior preachers, the Conference being then at Leeds. He was remarkably happy, and calmly resigned to the will of God. In the beginning of October his affliction was heavy indeed; but he triumphed in the God of his salvation, saying, "*It is finished! It is finished!*" And added, with a heavenly smile, "CHRIST IS PRECIOUS! HE IS ALL IN ALL! *There is no other foundation—And I want no other. He is all-sufficient! God over all!* I AM FIXED UPON THIS ROCK, THE ROCK OF AGES!" Thus did this venerable servant of God conclude his Christian course, in the 78th year of his age, and in the 45th of his ministry, on the 18th day of October, 1797.

He was a lively, zealous preacher, and his manner of preaching was peculiar to himself. In the early part of his ministry he suffered much from cruel and unreasonable men; but as he never shrunk from the cross of his Divine Master, so the Lord never failed to deliver him.

JOHN JONES.

He was a man of considerable learning, and was well versed in the practice of physic, in which profession he acted for some time: the Great Physician of souls then called him from that employment, that he might be instrumental in healing the spiritual diseases of the people; and he freely gave up all to preach the Gospel of the grace of God to fallen man. He was a man of deep piety and considerable ministerial abilities. He was highly esteemed by Mr. *Wesley*: and was generally either stationed in *London* or *Bristol*. When *Erasmus*, the Greek Bishop, was in *England*, Mr. *Wesley*, being in great want of a Clergyman to assist him in *London*, got that Bishop to ordain him; but Mr. *Charles Wesley* would not allow the validity of this ordination, and consequently would not permit him to officiate as a clergyman. This proved a severe trial to Mr. *Jones*, and he left the Methodist connection. He afterwards procured ordination from the then Bishop of *London*; and was soon after presented to the living of *Harwich*. There he continued to preach for many years; and there he ended the days of his pilgrimage in peace, and went to take possession of the heavenly inheritance.

JAMES JONES.

He was a native of *Tipton*, in *Staffordshire*. He was a person of considerable property; and was one of the first fruits of Mr. *Wesley's* labours in that part of the country; and soon began himself to call sinners to repentance. I am informed he travelled as a Preacher for some time, and endured great persecutions for the truth's sake, in the defence of which he was as bold as a lion. He was deeply pious, and was an acceptable and useful Preacher. After he married he settled

near *Birmingham*, where he continued to preach occasionally till his death, in the year 1783. He erected, at his own expense, the first Methodist chapel in *Staffordshire*, at *Tipton Green*, near *Dudley;* and for a series of years was as a father to the Societies in that part of the country.

JOSEPH JONES.

He was one of the first race of Methodist Preachers. In the course of his ministry he was taken very ill at *Bradford*, in *Yorkshire*, and it was generally expected by his friends that he would die. The Lord, however, was very near to help him, and he was unspeakably happy in God. Great numbers of persons went to see him in his affliction, that they might hear him speak of the things of God; and many were much blest, and greatly edified by his heavenly conversation. The Lord was pleased, however, to raise his servant up again, and he travelled with Mr. *Wesley* for several years. He then married, and settled in some part of *Somersetshire*, where he became a farmer; but he retained his piety, and continued to exercise his talents as a local preacher for several years. There also he finished his course, and, I am informed, died in peace, rejoicing in hope of the glory of God.

FRANCIS JUENE.

He was a native of the island of *Jersey*, and spoke fluently the *French* language. He was a very holy man, and of a pleasing temper. At the Conference 1799, he went over as a Missionary to the *West Indies*. But it pleased God to call him hence, by a very violent fever, a short time after he began his labours in *Grenada*.

JOSHUA KEIGHLY.

He was born at *Halifax*, in *Yorkshire*. He was brought to the saving knowledge of God when he was very young, and

being possessed of considerable abilities, he soon became a Preacher of the Gospel. At the Conference 1780, he came out into the vineyard as an Itinerant Preacher. He travelled with great acceptance, and was eminently useful in the hands of God, till the Conference 1786, when he received *imposition of hands* from Mr. *Wesley*, and went to administer the word of life in *Scotland*. His appointment was to the *Inverness* circuit, where he endured great hardships in the course of the year; but his labours were attended with a general blessing to the people. At the Conference 1787, he was appointed as *my* fellow-labourer in *Edinburgh* and *Glasgow;* but, alas, it pleased God to stop him by the way! He was taken ill at *Elgin* of a violent fever, and there finished his life and labours on the 10th of August, 1787.

The following account is given by a gentleman who was witness to his sufferings and death:—"Sunday, July 29, 1787, Mr. *Keighly* gave us the sacrament at *Elgin*, and such another day my eyes never saw, nor my heart ever felt before! In the evening he complained of a coldness in his neck, by reason of too much perspiration. Monday he preached the thanksgiving sermon, but had a great swimming in his head. Tuesday he dined with me, which was the last time he dined on earth. In the evening he endeavoured to preach, but was obliged to conclude before the time. Wednesday he was confined to his bed: the four following days he had a slow fever. Monday his fever became very strong, from which time he was insensible, and talked very wildly. Tuesday, August 7th, he prayed for all sorts and conditions of men, not forgetting the Preachers who were to succeed him at *Elgin*. On Thursday the doctor gave him up. Friday, he preached a sermon: but was so low we could hardly hear him. About two o'clock in the afternoon, he gave up his spirit into the hands of God, as unto a faithful Creator. As there was no Preacher on the spot, I took charge of his remains, wrapt them in fine linen (like his Lord and Master), gave letters of invitation to the *Ministers* and *Magistrates* of the town; and a gentleman gave me the use of his tomb to bury him in, which I gladly accepted. The people of *Elgin* greatly lamented the death of this pious young man, whose preaching and holy conversation were made a great blessing to many."

It is remarkable that, when he was at *Inverness* in the spring, he dreamed that he was condemned to die on the morrow. However, he obtained leave of the judge to go and

acquaint his father with his fate, and to prepare him for the shock; which, as soon as he had done, the judge appeared to him again, and said, "I have obtained a short respite for you; but depend upon it *you shall die in Scotland!*"

But the following account is still more mysterious, and yet, I believe, may be depended upon as truth, being attested by several persons of considerable respectability and veracity. Mr. *Keighly* and Mr. *Edward Burbeck*, being both appointed for *Inverness*, they met at *Newcastle-upon-Tyne*, and proceeded from thence by sea to *Aberdeen*. After spending a few days with the people there, they went on their way to *Inverness*. As they were travelling on foot between *Huntley* and *Keigh*, a man, terrible in his appearance, stood before them, having a large club in his hand: with an angry countenance he drove them before him, repeatedly declaring, *They should never return back beyond that place where they then stood.* They were both much affected, and related the circumstance to several of their friends. Little notice, however, was taken of it, till after it pleased God to take them both away. How to account for this I know not; but it is singular that Mr. *Keighly* and Mr. *Burbeck* were *both* on their way back to England, and were *both* taken ill of the same fever, and *both* died within a few miles of the place where the man met them —and that neither of them were permitted to return South again so far as *that* place!

Joshua Keighly was deeply devoted to God, an excellent Preacher, and greatly beloved by all who knew him.

Extract from the journal of Mr. *Keighly*:—

"Nov. 1, 1784.—After spending the day chiefly in visiting some of our poor Christian friends, a few of us met together to spend the evening in friendly conversation. But I fear it was not so well improved to the spiritual edification as it might. By a small circumstance which occurred, my soul was filled with greater pain than I have felt before for many years; the night was nearly sleepless, and in the midst of it I was led to arise from bed and weep, because I did not give my heart to God; may I never forget what I felt, but learn obedience by the things I have suffered. I feel my heart is only safe whilst it is given to Christ.

"'When to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
And let me weep my life away
For having griev'd Thy love.'

"Tuesday, 2.—Another day is gone, and I am so much nearer my eternal state. Oh! my soul, hast thou made any advancement in the Divine life? When I look back on that part of my life which is gone, I cannot but pour contempt upon myself. I see no part of it which will bear strict scrutiny by the law of God. I have need to bring my very prayers and tears to the cross of Jesus, and sit there in *holy shame* before Him. Shall I ever feel those wanderings in duty which I have now to complain of? Will the visits of my God always be as seldom and as short as they now are? God forbid! O fix my wandering heart, and bend my stubborn will to Thine! For surely an unsubdued will is the cause of our misery and spiritual leanness.

"Nov. 6.—I rode from *Carmarthen* to *Tenby*, and hearing of a great man's death, I seized the opportunity to preach from *Isaiah* lvii. 1. The people seemed attentive, and I hope some will think of what they heard. There are persons who think it strange that we should be so zealous in speaking upon such solemn subjects. But when one thinks on the importance of dying, it seems rather strange that we do not confirm every *word* with *tears*. O my God, may I be *now* what I would wish to be when I pass through the gloomy valley! May I constantly live in clear views of eternity—bid conscience plainly tell me now what it will tell me then.

"Sunday, 8, I spent at *Pembroke;* it was a good day to some. In the morning, while preaching, I had such views of the mercy of God as made me preach in tears. The people seemed to eat the word I dropped. If it be so agreeable to serve God below, what must it be to serve Him above? In the evening the chapel was filled with people.

"When I sit down and seriously think on God calling *me*, the least of all saints, and last in my father's house, to this public work, I am lost in wonder. I am conscious I have neither grace nor gifts equal to the work; and yet I believe it is the will of God I should open my mouth in the best manner I am capable for His glory. If any souls are brought to God by the feeble endeavours of such a worm, it will plainly appear to be His work. May my views and motives be upright in His sight, who will shortly be my Judge, that when I am gone the way of all the earth it may be said with propriety, *His labours* were *sincere*, though *feeble*.

"Tuesday, 10.—I preached at *Dale*, from *Hebrews* ix. 27. When the mind realizes death, and looks on it as present, how empty all human greatness seems; the world disappears, while

eternity opens before us. In conversing with Miss *C.* on the happy death of her father, and the quickening she felt after the best things, my heart was greatly refreshed. O how sweet are the smiles of Christ! How happy would a life be made up of such delightful moments as these.

"'My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sweetly sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.'

"Dec. 31, 1786.—I preached this day three times in *Inverness: Luke* xix. 2, *Cor.* i. 23, *Jos.* xxiv. 14. In the evening especially I found liberty in recommending the service of God. I was inclined to hope it was not in vain, and the more so as I seemed stripped of self. It is always best with me when I feel the most dependence on God.

"Jan. 11, 1787.—This was a day of heaviness and distress. Christ hid His face, and I was troubled. Unwatchfulness had been the cause; and when it comes from this quarter, I am ashamed to come again, as one who has grieved his best friend. I preached from *Ezek.* ix. 4, but had little liberty."

In the last letter he wrote to his father was the following paragraph:—"*Inverness* has not been a pleasing situation. However, my trials in it are now nearly numbered and finished, it will make a better *place* more *agreeable.* I have enjoyed my health pretty well. This is remarkable, as my labours have been abundant. I hope in due time to be where the weary are at rest."

In a letter to a friend, dated *Banff,* Nov. 5, 1786, making mention of his uncomfortable situation, he said, "Even in these smoky huts I am above Him who had not where to lay His head. If my ungrateful heart inclines to murmur, I take a view of His gracious dealings with me. This furnishes me with matter of praise instead of complaint."

In a letter to the same, dated *Inverness,* Dec. 15, 1786, he said, "How just is your remark, *transient visits are not enough.* It is painful to follow Christ afar off. When His visits are as the visits of a wayfaring man, *seldom* and *short,* duties seem tasks, crosses insupportable, and religion a burden. But to *walk in the light as He is in the light, to sit with Him in heavenly places* makes religion appear a privilege; its duties are our meat and drink, we walk with Jesus, and His ways are peace. I feel the need I have of an entire dependence on

Him. I wish to carry a sight of my own helplessness and His sufferings through all my duties, comforts, and crosses. Of late I have been pretty much in deep waters, I bless His name, He does not permit me to *wade alone*. On a view of the temptations I have gone through, I think I could not have spared one of them. He permits me to have inward struggles that I may know myself, feel how frail I am, and that I may speak feelingly on the subject to others."

To the same, dated *Banff*, May 2, 1787, he says, "It is written, *They that trust in the Lord shall not be confounded.* This is a truth which, if properly embraced by faith, gives the spirit repose in tribulation, and fills it with a sweetness not to be found anywhere else. I speak now what I know, and testify what I have seen. The names of my relations sound as sweet as ever. I am still partial to the air I first breathed; and I believe ever shall remember with peculiar pleasure my first religious acquaintance; but a trust that God would have me employed as I am makes a distance from them easy, which otherwise would be painful." He concludes the letter with one of the sayings of *Epictetus*, "*Lord, lead me where Thou pleasest, continue me in mine own country, or call me to another, clothe me with what kind of raiment thou wilt. And if men should blame Thee, I will undertake to apologise for Thee, and prove that all Thy dealings are good.*"

In a foregoing letter he says: "The consolations of God, I find, depend not on places: a comfortable reflection this. Cut off from Him, no human spirit can be happy; joined to Him, it may be comfortable in any circumstances. Unintelligent creation is too poor to stop the craving of an immortal soul; but a spirit, walking and holding communion with the Supreme Spirit, is in a capacity to enjoy with God all His gifts."

JOHN M'KERSEY.

He came out as an Itinerant Preacher in the year 1784. He possessed good common sense; and in his preaching always thoroughly explained the text, and made out scripturally and rationally whatever he took in hand. He was a man of great affliction, so that he was forced to give up travelling a short time before his death, being unable to keep a circuit any longer. He settled at *Hexham*, where he had married his

wife a few years before. There he ended the days of his pilgrimage some time in the year 1800. When near death he said, "I do not feel that extacy of joy which some speak of, but I feel a solid peace and an unshaken confidence in God, through the merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour." He was so far from fearing death that he could use the Apostle's words, *I desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better.* He was remarkable for his resignation to the will of God in circumstances peculiarly trying, and died praising the Lord for His loving-kindness.

JAMES KERSHAW.

He was among the first Itinerant Methodist Preachers, but did not continue long in the work. He desisted in 1757, and settled at *Gainsborough*, where he resided for several years, and was famous in all that country for his quack medicines. He continued, however, in connection with the Methodists, and occasionally preached. His last residence was, I am informed, at *Ashby-de-la-Zouch*, where he finished his earthly course. He certainly possessed considerable talents, and, as a Preacher, was generally esteemed and respected. He wrote a Comment on the Book of the Revelation by way of dialogue, which is generally esteemed as a masterly performance, and shows him to have been a person of considerable abilities: and had he been *stable*, and had he devoted himself *wholly* to God and to the *service of His sanctuary*, he would, no doubt, have been a burning and shining light in his day and generation.

ALEXANDER KILHAM.

He was born at *Epworth*, in *Lincolnshire*, in the year 1762, and came out as an Itinerant Preacher, in the Methodist connection, at the Conference in 1785. He was for some years a very pious, simple young man, and a very zealous, lively Preacher, and was useful to many. But about the year 1794 (or rather before) he began to manifest great dissatisfaction with the economy and government of the Methodist Societies. *In the* year 1796 he openly avowed himself the champion of

the disaffected party; and in the course of the year he published several pamphlets. At the Conference, which that year was held in *London*, he was called upon to answer for what he had written, and particularly to substantiate his charges against the preachers. As he seemed determined not to submit to the old established rules of Methodism, and would not engage to relinquish his revolutionary scheme, he was excluded by the *unanimous* voice of the whole Conference. At the subsequent Conference in 1797 he was joined by three other travelling, and a few local, preachers, who then formed a separate party, calling themselves the *New Itinerancy*. Mr. *Kilham* was indefatigable in his labours to make proselytes to his new system, and, perhaps, exerted himself beyond his strength. He died on the 20th of December, 1798, at *Nottingham*.

SAMUEL LARWOOD.

He travelled a short time in the Methodist connection, and then settled in *London* about the year 1753. A little before his death he had taken a chapel in the *Borough of Southwark*, called *Zoar*, where he continued to preach till God called him hence, by a fever, in the month of November, 1756. Mr. *Wesley* remarks in his journal, "I buried the remains of *Samuel Larwood*, who died of a fever, on Sunday morning (Nov. 1, 1756), deeply convinced of his unfaithfulness, and yet hoping to find mercy."

THOMAS LEE.

He was born in the year 1717, in the parish of *Keighly*, in *Yorkshire*. His mind was early impressed with everlasting things; but, as is too common a case, he became vain in his imagination, and his foolish heart was darkened through the deceitfulness of sin. He had frequent opportunities of hearing that blessed man, Mr. *Grimshaw*, and at times he was deeply affected under his sermons, and formed many good resolutions. But it was not till he was about twenty years of age that he became experimentally acquainted with Divine things.

"When the Lord" (to use his own words), broke into his soul, and enabled him to say, *My Lord and my God*, "I could," says he, "have *praised*, and *loved*, and *waited* to all eternity!" He soon after began to open his mouth for God, and was rendered useful in many places. He suffered much from the wicked, who at that time were permitted to go great lengths in persecuting the people of God; but he was greatly encouraged by Mr. *Grimshaw*, who employed him a month on his own circuit.

In the year 1758, he became a regular travelling preacher, under the direction of Mr. *Wesley*. His first appointment was for *Lincolnshire*, where his labours were attended with a blessing—the Societies were increased, and many souls were brought to the knowledge of God. He continued in the work till the year 1786, when, having witnessed a good confession before many witnesses, he died happy in the love of God, with a hope full of a glorious immortality.

The evening before he died, he expressed great resignation to the will of God; though, as he said, the pain drank up his spirits. Yet, he said, "*I know that I am the Lord's. I feel that I am united to Him;* AND I KNOW THAT I SHALL BE WITH HIM FOR EVER." He preached twice the Lord's-day before his death, though he went to the chapel on crutches, and sat all the time he preached! His last text was, *Surely I know that it shall be well with them that fear God.* And in the course of his sermon he said, "Perhaps this will be my *last* sermon." The power of the Lord was solemnly felt by the congregation. As if he saw his end was near, he gave out a funeral hymn, and when he came to those words—

"By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here,"

he seemed to be quite transported at the thought of meeting Jesus in that blessed place. He gently fell asleep in Jesus in the month of September, 1786.

SAMUEL LEVICK.

HE came from the neighbourhood of *Sheffield*, and began to travel in Mr. *Wesley's* connection about the year 1763. He was a deeply pious young man, much devoted to God, and zealous in promoting His cause and interest in the world.

He faithfully preached and lived the Gospel, and was a blessing to many souls: till in the year 1771, the Lord was pleased to take him to his great reward. He had strong confidence in God in his last sickness, and died rejoicing in hope of future glory.

JOHN LIVERMORE.

He came out as an Itinerant Preacher, though considerably advanced in years, at the Conference 1778. He was a plain, honest, pious man, much devoted to God. He continued to labour faithfully in the vineyard till about the year 1783, when a fall from his horse, which at first was little thought of, occasioned his death. But as he had lived, so he died in the best of services, and death to *him* was eternal gain!

HENRY LLOYDE.

He was a native of *Wales*, and was an honest, pious, good man. He was also a faithful, zealous Preacher; and as he was able to preach in his native language, he spent the whole of his time, from his becoming an Itinerant Preacher, in his own country. He continued in the good work for many years, and fairly wore out his constitution; and after spending his days thus, in hard labour for the good of souls, he concluded his well-spent life in great peace, and was received into *His presence where there is fulness of joy, and to His right hand where there are pleasures for evermore.*

MATTHEW LOWES.

He was born in the parish of *Whitfield*, in *Northumberland*, in the year 1721. His parents feared the Lord greatly, and therefore early instructed him in religious duties. In the year 1744, he had a sister brought to the knowledge of God. She felt much concern for the salvation of her friends, and went to see them in hopes of being useful to their souls.

She took with her the sermon on, *Awake, thou that sleepest;* and upon Mr. *Lowes* reading this, he said, "If Mr. *Wesley* be right, we are all wrong." His sister prevailed upon him at last to hear preaching for himself: the sermon had a good effect upon his mind, and, from that time, he forsook his companions in sin and folly, and began in good earnest to seek the Lord. His distress was very great; he even envied the happiness of *meaner* creatures, and wished that God had made him anything rather than a rational being! Some time after, he heard Mr. *Hopper* preach; and the word was made *spirit* and *life* to his soul. In the year 1751, he was strongly solicited to enter the list of Itinerant Preachers; but though he had *exhorted* for some time, he judged himself quite unfit for such an employment. But at last he submitted to Mr. *Wesley's* judgment, and in the year 1757 he gave himself wholly to the work of the Lord. His labours proved a blessing to many. But it pleased the Lord to visit him with various afflictions, especially with two severe fevers, and being also exercised with acute rheumatic pains, he felt himself utterly incapable of filling up the duties of an Itinerant Preacher; and therefore, in the year 1771, he resigned his office, and settled at *Newcastle-upon-Tyne.* In that town and neighbourhood, he continued to exercise his talents to the utmost of his strength.

In the beginning of February, 1794, he was greatly afflicted, so as to be confined to his bed; but his soul was not only preserved in peace, but he rejoiced and triumphed in the God of his salvation. He said, "I would not take the whole world for what I enjoy in my soul. I long to be away! Jordan's banks *were* overflowed, and very rough; but *now* it is a smooth stream! O what hath Jesus bought for me!" Many friends called to see him, and in the course of conversation he frequently said, "I have preached to others upwards of *forty* years; but I have no dependence upon this or any other thing which I have done. *All my dependence for present and eternal salvation is upon the blood and merits of Jesus Christ.* HE *alone is my comfort; and but for* HIM, *what would any poor sinner do?*" He continued in this happy state of mind till Sunday, February 8th, when, without a groan, he expired. His last words were, "O LORD, MY GOD."

RICHARD LUCAS.

He entered upon the work of the ministry when very young, and was among the first Methodist Preachers. He was deeply serious, of a meek and quiet spirit, zealous for the honour of God, and diligent in that great and important work unto which he was called. He soon wore out a weak constitution in hard labour for God, and was necessitated to give up the itinerant life for several years before his death. He resided chiefly in *London*, and died in great peace about the year 1766.

WILLIAM LUMLEY.

He was admitted upon trial at the Conference in 1776. He was a blessed young man, a happy witness of the full salvation of God. He promised fair to be extensively useful in the vineyard of the Lord; but God was pleased to take him to an early rest in heaven. He only travelled a few months, and then died, as he had lived, full of faith and the Holy Ghost, in the year 1777.

JOHN MADDERN.

He was a native of *Cornwall*, and I am informed that he travelled in the *Staffordshire* circuit in the year 1749. He was a man of genuine piety, and was a lively, zealous, good preacher, very acceptable to the people, and useful to many; but after travelling a few years, he finished his course with joy.

JOHN MANNERS.

He was born at *Sledmore*, near *Malton*, in the year 1731. He was influenced by the fear of God from his childhood, which restrained him from outward sin. In the year 1753, he heard *Thomas Slaton* preach; he thought what the Preacher said was true, but it made no impression upon him. In the

spring of 1754 he heard *Benjamin Beanland*, and the word was with power: he was pricked in the heart, and began to inquire, *What must I do to be saved?* He mourned after Christ, day and night, for about three months. In the beginning of the month of January, 1755, his conviction for sin grew deeper; but on the 15th day of January the Lord set his soul at liberty. The *sense of sin forgiven* he never lost to the day of his death, though the overflowing joy lasted but a short time. A few weeks after he felt himself confirmed and established in the grace of God. He was made *strong in the Lord*, and a larger measure of the *fulness of God* was brought into his soul. His *fellowship was with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ*, and his life was a daily sermon to those around him.

The fatigues and hardships he endured in the faithful discharge of his duties as an Itinerant Preacher were too much for his weak constitution, and occasioned his premature death in the prime of life, and he left the world in the triumph of faith, in the city of *York*, in the year 1763. He was a lively, zealous preacher, and was made remarkably useful, especially in the city of *Dublin*.

The following anecdote respecting this good man is well authenticated, and is certainly worthy of record:—Mr. *Manners* was called to preach at *Settrington*, a small village near *Malton*, where the Preachers then met with considerable opposition, especially from the Minister of the parish. One Sunday morning, while Mr. *Manners* was preaching, the Minister sent the Churchwardens to desire him to desist. Mr. *Manners* mildly requested them to stay and hear the sermon. Some in the congregation appeared to be much agitated and affrighted, on which Mr. *Manners* said, in an unusual manner, "*He* (meaning the Minister) *is but a man, and his breath is in his nostrils.*" The people were deeply affected, and the Churchwardens themselves were constrained to stop till the service was concluded. At this circumstance the Minister was grievously offended, and threatened vengeance to the next preacher who should dare to invade his parish; and also gave public notice that the next Sunday he would let the people know what hypocrites and deceivers the Methodists were. But, awful to relate, as he was returning the next Saturday late at night from *Malton*, in a state of intoxication, he fell from his horse, and was found dead in the highway on the Sunday morning. Surely it is an awful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.

WILLIAM MARTIN.

He came out to travel as a Preacher of the Gospel at the Conference in 1772. He was a young man of promising abilities and considerable usefulness for the time he was engaged in the work. He died of a scarlet fever, at *Hull*, in *Yorkshire*, after an illness of five days, in the third year of his itinerancy, and in the twenty-ninth year of his age. He died very happy in God, with a hope full of a blessed immortality.

CHARLES MARTIN.

He was born at *Filby*, near *Great Yarmouth*, in *Norfolk*, in the year 1771. In the twenty-second year of his age, in the year 1793, being at *Yarmouth*, he heard the Gospel as preached by the Methodists, and in a short time was savingly converted to God. In the year 1795, he began to preach eternal truths to men. In this good work he continued till the Conference in 1797, when he was received upon trial as an itinerant preacher. He was appointed to labour in the *Walsingham* circuit, where he manifested great zeal and diligence in his Master's work; and had some fruit of his labours. At *Bedford* also he was remarkably diligent, studious, and useful, especially to believers, in pressing them on to the enjoyment of the *full salvation* of God. He seemed to carry about with him a constant sense of the presence of the Deity, and *Thou God seest me* was his continual motto. While he acted as a Class-leader in *Yarmouth* he had been remarkably useful; and now, when wholly devoted to the service of the sanctuary, it was his one business to press the necessity of the enjoyment of religion upon all wherever he came. He read much, and thought deeply on most subjects which he handled. God saw good soon to remove him by a violent putrid fever, and to take him to an early rest in heaven. His Superintendent informed the Conference by letter that he was a pattern of piety, enjoying the *perfect* love of God, and strenuously preaching to the people what he experienced. He was an instrument in the Lord's hand of much good, especially to believers. He bore his affliction with the greatest patience and fortitude; preached regular, though short sermons, to those who attended him from time to time; and continued to

speak about the things of God while he had strength. He expired in the triumph of faith, and went to take possession of his everlasting inheritance on the 7th of July, 1799, in the twenty-eighth year of his age.

MICHAEL MARSHALL.

He was made a partaker of the saving grace of God when very young. He began to warn sinners to *flee from the wrath to come* in the year 1785, in the *Colne* circuit, where he then resided. At the Conference 1787 he was admitted upon trial. He was a young man of considerable abilities, and was very zealous for God. He continued in the work till the year 1794, when it pleased God to take him away, by an inflammation in his bowels, in the prime of his days, and in the midst of his usefulness. But the God *whom he served in the Gospel of His Son* was with him in his affliction, and he died rejoicing in hope of the glory of God.

JONATHAN MASKEW.

He was born at *Bingley*, in the year 1713. He was brought to a saving acquaintance with Divine things before he had the opportunity of hearing the doctrines peculiar to the Christian scheme from the pulpit. He was early connected with that distinguished minister, Mr. *Grimshaw*, of *Haworth*. For some years he was a part of his family. He used to travel with him in his excursions into *Lancashire;* and to this day in that country he is best known by the name of *Mr. Grimshaw's Man.*

Mr. *Maskew* was one of the first members of the Methodist Society in that part of *Yorkshire* where he then resided; and as his heart was filled with love to God and zeal for His cause, he soon began to warn sinners to *flee from the wrath to come.* He had not been long engaged in this work before he was marked out as an object of popular vengeance. At *Guiseley*, in *Yorkshire*, he was attacked by a rude and ignorant rabble. They seized him, stripped him naked, rolled him in the dirt, and nearly deprived him of life. This did not interrupt his

labours; but he rather rejoiced in that he was counted worthy to suffer in the cause of his Divine Master. He was employed as an Itinerant Preacher in *Newcastle-upon-Tyne*, in the year 1752. His plain and pathetic preaching was generally acceptable, and useful to many. Mr. *Wesley* used to say that "Ten such preachers as *Jonathan Maskew* would carry the world before them." He continued in *Newcastle* until the spring of 1753, when he was called by Mr. *Wesley* to labour in the *Manchester* circuit. He afterwards travelled in the *Haworth* circuit; and in a short time married and settled at *Dainhead*, near *Rochdale*. Here he continued to labour for his Master, and carried the glad tidings of salvation into different parts of *Yorkshire* and *Lancashire*. He formed for himself a circuit, which he regularly attended for several years: and God continued to bless his soul and his labours. He continued to exercise his talents as a Local Preacher among the Methodists till the shades of the evening at last came on. By degrees he was forced to give up his attendance at several places, till his labours were at last confined to his own house. And when he could *stand* no longer he *sat*, and, while tears ran down his venerable cheeks, called them to partake the mercy of God, and to wash their guilty souls in the blood of His incarnate Son.

A few of the last months of Mr. *Maskew's* life he was constrained to confine himself to his own habitation. Here he was visited by the most pious people of the neighbourhood. To these he simply declared his experience, and the union he enjoyed with his God. At one time he would say, "*The day of our death is better than the day of our birth; for it is not* life *but* death *that joins the dying believer to Christ. I am in a strait between two, having a desire to depart that I may be with Him.*" At another time he cried out, "*It is a blessing for Christ to be with us in life; but it is the top of blessings for us to be with Christ in heaven.*" And again, "*The fear of death is gone; it is only a short, dark road that leads to the marriage-supper of the Lamb.*" Again he said, "*O Death, it will be the funeral of all our sorrows!*" And added, "*So far as any man trembles at death he wants* love, *for* love *casts out all its fears; and it is no credit to our heavenly Father that we are unwilling or afraid to go home!*" His love to Jesus was often expressed by the warmth with which he repeated His name: "*O that name—Jesus! how sweet it is!*"

Towards the close of his pious warfare his soul was filled with more than ordinary comforts. He would cry out, "*I*

desire to be dissolved that I may be with Christ." And, "*Now, Lord, let Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.*" When his speech had nearly failed a friend called in to see him; he would have conversed—he attempted—but it was in vain. But his looks and broken accents fully explained the happiness of his soul. The last time, I believe, he ever spoke, he raised one of his hands, and with a smiling countenance, said, "*Look, James, look!*" His son looked and inquired, but he spoke no more. Surely there is some truth in that general opinion that Saints, in their approach to glory, have on earth a glimpse of heaven. On the 3rd day of August, 1793, he departed this life in the eighty-second year of his age.

ALEXANDER MATHER.

THIS truly great man, and eminent servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, was a native of *North Britain*. He was born at *Brechen* in the year 1733. His parents being religious, he was early instructed in the things of God, and was trained up in the fear of the Lord. When he was only *ten* years of age, his mind was sensibly affected with everlasting things. In the year 1752 he left his native country and went to *London*, where, in the following year, he married. He then remembered that the *vows of God were upon him;* and that he had often promised the Lord that when he entered into the conjugal state, he would then devote himself unreservedly to His service. His convictions returned, and he began to seek the Lord with all his heart and with all his soul. His distress was so great that, to use his own words, "*My appetite was gone, my sleep departed from me, my bones were filled as with a sore disease, and my tears were my meat day and night.*" He used frequently to go on his knees at bed-time, and continued in that position, with *strong cries and tears*, till two o'clock in the morning, at which hour he was accustomed to go to his daily labour. His earnest prayers were not in vain: the Lord regarded the cry of His own Spirit in his heart, and under the first sermon which he heard from the Rev. *John Wesley*, the Lord revealed His pardoning mercy to his soul, and he was instantaneously *translated from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son.* This was on the 14th of April, 1754. Mr. *Mather's* own account of this blessed change is as

follows: "*Under that sermon God set my heart at liberty, removing my sins from me as far as the East is from the West: which the very change of my countenance testified before my tongue could utter it. I had no great transport of joy; but my load was gone, and I could praise God from the ground of my heart: all my sorrow and fear and anguish of spirit being changed into a solid peace.*"

As Mr. *Mather* at that period appeared to be possessed of abilities for the edification of the Church, Mr. *Wesley* soon took notice of him, and first employed him as a Leader of a *Band*, then of a *Class:* which offices he filled to the glory of God, and the profit of the souls committed to his care. Soon after he felt a secret yet powerful conviction that God had called him to preach His Gospel. He sought the Lord by fasting and prayer that he might know what was His will concerning him in this matter. He then mentioned the case to Mr. *Wesley*, who told him plainly, "To be a Methodist Preacher is not the way to *ease*, *honour*, *pleasure*, or *profit*. It is a life of much labour and reproach. They often fare hard, are often in want. They are liable to be stoned, beaten, and abused in various manners. Consider this before you engage in so uncomfortable a way of life." Mr. *Mather* replied, "He had no desire to engage therein, unless it was the call of God; and he was regardless as to what he suffered in doing the will of God." Mr. *Wesley* then encouraged him to make trial, which he did at the chapel in *Snow's-fields*, in the *Borough of Southwark*. His labours were accepted, and the Lord Himself bore witness to the word of His servant. At the Conference 1757 he was received as an Itinerant Preacher; and on August 15th he set out for his *first* circuit, which was *Epworth*, in *Lincolnshire*. He now, like a true *soldier of Jesus Christ*, entered the field of battle: he fought valiantly under the banner of his Divine Master, and being girded by the strength of Omnipotence, he put the *armies of the aliens to flight*. He suffered much, at that early period of the work, from *wicked and unreasonable men;* but his labours were everywhere crowned with success, and the pleasure of the Lord prospered abundantly in his hands.

Perhaps, if ever those words could be applied to any man besides the *Apostle*, Mr. *Wesley*, and Mr. *Whitfield*, they might to Mr. *Mather*, *I laboured more abundantly than they all.* He was a *strong* man, and possessed what some have termed an *iron constitution;* but he put forth all his strength, and exerted himself to the uttermost in what he supposed to be the best

of causes, *the cause of God.* The interest of Methodism especially lay near his heart, and for the permanent support of its *doctrines* and *discipline* he was literally *lavish of life.* As a *man* he possessed a very *great mind.* He had a strong natural understanding, which he had greatly improved. Had he enjoyed the advantages of a classical education there is no doubt but he would have shone in the *Senate* or at the *Bar.* But he principally applied himself to those studies which were best calculated to answer the end of his high and holy calling. He was well read in the holy Scriptures, he daily meditated in the Divine Law, and treasured up the sacred Word in his heart. He closely studied *human nature,* and had obtained as great a knowledge of the heart of man, in its degenerate state, or as renewed by grace, as most men ever did. He had acquired a very considerable degree of what is properly called *common sense,* which qualified him to enter into all the important affairs of the Church: his knowledge of *men* and *things,* and of whatever concerned the good of either civil or religious society, was very extensive; and he was, therefore, very frequently employed in adjusting the most difficult affairs which from time to time occurred in the connection to which he belonged. This certainly exposed him to the censure of many, and a number of invidious reflections were cast upon him; but commending himself to God, and to his own conscience in the sight of God, he endured the contradiction of these men with patience and fortitude of mind.

As a *Christian,* his experience of Divine things was deep and clear: he was brought under serious impressions early in life, and had enjoyed a clear sense of the love of God to his soul for above *forty* years. As a *friend,* he was affectionate, sympathetic, and faithful. He was ever ready to assist, in the most difficult cases, anyone who desired his help; and exerted himself to the uttermost in serving the interests of his fellow-creatures. The poor particularly lay near his heart: he sought out those retreats of wretchedness

> "Where hopeless anguish pours its groan,
> And lonely want retires to die."

His preaching was peculiarly instructive, and very forcible and impressive. His knowledge of the Scriptures was extensive, his judgment sound and clear, his apprehension quick, his genius fertile, and his memory retentive. He had a considerable degree of holy zeal for the honour of God and the

salvation of precious souls, which, after labouring in the vineyard indefatigably for *forty-three* years, was not in the least abated. His last circuit was *London*, where for near two years, though labouring under the painful disorder which put a period to his life and labours, he put forth all his strength, and was frequently *a wonder to many*. His labours, in most parts of the kingdom, were greatly owned of God: he was instrumental in turning many to righteousness, and also of building up the *saints on their most holy faith*.

In the spring of the year 1800 his disorder seemed to baffle the skill of the ablest physicians, and to defy the power of medicine. It was proposed that he should retire to *York;* and hopes were entertained, if he could bear the journey, that the change of air might at least prolong his days. He bore the fatigues of travelling as well as could be expected; but on his arrival he grew weaker and weaker, till the *silver cord was loosed*, and the *wheel broken at the cistern*.

Soon after his arrival at *York* Mr. *Pawson* and Mr. *Benson* went to see him. The interview was truly affecting. As soon as he could speak he said, "All I have done is nothing, it is not worth mentioning. I have no foundation of hope and confidence whatever but the mediation of the Son of God. O! my dear friends, I never saw the blessed Redeemer of mankind in so amiable a light as I do now. Never did I see so clearly or feel so deeply my need of Him, and that I am wholly indebted to His sacrifice and intercession for the acceptance of my person, and of my poor services. What would become of me were it not for this Redeemer?"

A pious friend who was much with him gives the following account of the Lord's dealings with him towards the close of his life. "On Saturday, August 16th, Mr. *Mather* said, 'What I told you when you first visited me after I came to *York* I still feel to be a truth—viz., I have nowhere to look nor on anything else to depend for salvation but CHRIST, and my confidence in HIM IS AS FIRM AS A ROCK! My faith has frequently been assaulted during my affliction in an unusual manner; *but it has never shrunk in the least degree!* I feel a blessed evidence of my acceptance, and a sacred sense of the presence of God with me *always*.' On another occasion he said, 'How comfortable are those words: *Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out. God so loved us that He gave His Son to be a propitiation for our sins. There is no other name*—no other Redeemer—on HIM *my soul relies. Mine is a hope of more than forty years, it cannot easily be shaken*.' On

Monday, the 18th, being in extreme anguish, he said, 'I long to be gone; but *I am happy in God.*' After pausing a little he said, 'I am happy in Jesus, but my sufferings are great.

'"Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise."

O let me be there; I'll be there, there, there! O that it might be *this* night! O hide me among those trees! Here may I have an abiding place!

'"'Tis there with the Lambs of Thy flock,
There only I covet to rest."

But if I may not have the privilege, the happiness, the honour of being with Thee this night, may I be resigned to Thy will. O that exercise of praise and thanksgiving! It has been the delight of my soul, my chief exercise upon earth. I have loved Thy *Word*, Thy *law*, Thy *people*, and *I love them still.*

'"Let it not my Lord displease,
That I would die to be His guest."

Jesus answers, "*Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.*"'

"Again, when in extreme pain and anguish, he most affectingly cried out, '*O God, my heart is broken within me! Why are Thy chariot wheels so long in coming!* Lord, grant me patience.' And then, as if his prayer was immediately answered, calmly said:

"'To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all who to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.'

"On Wednesday, the 20th, after a night of inexpressible suffering, he slumbered, and was composed a little. When he awoke, he seemed surprised to find himself still in the body, and said, "Why did you call me back? I have been in Paradise. As surely as I shall go there again, I have been in heaven this morning.' Then, after taking leave of, and giving his dying advice to his family, he turned to Mrs. *Mather*, and said, 'As for you, my dear, I can say nothing to you that I have not said already;' but, pointing to the Bible, he said, '*That book is your's, and the* AUTHOR *of it!*'

"On Friday, August 22, about two hours before he died, and nearly the last words he spoke, he said, 'I *now* know that I have not sought Thee in vain. I have not, I have not.'

And afterwards he exclaimed, 'O Thou that caused light to shine out of darkness, shine upon my soul with the light of the knowledge of the Son of God; that name above every name, for ever dear: it dispels all my fears. O proclaim, proclaim Jesus! Tell me, shall I be with Him to-night?' On being answered, Yes, there is no doubt of it, he cried out, '*He whom I have served for near fifty years will not forsake me now.* GLORY BE TO GOD AND THE LAMB FOR EVER AND EVER. *Amen* and *Amen.*'

"Soon after this his voice failed, and he said but little that could be understood; but by the motion of his lips, he appeared engaged in silent ejaculations, till, seeming to fall into a sweet slumber, he silently and almost imperceptibly breathed his soul into the hands of his blessed Redeemer, whom he had most ardently loved, and faithfully served for near fifty years. He died in the sixty-seventh year of his age, and in the forty-third of his itinerancy.

Mr. *Mather* was chosen President of the Methodist Conference in the year 1792.

THOMAS MAXFIELD.

HE has been already mentioned in the *Introduction* to this Work, as the first *regular* Lay-preacher, who began his ministry about the year 1740. He was a very pious and deeply serious young man, and his labours were remarkably owned of God. The late pious and *elect Lady*, the *Countess Dowager of Huntingdon*, heard Mr. *Maxfield* expound the Scriptures, and in a letter to Mr. *Wesley*, she speaks of him as follows:—"I never mentioned to you that I have seen *Maxfield;* he is one of the greatest instances of God's peculiar favour that I know. He is raised from the stones to sit among the Princes of His People. He is my astonishment. How is God's power shown in weakness! You can have no idea what an attachment I have to him. He is highly favoured of the Lord. The first time I made him expound, expecting little from him, I sat over against him, and thought what a power of God must be with him to make *me* give any attention to him. But before he had gone over one-fifth part, anyone that had seen me would have thought I had been made of wood or stone, so quite immoveable I

both felt and looked. His power in prayer is quite extraordinary. To deal plainly, I could either talk or write for an hour about him." This is no inconsiderable testimony in favour of Mr. *Maxfield*, especially from so excellent and extraordinary a character in the Church of God.

After Mr. *Maxfield* had laboured faithfully and successfully for a few years, he received Episcopal ordination from an Irish Bishop. The good Bishop, it is said, ordained him out of compassion to Mr. *Wesley;* for fear, as he himself expressed it, "Mr. *Wesley* should work himself to death." Mr. *Maxfield* was for several years after this stationed in *London*. He was highly esteemed by Mr. *Wesley*, and was greatly respected by the people; his labours were attended with a general blessing, and he was instrumental in doing much good in the name of the Lord Jesus.

In the year 1762, there was a great outpouring of the Spirit of God in different parts of the kingdom, but especially in *London*. Many of the people of God were greatly comforted, and confirmed in the grace which they had received; and some professed to have been *instantaneously* delivered from *all sin*. This was the cause of great disputes in the Societies; but more particularly in the metropolis, where two or three persons (who stood at the head of those who professed to have attained this state), fell into grievous extravagancies, and entertained such enthusiastical opinions, as were a disgrace to a religious Society. One of these persons was *George Bell*, and another the subject of this memoir. Mr. *Wesley*, who ever acted with great caution, did not at first, perhaps, resist these extravagancies with that firmness which he ought to have done; by which means the persons who favoured them daily increased in number. At length, however, he found it absolutely necessary to give an effectual check to the party. But it was then too late to be done without the danger of making a separation in the Society: As two evils were evidently before him, he prudently preferred that which to him appeared the least. Accordingly, Mr. *Westey* wrote Mr. *Maxfield* a faithful letter, in which he told him freely what he approved in his doctrine and behaviour, and also what he disapproved. The result was, Mr. *Maxfield* separated from the Methodist connection, and about two hundred of the people in *London* were drawn away with him. Several of the persons who left the Society with Mr. *Maxfield*, were amongst Mr. *Wesley's* choicest friends, which occasioned him great distress; his mind was so deeply affected that he

feelingly, and with tears, preached from that pathetic passage, *If I am bereaved of my children, I am bereaved.* Some who knew Mr. *Wesley* well have declared this was the heaviest trial that ever befel him in the whole course of his pilgrimage.

Mr. *Maxfield* had a large commodious chapel in the neighbourhood of *Moorfields*, and a very lively Society. There he continued to preach, and was greatly respected, and very useful to many souls for several years. For some years before his death, he became very friendly with the Methodists; the Preachers frequently supplied his chapel, and preached to his congregation. He died very suddenly of a paralytic stroke; but undoubtedly he was prepared for the solemn change, and was thus suddenly translated to that glorious *rest which remaineth for the people of God.*

JOHN MEALEY.

He was a native of *Ireland*, and travelled in that kingdom for several years. He was fairly worn out in the service of the best of Masters. In his last illness he suffered much, but the Lord was with him, and he departed this life in the triumph of faith, leaving a glorious testimony behind him that he was gone to join the *general assembly and Church of the first-born who are written in heaven.*

SAMUEL MEGGOTT.

He began his public labours in the Ministry very early in life. He was of a remarkably grave, serious turn of mind—a truly primitive Christian. He continually lived as in the Divine presence, and his constant motto was, *Thou God seest me.* He laboured with all his might to win souls to Christ, and his labours were crowned with considerable success. But it pleased God to remove him from a state of labour to a state of rest, and he left this *vale of woe*, in the full triumph of faith and love, about the year 1764.

THOMAS MEYRICK.

He was a native of *Cornwall*, and was brought up and educated for the *Law;* but after he was made a partaker of the grace of God, he willingly relinquished that line of life, and gave himself up to the work of the Ministry. For several years he *did the work of an evangelist faithfully, and made full proof of his ministry.* He was remarkably zealous in propagating Divine truth, and endured great persecutions in various parts of the kingdom, particularly in his own country. He met with considerable opposition there from a Clergyman, who, alas! frequently disgraced his high and holy calling by acts of intemperance: Mr. *Meyrick* had a turn for poetry, and he wrote a very satirical poem to that gentleman, which was said to have had such an effect upon him, that he never afterwards heard Mr. *Meyrick's* name mentioned but he trembled.

In the course of Mr. *Meyrick's* Itinerant Ministry, he was taken ill of a malignant fever at *Newcastle-upon-Tyne;* and the disease had so far prevailed, that the physician who attended him had no hopes of his recovery: but he was remarkably happy in God, and his prospects were bright for a blessed eternity. Mr. *Wesley* was at that time at *Newcastle*, and he requested a few pious persons to meet him at Mr. *Meyrick's* room; they did so, and they made prayer and supplication in his behalf: the Lord was graciously pleased to hearken to their cry: he rebuked the fever, and from that moment Mr. *Meyrick* began to recover. Some time after he procured Episcopal ordination, and was Curate of a small chapel in the parish of *Halifax*. There he resided for several years, and in addition to his parochial duties, he taught a school; but, alas! here he lost the life and power of religion, and neither preached nor lived the Gospel; what is still worse, he became addicted to that very vice which he had so satirically censured in his poem to the Clergyman in *Cornwall!* How little do we know of the treachery of the human heart! Surely it is, as the Holy Ghost hath described it, *deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.* "*Is thy servant a dog,*" says *Hazael* to *Elisha*, "*that he should do this great thing?*" May such awful instances teach us that useful and important lesson, *Be not high-minded, but fear.*

"Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the faults I see!

That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."

Mr. *Meyrick*, a short time before his death, was made Afternoon Lecturer of the parish church of *Halifax*, and there he ended his days about the year 1770. What an amazing mystery in Providence: that the Lord should, in answer to prayer, raise this man from his bed of sickness, when to all appearance he was on the very verge of everlasting glory (being then unspeakably happy in the enjoyment of God), and should permit him to live thus to reproach the cause of truth. *How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out.*

JOHN MILLAR.

He was a native of *Germany*, and came into the work of the Ministry as an Itinerant Methodist Preacher about the year 1780. He was engaged in this work for sixteen years; and though the disadvantages of his pronunciation were always objections on his first visit to a circuit, yet he soon gained the affection and esteem of the people. Love and zeal were the two distinguishing traits in his character. After a very useful life, he died, rejoicing in Christ Jesus, in the year 1796.

HENRY MILLARD.

He was one of the first Methodist Preachers. The only account I have been able to procure of him is by a letter which he wrote to Mr. *Wesley* in the year 1744, concerning a dreadful persecution in *Cornwall*, where it appears he was then labouring for the good of souls. After inserting the letter, Mr. *Wesley* remarks: "I pray, for what *pay* could we procure men to do this service? To be always ready to go to prison and to death! *Henry Millard* did not long continue therein. After he had for some time fought a good fight, he took the small-pox, and in a few days joyfully resigned his spirit to God."

WILLIAM MINNETHORPE.

He laboured in the neighbourhood of *York* for some years as a local preacher, and in 1762 he began his course as an Itinerant Preacher. He was a man of great integrity, and was eminent for his simplicity, piety, and watchfulness. Being uncomfortably married, his life for many years was one continued scene of suffering; but the people among whom he laboured were very kind to him, and cheerfully bore a part of his burden. He finished his painful pilgrimage at *Dunbar*, in *Scotland*, in November, 1776. One who was present when he died, says, "He retained his senses to the last, and with eyes lifted up to heaven he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus without a struggle. His sickness and death were the most affecting, solemn, and joyous I ever saw."

THOMAS MITCHELL.

He was born in the parish of *Bingley*, Dec. 3, 1726. His parents were pious, and both died in the faith. He had the fear of God in his heart from his childhood, and laboured under strong convictions when only five years of age. But as he grew up sin hardened his heart, so that at twenty years old he enlisted for a soldier, in the time of the Rebellion. He obtained his discharge from the army in the year 1746. By attending the ministry of the Rev. Mr. *Grimshaw*, of *Haworth*, he was made sensible that salvation was obtained by faith; yea, that the worst of sinners might be saved by faith in Jesus Christ. He now began to seek the Lord with all his heart, and he was soon brought into the liberty of the Gospel, and was filled with love to God and man. The first time he preached it pleased God to awaken one soul, and this he considered as a proof of Divine approbation, and he was encouraged to go on. He now began to preach very frequently, and Satan, seeing his kingdom in danger, raged horribly. Mr. *Mitchell* was called to drink deep of the cup of persecution, for the word of God and the testimony which he held. Mr. *Grimshaw* greatly encouraged him to proceed in the Lord's work, and once said to him and *Paul Greenwood*, "If you are sent of God to preach his Gospel, all hell will be up in arms against you. Prepare for the battle, and stand

fast in the good ways of God." In the year 1751 (if not before) Mr. *Mitchell* became a regular Itinerant Preacher. In the faithful discharge of his office he suffered much in various parts of the kingdom from *wicked and unreasonable men;* especially in *Lincolnshire*, where he had nearly lost his life by a lawless mob. They stripped him of his apparel, painted him from head to foot with white paint, threw him several times into a pond of water, and at last carried him in triumph out of the parish with nothing upon him but an old coat; they set him upon a little hill, and then shouted, "God save the King, and the devil take the Preacher!" These merciless wretches then left him in this deplorable situation, *penniless* and *friendless;* for no one dared to come near him. But his mind, in the midst of all this vile treatment, was kept in *perfect peace.* He found no anger, no resentment, but could and did heartily pray for his persecutors!

He was a very plain, honest, pious man, and after spending nearly forty years in the service of his Divine Master, he finished his course with joy about the year 1786; and in great peace returned to *Abraham's* bosom.

ARCHIBALD MONTGOMERY.

He came into the vineyard as an Itinerant Preacher at the Conference in *Ireland*, 1794. He travelled a few years with profit to the people, and credit to himself; uniting a happy sweetness of disposition and address, with a good understanding and genuine piety. He devoted his life a sacrifice to his ministerial labours, and ended it in full triumphant hope of life eternal in the year 1800, and in the twenty-eighth year of his age.

RICHARD MORGAN.

He was a gentleman of respectable parentage; and was early in life entered at *Christ's Church College, Oxford.* He was one of the *original Methodists* in that University; and, according to the Rev. Mr. *Gambold's* account, was instrumental in inciting Mr. *Wesley* and his brother *Charles* to that serious-

ness and regularity of conduct which soon rendered them such conspicuous characters. His words are, "The *Wesleys* were already talked of for some religious practices which were first occasioned by Mr. *Morgan*, of *Christ Church*. He being a young man of an excellent disposition, took all opportunities to make his companions in love with a good life; to create in them a reverence for public worship; and to tell them of their faults with a sweetness and simplicity which disarmed the worst tempers. He delighted much in works of charity; he kept several children at school; and when he found beggars in the street he would bring them into his chambers and talk to them of the things of God. Many such things he did; and being acquainted with the two brothers, he invited them to join with him; and proposed that they should meet frequently together to encourage one another, and have some scheme to proceed by in their daily employments."

Mr. *Morgan* appears to have led the way to acts of mercy and benevolence to others, and to have stirred Mr. *Wesley* and the other gentlemen who had united with them to visit the sick, and those who were in prison. But it pleased God soon to take this excellent young man to bloom eternally in heaven. He left the University on June 5th, 1732, and was taken to Paradise on the 26th of August following. Mr. *Gambold* remarks, "His calm and resigned behaviour, hardly curbing in a confident joy in God, wrought very much upon *me*, though when I had an opportunity to observe him, he was labouring under a lingering distemper (I presume previously to his leaving *Oxford*). Some were displeased that he did not make some direct preparation for death; but to a man who has overcome the world, and feels God within him, death is no new thing. Every time he stretches himself forth in the divine life; every time he chastises the perverseness of his nature, the motions of his heart do only fall short of death, because they cannot have their full scope."

As Mr. *Morgan's* death happened so soon after his leaving *Oxford*, an invidious report was soon circulated through the University that the Mr. *Wesleys* had occasioned his death, by advising him to too great abstinence and fasting. As this report was highly prejudicial to their character, and might tend to hinder their usefulness, Mr. *Wesley* wrote to Mr. *Morgan's* father in *Dublin* a simple narrative of facts, and fully satisfied his mind that he and his brother were clear in that matter.

The following poetic tribute to the memory of this excellent

young man, wherein his character is well drawn up by Mr. *Samuel Wesley*, junior, will certainly need no apology for being inserted here:—

" We fools counted his life madness."

If aught beneath them happy souls attend,
Let *Morgan* hear the triumph of a friend,
And hear well-pleas'd. Let *Libertines* so gay
With careless indolence despise the lay;
Let critic wits, and fools for laughter born,
Their verdict pass with supercilious scorn;
Let jovial crowds, by wine their senses drown'd,
Stammer out censure in their frantic round:
Let yawning sluggards faint dislike display,
Who, while they trust to-morrow, lose to-day;
Let such as these the sacred strains condemn;
For 'tis true glory to be hiss'd by them.

Wise in his prime, he waited not for noon,
Convinc'd that mortal never lived too soon.
As if foreboding here his little stay,
He made his morning bear the heat of day:
Fix'd, while unfading glory he pursues,
No ill to hazard, and no good to loose.

No fair occasion glides unheeded by;
Snatching the golden moments as they fly,
He by few fleeting hours secures eternity.
Friendship's warm beams his artless breast inspire,
And tenderest rev'rence for a much-lov'd Sire.
He dar'd for heav'n this flatt'ring world forego,
Ardent to teach, as diligent to know;
Unwarp'd by sensual views or vulgar aims,
By idle Riches, or by idler Names:
Fearful of sin in every close disguise,
Unmov'd by threat'ning, or by glossing lies:
Seldom indeed the wicked came so far,
Forc'd by his piety to defensive war;
Whose zeal for other men's salvation shewn,
Beyond the reach of hell secur'd his own:
Glad'ning the poor where'er his steps he turn'd,
Where pin'd the orphan, or the widow mourn'd;
Where prisoners sigh'd beneath guilt's horrid stain,
The worst confinement, and the heaviest chain;
Where death's sad shade the uninstructed sight,
Veil'd with thick darkness in the land of light.

Our Saviour thus fulfill'd his great design,
(If human we may liken to divine)
Heal'd each disease that bodies frail endure,
And preach'd th' unhop'd-for Gospel to the poor.

To means of grace the last respect he shew'd,
Nor sought new paths, as wiser than his God:
Their sacred strength preserv'd him from extremes
Of empty outside, or enthusiast dreams.

He knew that works our faith must here employ,
And that 'tis heaven's great business to enjoy.
Fix'd on that heav'n, he death's approaches saw,
Nor vainly murmur'd at our nature's law.
Repin'd not that his youth so soon should go,
Nor griev'd for fleeting pleasures here below.
Of sharpest anguish scorning to complain,
He fills with mirth the intervals of pain;
Not only unappall'd, but joyful sees
The dark, cold passage that must lead to peace;
Strong with immortal bloom, secure to rise,
The tears for ever banish'd from his eyes.
Who now regrets his early youth would spend
The life so nobly that so soon should end?
Who blames the stripling for performing more
Than Doctors grave, and Prelates of threescore?
Who now esteems his fervour indiscreet;
His prayers too frequent, or his alms too great?
Who thinks, where blest he reigns beyond the sky,
His crown too radiant, or his throne too high?
Who but the fiend, who once his course withstood,
And whisper'd, "Stay till *fifty* to be good?"
Sure, if believ'd, t' obtain his hellish aim,
Adjourning to the time that never came.

JAMES MORGAN.

He began to seek the Lord about the fourteenth year of his age, and to sigh in secret places for that *peace which the world cannot give*. He at that time had no one to guide his feet into the path of peace; his seriousness was imputed to melancholy, and his friends seriously thought it would end in

insanity or death. He at last, however, by the good providence of God, met with some persons who understood his case, and they shewed him more clearly than ever what he wanted—viz., Conscious Redemption in the blood of Christ, the forgiveness of sins. This he sought with all his heart, and at midnight in his chamber his soul was lightened of its load, and joy, sweet, tranquil joy overflowed his whole soul. In that instant it occurred to his mind that he should speak of Jesus to others. He gives the following account of his engaging in the work of the ministry:—"About the nineteenth year of my age I was, by a series of unexpected incidents, brought to speak of Jesus in public. My soul, however, soon shrunk back from the undertaking. At the instance, and by the authority of some whom I had every possible reason to love, honour, and confide in, I resumed the work so strongly urged upon me. But again I drew back. The weight of the undertaking, the important, solemn light in which I daily viewed it; more particularly the anxiety of my mind on that head, reduced my body to a skeleton; nor shall I ever recover the constitution I then lost. I could hold out no longer. I withdrew, and resolved, at all events, never to preach more. During this retreat I spoke but little, and conversed scarcely with any one. My application to reading and meditation was greater than ever; without, however, my having any object therein, save that of *redeeming the time*, and gratifying the favourite taste of my soul. I passed one whole winter, and great part of the succeeding spring in this state of almost hermetical retirement. At length, by a mysterious Providence, and after much resistance, I was a third time taken from my beloved asylum, a private chamber, and some pleasant fields, where I had passed many a serious, sad, and happy day; and was constrained to follow what appeared to be the order of Divine Providence. I again spoke of the *Redemption that is in Jesus* in public, and continue to do so as my strength admits, to the present time."

The above was written in the year 1772, in the Preface to three excellent Discourses which he wrote and published, on "*The Crucified Jesus, to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness*," which prove him to have been a man of considerable talents. He also wrote and published the Life and Death of that holy and blessed man, Mr. *Thomas Walsh*.

Mr. *Morgan* was a very sensible man, and had greatly improved his understanding by much reading and close thinking. He had an agreeable person and pleasing address,

so that he was in most places where he preached esteemed a very popular Preacher. But being of a delicate constitution, and of a nervous habit, he thought himself inadequate to the itinerant life, and consequently settled in the city of *Dublin*. Some of his friends presumed that he gave way to too much self-indulgence; and Mr. *Wesley*, who ever kept a watchful eye over his Preachers, and faithfully and affectionately warned them of what he thought amiss, wrote him a very close letter on this and some other subjects. To which Mr. *Morgan* returned the following answer. It is dated *Bristol*, May 9, 1771:—"Rev. Sir,—I have just received your favour, and sincerely thank you. It is true! I am indeed too high, too warm, too impatient of contradiction, too unlike my Lord! But I praise Him that I have borne, and have been patient, and hitherto have not fainted, feeble as I am in *all* respects. My state of health is, and has been such, for above seven years last past, as utterly to disqualify me for acting as those in better health can. It *obliges* me to what others deem a state of indulgence and irregularity, with reference to a certain economy, which they may also account *stateliness:* and there may be something in complexion, attitude, or manner, to give countenance to the opinion: to say nothing of the reserve (partly complexional) and seeming indifferency, which constitutional languor and habitual disease almost unavoidably occasion. Yet if those persons knew my situation, in many instances, and the daily martyrdom occasioned by acute and habitual disease, they would be far from envying me, and turn their censure into Christian tenderness. God only is witness to what I have endured for years past; and of the spirit in which He has enabled me to bear it. But I dare not boast; nor do I attempt a justification. But so much I may say, I am ready to give every brother all possible satisfaction. Yet it suffices feelingly to say, *Lord, Thou knowest.* I shall have eternal reason for gratitude, for whatever means He is pleased to make use of, for the cure of my spiritual sickness. In this view nothing can appear formidable. But if I may judge of the future by the past, I have strong demonstrations that whatever cure my sickness needs, it can never be effected by any of the varying scenes of this poor world. If sickness or sorrows, if malice and envy, if slander and contempt could have done anything, you, dear Sir, would not behold me at this time a-day in the light you do: though I humbly hope I have passed through no fire without losing some dross. Thou alone, O eternal Spirit, canst make an entire conquest of a

sinful heart, and subdue a soul purchased by the blood of an incarnate God, to be wholly His! To Thee I sigh in secret places. Before Thee I often weep, ashamed and broken, while men pronounce Thy suppliant proud and haughty. But such is Thy adorable will; and by this means also, Thou teachest me to die!"

This letter certainly manifests a spirit of true humility and of genuine piety. I presume Mr. *Wesley* himself was satisfied with it, or he would not have published it to the world.

I am informed that he afterwards sunk into deep *mysticism*, and that he buried his most excellent talent in the earth. The circumstances of his death I am not in possession of, but he finished his course in the city of *Dublin*, in the year 1774.

JOHN MORGAN.

He was a plain, rough, honest, pious man. He was engaged in the work as an Itinerant Preacher for many years, and was possessed of great and singular talents. He had a large family and various trials. It pleased God to exercise him with a long and painful illness, which he bore with patience and resignation to the Divine will. And in the end, he joyfully committed his soul, his wife, and his eight little children to God, as to a faithful Creator. He died some time in the year 1782.

RICHARD MOSS.

He was born at *Hurlstone*, in *Cheshire*, in the year 1718. He lived for many years in open rebellion against God, and was addicted to most flagrant vices; but in the year 1737, being then in *London*, he was hearing Mr. *Whitfield* preach on *Kennington Common;* while he was standing, a man dropped down dead by his side. This greatly alarmed him, and he resolved to serve God. He returned into the country, and for a time was very serious; but he afterwards fell again into acquaintance with wicked men, and turned to his former abominable practices. He continued in this awful state till the spring of the year 1739, when, under a sermon from Mr.

Wesley at the *Foundery*, he felt himself strangely affected, and from that time he began in good earnest to seek the Lord. In a few months the Lord regarded his cry, and answered him to the joy of his soul. In the year 1744, he went to live with Mr. *Wesley*, at the *Foundery*, in the capacity of a servant, and in the spring of 1745, he travelled with Mr. *Wesley* to *Newcastle-upon-Tyne*. In that country he first began to exercise in public. At first he met a few people in a small house near the *Keelman's Hospital*, and after a time he went into the country and gave exhortations to the Societies. He says, "Usually before I spoke I was much bowed down, being sensible of the greatness of the work. But in speaking I always found God was with me, and His word did not return empty." His sphere of usefulness was soon enlarged, and he travelled through a considerable part of the kingdom, and endured much persecution in propagating the Gospel of the grace of God. He was afterwards ordained by the Bishop of *London*, as a Missionary for the *Island of Providence*, one of the *Bahama Islands*, where he preached the Gospel for several years, in company with Mr. *Tizzard*.

JOHN MURLIN.

He was a native of *Cornwall*, and was born in the year 1722. In February, 1749, by hearing the Gospel, he was brought under deep convictions. He used frequently to wrestle with the Lord in prayer till midnight, and sometimes was afraid to lie down in bed, for fear he should awake in hell. In the month of April he heard a sermon from Mr. *Downes*, and it pleased God to grant him deliverance from that extreme distress, which returned no more, but he had not the witness that his sins were forgiven. He enjoyed a calm serenity in his soul, but he wanted a clearer manifestation of the pardoning love of God; and this the Lord graciously gave him under the ministry of *Richard Trather*, a local preacher. He was then enabled to say, *Behold, God is* my *salvation; I will trust and not be afraid; for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; He also is become my salvation.*

A short time after this, he was made the Leader of a Class. He felt himself very unfit for this employment, but as the Preacher insisted on his engaging in it, he applied himself to

prayer and the reading of the Holy Scriptures, that he might be profitable to the souls committed to his care. How well would it be if every Class-leader in the Methodist connection would *go and do likewise!* He now met his Class constantly, and sometimes gave them an exhortation; and in a short time he was invited to other places to exhort there. His sphere of usefulness was now enlarged, and the Lord condescended to bless his labours to many souls. October 14th, 1754, he commenced an Itinerant Preacher, and laboured faithfully and successfully for a series of years in this and the neighbouring kingdom. He was for many years severely exercised with rheumatic pains, yet he continued to travel as long as he was able; and as by marriage he had obtained an independent fortune, this may be considered as an indisputable proof of his disinterested, unfeigned zeal and attachment to the best of causes.

In the year 1787, however, he was constrained to yield: he settled at *High Wycombe*, where he still exercised his talents to the utmost of his strength. In the beginning of 1799, he was suddenly seized with a paralytic stroke, which deprived him of the use of his limbs, but his reason and understanding remained with him, and he patiently waited for his solemn change.

He was a primitive Methodist, a man of great integrity, sincerity, and simplicity. He died, as he had for many years lived, happy in the enjoyment of a hope full of immortality. His remains were removed at his own request from *High Wycombe* to *London*, and deposited in Mr. *Wesley's* vault, in the *New Chapel Burying-ground, City-Road.* His executors erected a neat marble monument to his memory, in the chapel, with the following inscription:—

Sacred to the Memory
Of Mr. JOHN MURLIN, *Minister* of the GOSPEL,
Who was called by the great Shepherd
and BISHOP of *Souls*,
To labour in His Vineyard;
This he was enabled to do as an Itinerant *Preacher*,
In the most faithful, affectionate, and successful manner,
For near Fifty Years.
He was always so deeply affected with his subject
That he justly acquired the *name* of the *Weeping Prophet:*
Worn out by age, labour, and infirmities,
He died as *he* had lived,

Full of *faith* and *love*, with a pleasing prospect
of a glorious immortality.
He finished his course at HIGH-WYCOMBE,
July 7, 1799, Aged 77 Years.

As a just tribute of *love* to his character,
his *Executors* have erected this *Tablet*.

ALEXANDER M'NAB.

HE was born in the parish of *Killin*, in the shire of *Perth*, *North Britain*, in the year 1745. At the age of fourteen, having finished his education, he resolved to *see the world;* and, having an uncle who occupied a respectable station in a ship, he determined, though contrary to the advice and remonstrances of his parents, to accompany him to sea. He continued at sea between three and four years. His uncle paid great attention to his morals, and thereby he was preserved from many sins which he otherwise would have run into. Before this period he had many deep impressions of religion, and during the time he was at sea he often felt himself under the displeasure of God, and was frequently quite miserable on that account. In the year 1763 he returned to *Edinburgh*, and pursued those studies which relate to the sea, fully intending to continue in that way of life. At the same time his convictions for sin were renewed, and he began in good earnest to seek the Lord. In the month of October he first heard the Methodists. He much approved of their manner of preaching; he became a constant hearer, and finding himself much profited, he soon became a member of the Society. He now met with considerable opposition from his friends, who did all in their power to dissuade him from being *righteous over much*. But none of these things moved him, and he determined, at all events, to devote himself heartily to the service of God. It was some months before he was satisfied that he was *accepted in the beloved;* but once, when hearing Mr. *Kershaw*, a heavenly peace and sweetness rested upon his spirit; his guilty fears subsided, and he had confidence in God as *his* Father, and in Jesus as *his* Saviour.

It was not long before he was appointed a Class-leader, and the Lord rendered him serviceable to the people who met

with him. In June, 1766, he was unexpectedly called to speak in public. Though he went with fear and trembling, he found comfort and liberty, and after the service was over his soul was blest with an uncommon degree of peace and love. As soon as he had thus begun, he received frequent invitations to different places, and his labours were not in vain in the Lord. In August the Conference was held at *Leeds*, and he was there recommended and received as an itinerant preacher. His first appointment was *Newcastle-upon-Tyne*, where he laboured for two months, and then was removed into *Bedfordshire*. Here he was tempted to give up the work, but the Lord condescended to give him some visible fruit of his labours, and he was encouraged to go on. He spent three years in *Ireland*, and at the Conference in 1777 he was appointed to labour at *Edinburgh*. The Lord gave him favour in the eyes of his own countrymen, and his labours were blest to many out of the Society as well as in it. But here he was called to bear a severe trial. The chapel in *Edinburgh*, which had been built but twelve years, was found to be in a ruinous condition; and he was so circumstanced that he was obliged to become bound for the expense of the repairs, or the interest of Methodism would in that city have been ruined. He soon found himself debtor for five hundred pounds. In order to extricate himself, and to pay this sum, he was permitted to travel through all the Societies in this kingdom, to request the assistance of the brethren, by which means the debt was discharged.

Mr. *M'Nab* was possessed of considerable ministerial gifts, and as a preacher was universally esteemed and respected; he was also sensible and pious, and his labours proved a general blessing. He continued to labour faithfully in the vineyard till the year 1780, when an unhappy dispute took place between him and Mr. *Wesley*, respecting an Irish Clergyman who had left the Church, and was at that time in the circuit where Mr. *M'Nab* was labouring. Mr. *Charles Wesley* entered seriously into this business, and in the opinion of many prevailed upon Mr. *Wesley*, contrary to his judgment, to dismiss Mr. *M'Nab* from the connection. At the next Conference, through the honesty and influence of the preachers, he was restored, and travelled a few years longer; but the wound he had received not being healed, he desisted, and settled at *Sheffield*. There he resided for several years, and was the pastor of a small congregation who highly esteemed him; and there he finished his course about the year 1797.

ROBERT NAYLOR.

He was admitted on trial at the Conference in 1778, and was appointed for the *Norwich* circuit. He was a deeply pious, zealous, active, lively young man; and, as a preacher, was both acceptable and useful. He travelled but a short time, for he was caught away by a fever in the strength of his years; but it was in a good hour, for he returned to Him whom his soul loved, in the full assurance of faith, and with the pleasing prospect of a glorious immortality, in the year 1783.

JOHN NELSON.

This very extraordinary veteran in the cause of Jesus Christ was born at *Birstal*, near *Leeds*, in the year 1707. He was awfully alarmed with the thoughts of death and judgment when he was only ten years of age. The Lord continued to strive with him by His Spirit for several years. He went from Church to Church, but could find no ease: he then went to hear the Dissenters of different denominations, but to no purpose. He likewise attended the Roman Catholic chapel, but was soon surfeited with their way of worship. He then went among the Quakers, earnestly entreating God all this time that he would not suffer him to wander out of the way, but that he would join him to a people who worshipped God in spirit and in truth.

He at last heard that blessed man, the Rev. *George Whitfield*, in *Moorfields*, and he was unto him as one that played well on an instrument; yet he did not fully understand him. A short time after he heard Mr. *Wesley*, and the word was with power. He told him the secrets of his heart, and then pointed him to the *Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world*. In a few months he obtained a clear sense of his acceptance with God, and his soul was filled with peace and joy. He was now wholly delivered from that fear of man which bringeth a snare, and in the cause of truth was as bold as a lion. He was soon employed by Mr. *Wesley* as an Itinerant Preacher, and his labours were much owned of God, and proved a blessing to thousands. He was a remarkably plain, honest, pious man. He was mighty in the scriptures, and his zeal and fervour of spirit were such as rendered him

generally acceptable, and much respected. He was often called before magistrates; and suffered much in defence of the truth. The answers he returned to those who opposed him were frequently very remarkable; so that it appeared it was not he that spoke, but the Holy Spirit which was in him. He faithfully and successfully preached the Gospel in various parts of this kingdom for many years; and in July, 1774, he finished his life and labours very suddenly at *Leeds*, and was interred at *Birstal*, the place of his nativity.

The following are the particular circumstances of Mr. *Nelson's* death, transmitted to the Rev. Mr. *Wesley* at the time of his decease:—"*Leeds, July 22*, 1774. Last Monday about three o'clock, *John Nelson*, coming in from dining with Mr. *Jowat*,* went up into his room and said to *S. B.*, '*I do not know that I have been so well after dinner for a long time.*' In a little while, being seized with a violent purging and vomiting, he was helped to bed. He had not been there long before he became insensible; and died about half-past four o'clock in the afternoon. On Wednesday his remains were carried through the streets of *Leeds*, on the way to *Birstal*, attended by thousands, who were singing or weeping! It was truly a very solemn season to many, to see *him* carried to his grave who had done and suffered so much in those parts for the honour of God, and the good of men. But as he died in the Lord he now *rests from his labours, and his works do follow him.* O how ought we all to be humbled on seeing the first instruments of the great revival of religion in our day called away so fast! *Lord, in mercy to the rising generation continue, a constant succession of holy and useful men, who shall not count their lives dear unto themselves, when they may be spent for Thy dear sake.*"

This pious prayer has been answered hitherto; and, I trust, will continue to be answered to the latest period of time. *Amen.*

JOHN NORRIS.

He came into the vineyard as an Itinerant Preacher at the Conference, 1778. He was a deeply pious man; a lover and a witness of the doctrine of Christian Perfection. He loved

* Mr. *Jowat* died happy in God at a very advanced age, at *Camberwell*, in *Surrey*, in April, 1801.

God with *all* his heart, and was wholly devoted to His service. After spending about four years in calling sinners to repentance, and preaching Jesus to a lost world, he died, as he had lived, full of faith and the Holy Ghost, in the year 1782, at *Epworth*.

JAMES ODDIE.

He was brought to a saving acquaintance with Divine things when very young, and at an early period of life began to preach the everlasting Gospel. He was a remarkably sensible man, of deep piety, and of considerable talents for the work of the ministry. For many years he was a *burning and shining light*, and seemed wholly devoted to God, and the service of the sanctuary. He appeared at that time a very serious, heavenly, and spiritual man; and was eminently useful in the hand of the Lord.

The following abstract of a letter written in the year 1760 is a clear proof that an excellent spirit was then in him:—"The Lord Jesus is the desire of my heart, and the object of my affections at all times. He many times carries my spirit, all my powers, and affections up unto Himself, without any effort of my own, and fixeth them in God, their proper centre. Sometimes I find a silent stillness, the region of the soul inconceivably calm, and all attention to an *indwelling* and *inspeaking* God: then I could keep always at the feet of Christ and weep my life away. No one knows how mean and insignificant I then see myself. I call myself a thousand times foolish creature, weak and helpless worm. The mediatorial undertaking of my Lord is never so precious to me as at such seasons. Though there is not a power in my soul, nor a thought in my heart, as far as I know, which thwarts the will of God; yet I never see so clearly as then what need I have of the death of Jesus. My obedience is not, by far, as broad as the commandment; for this I need His precious blood. I feel myself as helpless as an infant of days: for this I need His power. I conceive an infinite number of snares are laid for me: for the avoiding of which I need His wisdom. I find myself a tender, weakly branch, far from maturity: for which I need the sap and nourishment of the Blessed Vine, into which I feel myself engrafted: yea, Christ is all in all to me. I only desire that I and others may

be more and more conformed unto and dependent upon Christ."

But at last, his natural disposition, which was covetousness, so far gained the ascendancy over him that he desisted from the work, and settled in trade at *Yarm*, in *Yorkshire*, where he continued for some years. He afterwards married, for his second wife, the widow of that excellent man, Mr. *Colbeck*, of *Keighley*. This union proved eventually an unhappy one, and a separation took place about the year 1785. He still however resided at *Keighley*, but after that circumstance had no farther connection with the Methodists. A little before his death he united himself to Mr. *Atlay*, at *Dewsbury*, where he preached a short time and then was taken away, I hope to the Paradise of God.

JOHN OLDHAM.

He was a native of *Manchester*, and was among the first itinerant preachers who assisted Mr. *Wesley*. He was a very lively, zealous, active, pious man. He insisted very earnestly in his preaching on a *free, full*, and *present* salvation from all sin; and on this account, from some half-hearted professors, he met with considerable opposition. He had a very infirm body, and was greatly afflicted for some years. He lived for a long time as upon the *brink of death*, and expected every moment the call of his Lord. He therefore lived in a state of habitual preparation for his solemn change, and had his loins girded and his lamp trimmed and burning. After spending several years in the work of the Ministry, he ended his course with joy, in the year 1766, and died very happy in the love of God.

His wife gives the following account of the circumstances which accompanied his removal hence:—"Every round my husband took lately, being doubtful when he took horse whether he should not drop by the way, he carried a paper in his pocket, telling who he was, and whither he was going. This day five weeks, being exceeding weak, he feared he should not be able to preach. But I said, '*My dear, go into the pulpit, and the Lord will strengthen thee.*' And after he had spoke a few words, the Lord did strengthen him; neither did he speak in vain: many were comforted, and several justified —one of these said, '*He is going soon to rest, and I shall go with him.*' Mr. *Oldham* died in full triumph the next Lord's-day, and the above person about two hours after."

THOMAS OLIVERS.

He was a native of *Wales*, and was born in *Tregonan*, in *Montgomeryshire*, in 1725. He was a remarkably wild, wanton, wicked young man, and lived for many years in a state of rebellion against God. He was so uncommonly addicted to the heinous vice of profane swearing, that he sometimes made the very wicked themselves to tremble at his oaths and blasphemies. But such was the inconceivable love of God, that his oaths were turned into prayers, and his blasphemies into praises!

"Is anything too hard for Thee,
Almighty Lord of all?"

Being in the city of *Bristol*, he saw a multitude of people, and he inquired of one of them where they had been. He was answered, "*To hear Mr. Whitfield.*" Being informed that he was to preach the next evening, he resolved to go, and that he might be in time he went near three hours before the service began. When it began he did little but look about him, till he observed the tears to trickle down the cheeks of some who stood near him; upon this he began to be more attentive.

The following is his own account of the change that, under that sermon, was wrought in his mind:—"The text was, *Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire!* When the sermon began, I was certainly a dreadful enemy to God, and to all that is good; and one of the most profligate and abandoned young men living: but by the time it was ended, I was become a *new creature:* for in the first place I was *deeply convinced* of the great goodness of God towards me all my life, particularly in that He had given His Son to die for me. I had also a far clearer view of all my sins, particularly my base ingratitude towards Him. These discoveries quite *broke my heart*, and caused showers of tears to run down my cheeks. I was likewise filled with an utter *abhorrence* of my evil ways, and was much *ashamed* that I had ever walked in them. And as my heart was thus turned *from* all evil, so it was powerfully *inclined to* all good. It is not easy to describe what strong *desires* I had for God and His service, and what *resolutions* I had to seek and serve Him in future; in consequence of which, I *broke off all* my evil practices, and *forsook* all my wicked and foolish companions, without delay, and *gave myself up to God and His service with my whole heart.* O what reason have I to say, *Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?*"

All the ordinances of God now became peculiarly delightful to his soul; but *prayer* was the element in which he lived: so earnest was he in this means of grace, that he says himself, "I was for some time almost continually upon my knees. By this means I soon grew lame on one knee, and in a short time the other failed, so that it was with difficulty I walked at all. And so earnest was I, that I used, by the hour together, to wrestle with all the might of my body and soul, till I almost expected to die on the spot. What with bitter cries (unheard by any but God and myself), together with torrents of tears, which were almost continually running down my cheeks, *my throat was often dried up*, as David says, *and my eyes literally failed while I waited for God.*"

Before his conversion he had contracted a great number of debts, and by means of a severe illness he had (the small-pox), they were greatly multiplied. He therefore set out for his own country, to receive a small fortune which for some years had lain in the hands of his uncle. As he passed through the country he preached to most of the Societies which lay in his way. As soon as he received the money, he bought a horse, and then rode far and near to pay all which he owed in that country. This made a great noise, and confirmed the people in their opinion that the change which was so obvious in him was of God.

In October, 1753, Mr. *Wesley* sent him into *Cornwall*, and from that period he gave himself wholly to the work of the Lord, and commenced an Itinerant Preacher. He was a very sensible, well-read man, and a remarkably good preacher. His natural temper was very *quick* and *warm*, and sometimes he had not the proper government of it: this occasioned him some trouble in some places where he laboured. But in general he was both acceptable and useful. He continued to travel till about the year 1775, when he was appointed the Corrector of Mr. *Wesley's* Press, which office he filled for several years. He wrote and published several small pamphlets, which show him to have been a man of considerable genius and parts. His discourse on *Heb.* ii. 3, *How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?* is justly esteemed an admirable performance, and is supposed by many to be, what he asserts in the title-page, "*A full* REFUTATION *of the doctrine of* UNCONDITIONAL *Perseverance.*" He also composed that admirable hymn, "*The God of Abraham praise,*" which proves him to have been no mean poet. He was also a considerable proficient in music.

He died rather suddenly in the month of March, 1799, and was interred in Mr. *Wesley's* vault, in the *New Chapel Burying-ground, City-Road, London.*

The character given of him by the Conference in the Annual Minutes, fully corroborates the above:—"He died advanced in years. In his younger days he was a zealous, able, and useful travelling preacher; but for a considerable part of his life he was employed by Mr. *Wesley* as the Corrector of his Press. His talents were very considerable, and his attachment to Mr. *Wesley*, and the cause of Methodism, was fully evinced by several masterly publications."

THOMAS PAYNE.

He was born at *Nailsworth*, near *Stroud*, in the year 1741. His parents were Particular Baptists, and were deeply pious. His father made a triumphant end, and on his death-bed gave his son *Thomas* his dying charge, and offered up a prayer to God for him, which was sealed in heaven, and eventually answered to the joy of his soul. Children of pious parents seldom fail.

In the year 1759, he enlisted for a soldier. He was a person of considerable talents, and therefore he was soon promoted to some posts of honour and emolument. This proved a great snare to his soul; however, he was savingly converted to God while in the army, and after various struggles, and frequent backslidings, he was at last confirmed and established in the grace of God, and soon began to hold forth the word of life to others. In a short time after this he obtained his discharge from the army, and at the Conference in 1772 was received upon trial as an itinerant preacher. He spent one year in *London*, and then was sent into *Ireland*, where his labours were owned of God, and crowned with abundant success. He continued to labour faithfully for the good of souls till the year 1783, when it pleased the Lord to take him to his great reward.

Mr. *Charles Boone* gives the following account of his last sickness, and the circumstances that attended his happy exit:—"In the beginning of his illness, he had deep impressions on his mind that this affliction would be unto death: the thought of which, he often said, was a reviving cordial to

him. As his bodily weakness increased, his desire after *full* sanctification increased also; for which his soul was deeply engaged in constant, mighty prayer. About two months before his death, the enemy was permitted to assault him many ways; but one temptation in particular was very severe for the time it lasted: which was to doubt the being of a God! But he was soon delivered from it; after which he enjoyed much communion with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ. About a fortnight before he died, he was led to such a discovery of himself as he never had before: even all the sins he had ever committed were presented to him, attended with such a deep sense of his weakness and blindness as made him exceedingly tremble. What gave him the greatest pain was, that he had done the work of the Lord in many instances, so much in his *own warm spirit*, and not in the *meekness* and *gentleness* of *Christ*. This was attended with such a view of the Majesty and Holiness of God, and the excellency of His glory, as excited a vehement cry in his heart for the coming of Jesus, to make him *fully* meet for the enjoyment of himself. Our Lord soon heard him: his faith beheld the Great Atonement, on which he received a *whole Saviour*, who applied the all-cleansing blood to his soul. He was now filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory, and experienced that complete salvation he had so long preached to others. From this time his conversation was truly in heaven: his exhortations and persuasions to all that came near him, to devote themselves entirely to God, were delivered in such a powerful manner as made deep impressions on every heart.

"The day before his death, when Mr. *Rankin* called to see him, his soul was truly comfortable, and after some conversation concerning the goodness of God to him, he said, '*You are going to preach: tell the people, tell the Societies, I die a witness of the truth I have preached to others. And I now solemnly declare, I believe the doctrine taught by the Methodists, and the discipline they enforce, is above all others the best calculated to bring sinners to God, and to keep them close to Him.*' During the night he frequently spoke of the love and power of God to his soul; waiting patiently for the coming of his Lord. About an hour before he departed, Mrs. *Payne*, seeing him in an agony, said, '*My dear, you seem as if your heart was breaking.*' He replied, '*Let it break! Let it break! But it is hard work to die!*' After this he was very calm, and appeared to possess great serenity of mind. But now the

hour of his release came; when he turned his eyes to Mrs. *Thomas*, and with a piercing, yet pleasing look, said, '*Lord, have mercy!* JESUS SAVES TO THE UTTERMOST—TO THE VERY UTTERMOST!' And soon after, while we were commending his soul to God, he fell asleep in Jesus, January 6th, 1783, in the city of *Bristol*."

He was a bold soldier for Jesus Christ. His natural temper was uncommonly vehement, but before he went hence all that vehemence was gone, and the lion was become a lamb. Such are the wonderful effects of Divine grace! He fought the good fight of faith, and has now laid hold on eternal life.

CHRISTOPHER PEACOCK.

THE place that gave birth to this excellent young man was *Swaledale*, in the *North Riding* of *Yorkshire*. He was born in the year 1753. He had serious impressions from his very childhood; though when the Methodist Preachers went first into that neighbourhood, in the year 1773, he was so deeply prejudiced against them that he would not attend upon their ministry. In the following year, however, he was prevailed upon to hear, and it pleased God to awaken him to a sense of his danger. His convictions were such that he could not rest till the Lord manifested Himself in mercy to his soul; which he did in a few weeks: and the change which had taken place was very conspicuous, both to himself and others.

A short time after, his love for souls being as a *fire in his bones*, he was constrained to speak to others, and soon commenced a preacher of the faith of Jesus Christ. At the *Leeds* Conference in 1781, he was admitted upon trial as an itinerant preacher, and his labours were crowned with considerable success in all the circuits where his lot was cast. He was greatly beloved by the people for his unaffected piety, his great love for souls, and his indefatigable labours in the ministry.

The following is the testimony of a person of considerable respectability and piety: "I can say he was a very modest, well-behaved, self-denying, pious, devoted, and laborious young man, whose heart appeared to be always in heaven. He was universally beloved by all serious people, and that most justly; for I am persuaded no flaw was found in his

character. I am the more free to say thus much of him, because he lodged at my house the whole year he was at *Yarm*."

At the Conference in 1783, he was appointed for *Cork*, in *Ireland*, where he laboured with acceptance, and to the great profit of the people. At the subsequent Conference in 1784, he was sent to the city of *Dublin*, where he closed his race, and was taken to reap the fruit of all his toil and sufferings below. He laid the foundation of that sickness which brought him to his end, by two journeys into the country in very severe weather; but his word there was made a blessing to many. The last Lord's-day he ever preached in *Dublin*, it was remarkable that he addressed the people with peculiar power and unction from those solemn words in *Ezekiel* xxxiii. 5. When seized with illness he was not afraid of death. He said, "*My soul is preserved in peace, and stayed upon God. I have no anxiety respecting life or death; no fear of any kind.*" Being asked, "Do you feel Christ precious?" He answered, "*Yes.*" "Are you as happy as when you were in health?" He replied, "*I am happier!*" "Is Christ *now* precious?" He said, "*He is very precious.*" He continued in this happy state till the Lord signed his release from earth, and received him to His eternal embraces on February 15, 1786.

"How inscrutable," says a certain great man, "are the dispensations of Providence; when men, who for disseminating the doctrines of the cross possess the first qualifications, are laid aside, or cut off in the flower of their age, while others, far below mediocrity, live till they become useless and burdensome."

BENJAMIN PEARSE.

He came out as an Itinerant Preacher at the Conference, 1784, and travelled eleven years in *England*, *Ireland*, and the *West Indies*, with an unblamable character, and considerable success. In his voyage from *Grenada* to *Barbadoes*, in the year 1735, he was seized with a putrid fever, and died on his passage. Before he expired, he called the Captain of the vessel, and said to him, "When you arrive at *Barbadoes*, tell all my friends that I DIE HAPPY IN GOD." Thus he passed from the ocean of life into the peaceful harbour of everlasting repose.

The following particulars relating to the death of Mr. *Pearse* were transmitted by Mrs. *Pearse* to the *Rev. Dr. Coke:* "In great affliction of mind I write these few lines, to acquaint you with the death of my dear husband. He left *Barbadoes* on the 9th of February (1794) for *Grenada*. He would not consent that I should go with him on account of the war, *Martinico* being taken; but wrote me word that he would come for me. Some friends from *Dominica*, being at *Barbadoes* before he left it, begged him to write to you on their behalf, showing him a list of the names of the persons who wished to serve God. Meeting with an opportunity of going from *Grenada* to that place, and from thence hither *(Barbadoes)* he embraced it, that he might see how matters stood, so as to acquaint you from his own knowledge. They touched at *Martinico*, and sailed from thence on the 26th of April. He was taken ill on Monday, the 28th, and left this world on the Thursday night following. My loss is great indeed; but I trust far greater is his gain. He has been a faithful servant of the Lord. He did not count his life dear. I believe the greatest desire of his soul was to labour in the vineyard of his Lord. However, God, who does all things well, has called him home to his great reward. Those about him say he died truly happy in the Lord, and exhorted them to prepare for their latter end, that death might find them ready, as he then was."

WILLIAM PENNINGTON.

He was born near *Knaresborough* about the year 1734. At the age of six years he had deep convictions of his sinful state, and was very frequently afraid to go to sleep, lest he should awake in endless woe! But the Lord was pleased to remove this terror, and it was succeeded by a degree of peace. His father, observing his serious concern and deportment, often said, "My *William* will become a Methodist if any of that people should come into this country." A few years after he heard a Minister preach a sermon against the Methodists, in which he pointed them out as a very dangerous people. This gave Mr. *Pennington* much pain, and produced in his mind an effect exactly contrary to that which was intended; for he concluded the people who suffered this species of persecution

were more probably in the right, than he who treated them in this unchristian-like manner; and seeing some of them in the congregation, as soon as the service was ended he instantly attached himself to them, and walked with them publicly through the street. From the age of fourteen he omitted no opportunity of receiving the Lord's Supper, and was frequently remarkably blest in that ordinance. In general his mind was very happy, though at that time he was so ignorant of the doctrine of the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins, that he looked upon the profession of it as the very height of presumption. This ignorance of so important a truth, however, was soon removed; for, being informed that a Methodist Preacher was to preach in the neighbourhood, he embraced the opportunity of hearing him, and so much was his mind enlightened, and his heart affected by that discourse, that he immediately resolved, *This people shall be my people, and their God shall be my God.*

His father endeavoured by various methods to prevent his connection with the Society; but Mr. *Pennington* asked him in a most dutiful, yet solemn manner, if *he would be accountable for his soul at the tribunal of Jesus Christ?* To which his father answering, "No," "Then," said he, "*by the grace of God I will seek and follow Divine guidance.*" His father on this said he would not restrain him, and that he might use his own liberty with regard to his future conduct. He was appointed to meet a Class, which met at some distance from his residence. His appointment, however, he regularly attended, and found his own soul much quickened and refreshed, while he was endeavouring to quicken and refresh others. Shortly after the Lord opened a way for him to exercise his ministerial abilities as an Itinerant Preacher; for he was recommended by Mr. *John Hampson* to Mr. *Wesley*, who readily accepted of him. This was about the year 1760. He manifested himself to be a young man of deep and genuine piety, a pattern of godliness and all good works. He laboured faithfully, and with considerable success, for several years, both in this kingdom and in *Ireland.*

In the month of November, 1767, he took a fever in the city of *Dublin*, and set off immediately for *Athlone*, his appointment for the ensuing year. There he languished about ten days, and on the 22nd of the same month he was taken to his great and eternal reward. Through the violence of his disorder he could not speak much during his affliction, but from what he did say, it very evidently appeared he had

very great discoveries of the Divine holiness, and strong assurances of future glory. A little before he expired, he was enabled to cast his beloved wife and his darling child upon the good providence of God. He expressed his confidence in the Lord concerning them, and repeated a variety of promises applicable to their situation, which he pleaded with great earnestness before the Lord.

His remains were deposited in the churchyard at *Athlone*, and the following scripture engraved on his tomb: "*The law of truth was in his mouth, and iniquity was not found in his lips: he walked with me in peace and equity, and did turn many away from iniquity.*" Malachi ii. 6.

VINCENT PERRONET.

THIS very venerable man was the Vicar of *Shoreham*, in *Kent*, and is certainly entitled, on various accounts, to a conspicuous place amongst the brightest ornaments of the Christian Church in the last century. For though he was possessed of talents and accomplishments which would have qualified him to have filled any station with dignity, and his connections in life were such, that he had good reason to expect considerable preferment, yet as soon as the glorious light of the Gospel visited his mind, he instantly renounced every prospect of temporal advantage, counting all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord. And from that moment he unreservedly devoted himself to the glory of his Redeemer, and the interests of the Church militant. As he was one of the most aged Ministers of Christ in this kingdom, so he was inferior to none, either in the fervour of his spirit, the simplicity of his manners, or the ancient hospitality of the Gospel. At the same time, those who were favoured with his friendship can never forget the delicacy and refinement of his sentiments, and the frankness and generosity of his temper—qualities which are not to be expected but from great and liberal minds.

Mr. *Perronet*, though not an Itinerant Preacher, was in the closest connection with the Methodists. He believed, embraced, and defended their doctrines and discipline both from the pulpit and the press; he entertained the preachers in his own house, and a room was set apart where they

expounded the Scriptures and called sinners to repentance. An indissoluble union subsisted between him and the *Wesleys*, which remained inviolate to the end of their lives.

Mr. *Perronet* was born in *London*, Dec. 11, 1693. He was remarkably studious, and very early in life desired to devote himself to God in the Ministry. Before he went to the University at *Oxford*, he spent some time at an academy in the *North of England*, in a very retired situation, that he might pursue his studies without interruption. When he was twenty-four years of age, he entered into holy orders, and was appointed to the Curacy of *Sundrich*, in the county of *Kent*, which he served about nine years. He was then presented to the Vicarage of *Shoreham*, in the same county, of which place he continued the faithful and laborious Minister upwards of fifty years.

It appears that the Spirit of God had very early visited his mind, and by powerful impressions and awful dreams had convinced him of *sin, righteousness, and of judgment.* At that time the light of the Gospel shone very dimly in this country; there were a few *secret* ones who experienced the power of religion; but, in general, these were like the gleaning grapes when the vintage is past; and it does not appear that Mr. *Perronet* was for many years in the way of those who could direct his views with respect to the great doctrines of the Gospel.

In the year 1746, he became acquainted with the people called Methodists: he had heard some of the vague reports that were busily circulated to their disadvantage, and had imbibed some degree of prejudice against them; but his prejudices were greatly removed by conversing with a Mr. *Watkins* (who was in the Methodist connection), by whom he sent a very friendly invitation to Mr. *Wesley* and his brother to visit him. It pleased God not long before this interview, in the month of May, to call Mr. *Perronet* to a very severe trial by the death of one of his sons, who died with his heart full of *prayer* and *love*, at the age of twenty-two. He was unspeakably happy, and his evidences were bright for heaven. He told his honoured and beloved father on his death-bed, "I have seen glorious things! I cannot tell you *now*, but I shall hereafter! I am afraid (said he) that I gave you uneasiness when you saw me in that agony, but I had all the powers of darkness let loose upon me, and you might fear that I did not understand what you said to me in my distress, *but I did*, and it was a great comfort to me. I have seen my brother

Daniel, and my two little sisters, and they are *high* in *glory*, and *mighty in power!* He died crying, COME, LORD JESUS, COME QUICKLY!"

From the first interview Mr. *Perronet* had with Mr. *Wesley* and his brother, all his prejudices vanished away, and he determined "*this people* shall be *my* people, and *their* God *my* God." The more Mr. *Perronet* became acquainted with Mr. *Wesley* and his proceedings, and the whole economy of the Methodists, the more his admiration was increased. The influence of those evangelical principles which he had received began soon to appear: and his concern for the salvation of his people was manifested by repeated and earnest exhortations to secure their eternal interests, which he pressed upon them with the utmost fervour and importunity. Having received the Gospel in its power and purity, he began to think it to be his duty to bear witness to the truth, and to make an open profession of it before the whole world. With this view he published some reflections on the nature of *Original Sin, Baptism, Regeneration, Repentance, the New Birth, Faith, Justification, Christian Perfection (or Universal Holiness), and the Inspiration of the Spirit.* These were inscribed to the Archbishops and Bishops of *England.*

In the year 1763, a regular Society was formed at *Shoreham* according to the Methodist plan; the Preachers from that time attended every week, and Mr. *Perronet* gladly gave them the right hand of fellowship, and afforded them every encouragement. About the year 1770, the work of God began to revive at *Shoreham*, and it continued in a prosperous state the remainder of Mr. *Perronet's* life. The Society, which consisted of sixty or seventy persons, was formed into three Classes, which all met at the same hour in Mr. *Perronet's* house. He greatly rejoiced in their prosperity, and was indeed gentle among them, as a nurse cherisheth her children, tenderly ministering to their spiritual necessities, and supplying their temporal wants to the uttermost of his power. He often said that he considered it as a singular honour conferred upon him, to be a *daily labourer in the Lord's vineyard;* referring, I presume, to his custom of explaining part of the Scriptures every morning at *five* o'clock (afterwards at *seven*) to as many as would attend: which he continued to do as long as he was able, to the great comfort of many souls. He suffered much fr[illegible]asing age and infirmities; yet he never declin[illegible] his public work till the latter end of the [illegible] that time till his death, which

was upwards of *six* years, he was never out of his house. In the last few years of his life he continued to preach a weekly lecture every Sunday evening *in his own house*, and a peculiar unction commonly attended his word at those seasons.

Mr. *Wesley* mentions the last visit he paid him in his journal for 1784:—"Thursday, Dec. 9. At *Shoreham* we found that venerable man Mr. *Perronet, ninety-one* years of age, calmly waiting for the conclusion of a good warfare. His bodily strength is gone, but his understanding is little impaired, and he appears to have more *love* than ever."

The winter of 1785 is thought by some to have been one of the severest ever known in *England*. The severity of the weather very sensibly affected Mr. *Perronet*, and he began visibly to decline.

On Saturday, May 7, 1785, he appeared remarkably cheerful. In the afternoon he desired his granddaughter to leave him alone. When she returned, she observed an inexpressible sweetness and animation in his countenance; he smiled as she entered the room, while at the same time tears of joy ran down his venerable face! He desired her to peruse the three last chapters of the Prophet *Isaiah*, which he told her he had been reading; and that he had such a glorious view from them of the great things the Lord was going to do upon the earth, as had filled him with joy and wonder. The next day was a Sabbath much to be remembered; the souls of many were particularly watered under the word and refreshed in the ordinances. Mr. *Perronet* continued in the same heavenly disposition as on the preceding day. He saw and conversed with several of the people who came to attend upon the public worship. But that evening when his granddaughter attended him as usual, and went to take leave of him for the night, after he was in bed he began to bless her in a manner that can never be forgotten, in words nearly as follow: "*The Lord bless you, my dear, and all that belong to you! Yes, He will! I know He will!*" These words he repeated *many times*, and even after she left the room she heard him continue distinctly to repeat the same words. Thus was he *parted from her* in the *act of blessing!* For the next morning, May 9th, when she entered his chamber, she found the immortal spirit was flown to the Paradise of God!

His remains were interred the Saturday following, May 14th, in the same grave with his beloved wife and daughter, by Mr. *Charles Wesley*, in the parish church of *Shoreham*. Mr. *Wesley* preached his funeral sermon the next day from *Psalm* xxxvii.

37. *Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace.*

Mr. *Perronet* (says his biographer) was of a warm and generous disposition, and possessed much cheerfulness and vivacity: after he became experimentally acquainted with the *power* of the Gospel, he devoted every talent with which he was entrusted, to the service of God, in the most unreserved manner. *Simplicity* and *godly sincerity* were the leading traits in his character. He excelled in uncommon resignation to the divine will, which appeared on the most trying occasions. Though the success he ardently wished for did not follow his *labours*, yet he continued unwearied in the *patience of hope*, and confidently believed *that the seed sown would in due season spring up;* and that the *bread cast upon the water would be found after many days.* He was a man of much prayer, and daily continued in supplications and intercessions. He made it a rule to remember great numbers before the *throne of grace*, as well as the *Church of Christ*, the *Nation*, and the *World* at large.

For the last twenty years of his life he enjoyed deep communion with God; and such a degree of fellowship with the Father and the Son as few Christians are favoured with. He lived chiefly in his study, for he loved retirement, and was given to application. His favourite study was the fulfilment of the prophecies, and the coming of Christ's kingdom upon earth. He had large and animating views of the glorious millennium; and believed that it would not be many years before the *kingdoms of this world* would indeed *become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ.* He used frequently to say to those about him, "*I shall see those great things out of Paradise; you may live to see them upon earth!*" All awful events he heard of, all fresh proofs of the power and mercy of God, he considered as *signs of the times*, as tokens that the coming of the Lord drew near.

As long as his health permitted, he watched like a faithful shepherd over his flock, warning the careless, visiting the sick, and instructing the ignorant. In the pulpit he was fervent and faithful, and always used *great plainness of speech*, for he had one end in view, *to win souls to Christ.* As he had a great command of scripture language, so it was ever the joy of his heart to be publishing the salvation of the Lord to others.

CHARLES PERRONET.

HE was the son of the Rev. *Vincent Perronet*, Vicar of *Shoreham*. His father was a most affectionate parent to all his children, but the subject of this memoir is said to have been his *favourite* son; probably because of his early piety, uncommon seriousness, and entire devotedness to God. He was distinguished for strength of understanding, feebleness of constitution, and a deep acquaintance with the mysteries pertaining to the kingdom of God. His experience in the Divine Life was of a very extraordinary kind. He drank very deeply into the spirit of holiness, and for some years enjoyed uninterrupted communion with the *Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ.* He was a *workman that needed not to be ashamed;* and was greatly owned of God in the work of the Ministry.

In the year 1770 (as has been already noticed in the life of his venerable father), there was a considerable revival of genuine religion at *Shoreham;* and Mr. *Charles Perronet* was made a particular instrument of this revival, respecting which he wrote, in a letter to the Rev. Mr. *Wesley:* "Those who know what *Shoreham* was, and that consider the nature of the account, will view it as a rich cluster of grapes from a barren wilderness, and glorify the *Power* that hath done all these things. I cannot but consider this narrative as a most remarkable display of the power of God's spirit; and what is calculated to do much good. To me it appears most eminently to show forth *his* goodness to the children of men. In particular, it tends to encourage sinners to return to God; to animate the righteous by the experience of others; to excite *labourers* to perseverance, though they see no fruit of their labours; and to explain one great cause why the word preached is often unprofitable: even the want of *affection, condescension,* and *private assiduity,* which are such indispensable requisites to be joined with public preaching. We who are by office the *chief,* are to remember we are *least* and *servants* of *all,* and to be patterns to the flock of following Jesus in all meekness and lowliness of heart. It also tends much to the raising our expectation of an outpouring of the Holy Spirit—that grace which is the *promise* of the Gospel-day, not for *one* only, *but for all* that *call upon the name of the Lord.*

"Our family settled here about five and forty years ago, and have been ever since oppressed by an unjust people. About four and thirty years we were an offence to the place,

on account of religion; and during the last twenty-six have been their derision for the sake of Methodism. For *this* we glorify God. Let them cast out our name as evil. The *wicked* can profit the righteous only by persecution! It will make our reward great—if we are faithful to the end. The plainness and simplicity of the people had been corrupted before our time, by two families that introduced dress and other luxuries. The first seventeen years of Methodist preaching here, the smallness of the congregation, and want of the life of religion, made us the derision of them that hated us. Things had long borne an unpromising appearance, and all labour seemed to be lost. *Then* the work *revived;* and still more so three years afterwards. But the chief increase has been the last three years: and *now*, every day is bringing greater things to pass. A year ago, the offence of the Gospel began to cease, and religion to be honourable. *Labour*, and *supplication*, and *sorrow, and reproach for Christ's sake*, are seed for a *Gospel harvest*, and spring up when hope fails.

"Our place contains above a hundred and fifty families; out of these about a hundred and fifty persons attend the word, including a few from other parts, and so intent are they upon hearing, that such as cannot get within, will bear the severity of all weathers without. The heads of the parish begin to come, and others that were the most inveterate; and one and all bear such plainness of speech, that gives hope of fruit in due season. Some that had sat long under the word to no profit, are awakened; backsliders return to the Society and a low degree of benevolence to the poor begins to appear. Vice hides its head with shame, and those that before made us their derision, now fly at the sight of us. *Shoreham* has long been the aversion and desire of the neighbouring parishes. Such as loved righteousness thought that to live in *Shoreham* was all that could be desired, and would take any pains to spend if but a day with us: but the haters of religion shunned it, and cried, '*You will make us mad.*' The reformation seen in some of the most notorious is talked of by many. The wicked begin to own that our design must be good, and that the place ought to profit more by the pains that is taken with it. If any seem near their end, their ungodly friends inquire if they are fit to die, and advise them to turn *Methodists*, as the best thing for dying well: and some who came into great trouble sent with tears to beg our prayers. Out of three public-houses, two receive us to pray in their families! Many young children delight in hearing the word, and being

privately instructed. The schools, one of boys, the other girls, have begun prayer, singing hymns, and religious instruction. Instead of their former rudeness to us, the children are in great awe; and those that can scarce walk delight to pay respect."

Here the letter abruptly breaks off, which was doubtless intended to have contained other interesting and important intelligence. But it contains enough to evince that there was a great work of God in *Shoreham*, and that Mr. *Charles Perronet's* heart was wholly engaged in that work; while at the same time it demonstrates his great humility, who, though he was the *principal* instrument, gives not the most distant hint of it throughout the whole narrative.

It pleased the Lord for a long time to exercise this blessed man with affliction, which rendered him incapable of public labour in the vineyard. Mr. *Wesley* remarks in his journal for 1775: "Thursday, Dec. 14, I returned to *Canterbury*, and had a long conversation with that extraordinary man, *Charles Perronet*. What a mystery of Providence! Why is such a Saint as this buried alive by continual sickness?"

He wrote a number of small pieces on religious subjects, which appeared at different times in the *Methodist Magazine*, which show him to have been a man of considerable *thinking*, *reading*, and *experience*. A letter is published in the second volume of the Methodist Magazine, page 199, "*On Communion with the Father and the Son*," in which he mentions his own extraordinary experience on that deep subject.

The following account of the death of this good man is given by Mr. *Charles Boone*. He says, "I arrived here *(Canterbury)* just time enough to attend the funeral of our dear friend, Mr. *Charles Perronet*, who died on Monday, August 12, 1776, about seven o'clock in the morning. He had been long subject to great affliction; but his affliction increased with his years. In April last God laid His hand sorely upon him, and caused him to pass through the fire of a burning fever. This left him very little use of his limbs, and in a very weak state of body. He often told me, '*This affliction is the best I ever had. God has revealed to me His power, His love, and excellence in so great a measure, that no tongue is able to express it.*' He then broke out into such glorious descriptions of the *worth*, the *merit*, the *preciousness* of CHRIST as I never heard before. He frequently repeated, '*I have uninterrupted fellowship with God; and* CHRIST IS ALL AND IN ALL TO ME.' A variety of equally strong expressions were *continually* drop-

ping from his lips. He was a *living* and *dying* witness of the blessed doctrine he always defended—I mean *Entire Sanctification*. About a week before he died he told several friends (and among the rest his brother, Mr. *Edward Perronet*) that God had given him an *entire new nature;* that he felt *nothing contrary* to the *will of God*, nothing *contrary* to *holiness*. '*God* (says he) has purged me from *all* my dross—all is done away: I AM ALL LOVE!'"

A particular friend asked him, "How was this work wrought in you?" He replied, "You know God has long been at work with me in a peculiar way; but the work I am now speaking of was wrought *in one moment*. I was pouring out my soul to God, that He would give me a *full meetness* for Himself. He answered my request, and gave what I desired." From that moment he lived, he spoke, he appeared as in eternity. And it was remarkable that though he suffered much in life, he suffered nothing in death. His last words were, "*I am dying: into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit.*"

An EPITAPH on Mr. CHARLES PERRONET.

Here lies, who late a living emblem lay,
Of human greatness, in a tent of clay,
A pilgrim, wandering through this desert wild,
Weak as a reed, and helpless as a child:
Whose strengthen'd arm, by faith untaught to yield,
Oft foil'd the tempter, and maintain'd the field.
In wars without, in warring fears within,
He conquer'd terror as he conquer'd sin;
Look'd for himself to Him whose potent breath
Can light up darkness or extinguish death—
Dart from His eye destruction on the foe,
And make hell tremble as she hears the blow.
He look'd, and found what all who look receive,
Strength to resist, and virtue to believe;
Meek to endure and suffer from his GOD
The tender chast'nings of a Father's rod,
While thus corrected, as by pain refin'd,
His spirit groan'd to leave its dross behind.
The dross is left: no more his spirit mourns,
But spreads her wings, and to her Ark returns—
Great Ark of rest, the sufferer's bright abode,
The Arms of JESUS, and the Ark of God.

EDWARD PERRONET.

He was the brother of Mr. *Charles Perronet*, and possessed equal powers with him, to which was superadded a large fund of wit; but he pursued a different path in life. Wit is a dangerous thing to those who do not live under the sacred and benevolent influences of the Spirit of God. Those who give place to its sallies must inevitably fall into freedoms and an indecorum which ill become the sacred character of the Ministers of Christ, and are ill adapted to promote the sublime ends proposed by the Gospel.

Edward survived his excellent brother many years. He resided at *Canterbury*, and there preached to a small congregation of Dissenters. He is said, though the son of a Clergyman, to have been a notorious enemy to the *Hierarchy* of the *Church of England;* and sometimes employed his pen in satirising it. He was the author of an anonymous poem called, "The Mitre;" which is generally supposed to have been one of the keenest satires on the *National Establishment* that was ever written. It was printed, but the publication of it was suppressed, it is said, by the influence and at the request of the Rev. *John Wesley.*

Mr. *Perronet* finished his course in peace at *Canterbury* about the year 1791. Both *Charles* and *Edward Perronet* were Itinerant Preachers in the Methodist connection for a short time. The former desisted for want of health, and the latter for want of more piety.

JOHN PRICKARD.

He was born in *Pembrokeshire* in the year 1744. In the year 1768 he was deeply awakened, and was enabled to forsake his sinful courses, and to turn unto the Lord with all his heart and with all his soul. He united himself to the people called Methodists, and sought the Lord in great earnestness. In a few weeks he was made a happy partaker of the *knowledge of salvation by the remission of* his *sins;* and he rejoiced abundantly in the God of his salvation. In the latter end of the following summer he was appointed a *Class-Leader.* The Society soon increased, and he was requested to take the charge of another class, and also to superintend the Prayer-meetings; in all which means he was greatly encouraged,

and his soul prospered abundantly. It was then impressed upon his mind to give an *exhortation*, which he did; and he went on his way rejoicing. In the year 1770 he was prevailed upon to begin to *preach*. He now began to be much exercised in his mind respecting his call to the work. He was afraid of *running before he was sent*, as, I believe, *all* are who are truly called of God. I have often seen Mr. *Charles Wesley's* words verified in certain characters I have met with in the course of my itinerant labours—

"How *ready* is the man to go
Whom God hath never sent;
How *tim'rous*, *diffident*, and *slow*
His *chosen* instrument!"

The latter was the case with Mr. *Prickard*, but the Lord bore testimony to his word, and offered him indubitable evidence that He had called Him to preach His Gospel; for he was rendered useful to many souls.

At the Conference of 1774, he was admitted upon trial as an itinerant preacher, and was appointed to labour in the *Glamorgan* circuit. In a letter he wrote to Mr. *Wesley* on the subject of his going to travel, he observes: "I have reconsidered the matter very seriously. And, first, I see plainly that preaching constantly in one place would not be so profitable either to the people or myself. Secondly, as my health is impaired, I believe that riding will be of service to me. Above all, I find a desire to be wholly given up to the blessed work of calling sinners to repentance; compared to which, gaining the whole world is not worthy a thought!"

Mr. *Prickard*, in his Life, published in the Methodist Magazine, vol. 11 and 12, mentions a little before this time the loss of a friend who had been to him as his own soul: Mr. *Watkins*, of *Lanusk*. "He had been," he says, "a zealous Preacher for twenty years, and had enjoyed the love of God uninterruptedly for four and twenty years. He had taken great pains with me from our first acquaintance. When I took my last farewell of him, he said, "O my dear *John* (with tears flowing from his eyes) the enemy strives to have my life; but it is hid with Christ in God!" He died soon after in the full triumph of faith.

In the year 1773, while Mr. *Prickard* was travelling in *Ireland*, he received a letter respecting a mission to *Africa*. As soon as he had read the letter, he felt a strong desire to offer himself to go upon that important work. "Yet," says

he, "my nature shuddered at the thought of leaving father and mother, brothers and sisters, friends and country; but especially my dear brethren in Christ. I also dreaded the intense heat of the sun by day, and the damps by night; which I had heard were in general fatal to an *European* constitution. In this deep distress I prayed to the Lord, that He would give me direction and strength. The next morning I went to church, when one of the Psalms for the day was the 121st; in reading it I viewed it as an answer to my prayer. But when we came to the fifth verse, *The Lord Himself is thy keeper; the Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand. So that the* sun *shall not* burn *thee by day, neither the* moon *by night, &c.*, my soul was so overwhelmed with divine love, that I could no longer doubt of the will of God concerning me." He offered himself *freely* and *fully* to go, if approved of by Mr. *Wesley* and the Conference. They, however, did not approve of the mission itself, and consequently the matter was laid aside. But Mr. *Prickard* was of the opinion that they were too cautious, and sometimes was led to think that because they would not give him up *at all hazards* to the Lord, that He therefore permitted him to be afflicted in the manner he was. For he had two violent fevers immediately after, and was rendered incapable of doing much in the vineyard for two years!

He continued to travel till the year 1781, when he was appointed for the *Lynn* circuit. At that Conference I was appointed for the *Grimsby* circuit, in *Lincolnshire*, and passing through *Lynn* on my way to my circuit, I met with Mr. *Prickard*, and was much benefited by his Christian conduct and conversation. I spent the Lord's-day there, principally with him, and at two o'clock in the afternoon I went with him into the Market-place, where he attempted to preach to a huge multitude of souls, who were as *wild as the untaught Indian's brood*. They procured a large quantity of eggs, which they bestowed plentifully upon us. Mr. *Prickard* bore all their insults with the meekness of a lamb, and continued his discourse till his voice could be heard no longer: he then gave over, and we walked through the midst of the mob to Brother *Keed's*. They followed us all the way, shouting like infernal spirits, and after we were in they beset the house. But *He* who *stayeth the raging of the sea, stilled the madness of the people*, and they were permitted to proceed no further. As I was just setting out to travel, my observing the spirit of Mr. *Prickard* in the midst of all this reproach and persecution

had a good effect upon my mind, and tended to inspire me with a degree of courage which I did not possess before.

In the course of the year, being no longer able to travel, he removed to *London*, and was kindly received by Mr. *Wesley*, where likewise all possible means were used for his recovery. He took a voyage to *Ireland*, but all was in vain. A little before his death, he wrote as follows: "I often thought with great comfort on Mr. *Charles Wesley's* words: *Young and healthy Christians are generally called to glorify God by being* active *in* doing *his will; but old and infirm Christians in* suffering *it.*" Lord, let me but glorify Thee, and choose Thou the *manner!* Only give me strength, and I will bless Thy name. I bless my kind Redeemer, that He has given me full confidence that He will not remove me hence till I am made ready. And I am fully persuaded that it is the privilege of *all* that are born of God, to be saved from *all* sin, and to live in the full enjoyment of the love of God; and that this salvation is necessary in order to our entering into the kingdom of heaven. I hope He will soon accomplish this great work in *me*, and that I may be *wholly* His, in heart and in life, in time, and to all eternity."

It was not long before he was made partaker of this hope in the completest sense; he soon finished his course with inexpressible joy, and is now reaping the reward of his sufferings and toil, in the kingdom of his Father.

HUGH PUGH.

He had from his infancy a sweetness of disposition which greatly recommended him; so that he was beloved both by saints and sinners. He was affectionate and free in his behaviour, and from his childhood was remarkably free from outward vice. He spent mostly every Sabbath in retirement, reading, and meditation; and in these he experienced a sweetness which a *stranger intermeddleth not with*. Before he heard the Gospel as preached by the Methodists, he thought very few in so safe a state as himself, but he no sooner heard the *truth as it is in Jesus*, than he received it in the love thereof, and cast his self-righteousness away. When he joined the Society, conviction sunk deeper and deeper in his heart, and the Lord shortly after spoke peace to his soul. He now rejoiced abundantly in the God of his salvation, and

never lost his *first love*. He soon began to pity and pray for his fellow-sinners: and being encouraged, both by God and man, he, notwithstanding his natural timidity, began to exhort his neighbours to *flee from the wrath to come*. In almost every place where he proclaimed the love of Jesus, the Lord graciously gave him seals to his ministry. He laid his honour at the Saviour's feet, and his zeal and courage were abundantly increased. In preaching, he often forgot himself, and exhausted all his strength in speaking for God. Having a strong, healthy, vigorous constitution, he continued labouring, insensible of the danger into which he was running by his loud and long preaching; and all cautions respecting this seemed in vain.

At the Conference in 1787, he was taken upon trial as a travelling preacher, and appointed for the *Clones* circuit. Here his labours were still more abundantly blessed, especially to the simple-hearted, and the Lord gave him many seals to his ministry, but soon

"The full-blown rose began to fade."

During the time of his sickness, he never showed the least sign of murmuring or discontent; but a calm patience and sweet resignation to the will of God was constantly expressed in all his words and actions. A few days before he died, the person who gives this account (Mr. *John Gillis*) called to see him, when Mr. *Pugh* told him he felt no desire to be anything, or in any condition, but just as his loving God pleased; and added, "*I am distressed, because I feel so little love; and am often ready to call in question my past experience.*" At another time, when Mr. *Gillis* was with him, he entered into a wrestling agony in prayer to God, and the Lord regarded his cry, and enabled him to believe unto *full salvation*. All who were present in the room felt the *overwhelming power of saving grace*, and it was indeed a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. When they rose from their knees, Mr. *Pugh* said, "*Glory be to God, I now feel that He is all love; all my complainings are now removed: praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me praise His holy name!*" A little before he expired, his mother asked him if he *now* experienced the salvation which he had preached to others? He answered, "*Glory be to God, I do! Jesus is all, and in all!*"

He continued in this happy frame of mind till Saturday,

September 7th, 1788, when his happy spirit entered into the joy of his Lord.

"Away from a world of distress!
Away to the mansions above!
The heaven of *seeing* His face!
The heaven of *feeling* His love!"

JONATHAN REEVES.

He was among the first lay-preachers who assisted Mr. *Wesley*, and was for some years a very acceptable and useful preacher. The Lord put great honour upon him, and he was instrumental in bringing many souls to the saving knowledge of the truth, many of whom continued faithful unto death. He procured Episcopal ordination, and was for some years Minister of the *Magdalen Hospital*, where, as I am informed, he was not permitted to preach as he had been accustomed to do; but was constrained by the Governors to read *Archbishop Tillotson's Sermons*. Whatever excellencies the sermons of that great man may possess, this method was not much calculated to increase Mr. *Reeves's* popularity, or to profit the souls committed to his care. He afterwards became Curate of *Whitechapel Church*, where he continued for some years, and there he ended his life and his labours. In the judgment of some of his best friends, he *wandered out of the way* in leaving his particular calling. His sphere of usefulness, to say the least, was considerably contracted, and, in a sense, he buried his most excellent talent. How necessary both for Ministers and people to attend to the advice of the Apostle, *Be ye stedfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.*

WILLIAM ROBERTS.

This very eminent man descended from reputable parents in the parish of *Elogan*, in *Cornwall*, and was born in January, 1728. Very early in life he discovered a genius and taste for learning above the common rank of youth; and at the age of fourteen had made considerable proficiency in

geometry and the mathematics. He afterwards applied himself to music, in which he also excelled. When he was only sixteen years of age, in the year 1744, as he was engaged in Divine worship in the parish church, his mind was unusually affected with everlasting things: he began to reflect upon the design of God in sending him into the world, and found that it was not, as too many suppose, to follow vanity, but to glorify God, and to secure a blessed immortality. He immediately resolved this should be his future aim and end: he therefore immediately gave up music, forsook his companions in folly, and from that time entirely devoted himself to God, and determined to serve Him with all his ransomed powers. He also took every opportunity of speaking to his young friends of the necessity and importance of a religious life; and earnestly entreated them to determine, as he had done, that they also would serve the Lord.

His conversion was sudden, but it was nevertheless genuine: he soon after became acquainted with the people called *Methodists* and united himself to their Society. In a short time after he was induced to give a word of exhortation; and the people, perceiving that his talents at that time were great, gave him no rest till he gave himself up to the work of the ministry. He continued to improve his time and his talents in *Cornwall* till he was about twenty-two years of age, at which time he went to reside at *Tiverton*, in *Devonshire*. His deep piety and shining talents soon engaged him a numerous and respectable acquaintance in that neighbourhood. They received him as a messenger sent from heaven to *show unto them the way of salvation;* and Mr. *Roberts* well deserved their attention and esteem, for in the subsequent scenes of persecution that the Methodists were called to endure at *Tiverton* he was their only pilot (under God) who conducted through the storm, and guided them safely into the peaceful harbour.

From *Tiverton* (about the year 1750) he was sent for by Mr. *Wesley* to *London;* andwas appointed as an Itinerant Preacher to a circuit in the *North of England*. On his journey thither Mr. *Roberts* preached wherever he could procure a congregation; but when he reached the city of *Durham*, the power of God so manifestly attended his ministry that he was induced to stop short of the place of his destination. Multitudes of souls attended upon his preaching, and many experienced it to be *the power of God unto salvation;* insomuch that he formed a small circuit in the neighbourhood; and in the course of

one month the people at *Durham* provided him with a commodious room to preach in. As such an effectual door was opened for him in that city, he wrote Mr. *Wesley* an account of his success, and requested that he might be permitted to continue there a little longer to water the seed which he had sown. To this Mr. *Wesley* consented, and gave him leave to employ himself where he judged he might be most useful. After raising a society at *Durham*, and some others in the neighbourhood, he proceeded farther *North*, and spent some time in *Newcastle-upon-Tyne* and that vicinity, where he continued till the next Conference, and was again appointed for the same circuit.

About this time, in the year 1751, a most violent and brutal persecution against the Methodists broke out at *Tiverton*. They were treated with scurrility and abusive language in the streets by idle and disorderly persons *of the baser sort*, who were instigated and encouraged by the ignorant and bigoted of higher rank. Public preaching and class-meetings were interrupted; and in this *day of trouble and rebuke* the Methodists unanimously entreated that Mr. *Roberts* might return to them, and assist them to bear the shock. He accordingly hastened to their help, and soon found that he had work sufficient to do. One *Ward*, a clergyman, who had disgraced his office, and had no more place in the Church, was procured to go to *Tiverton*, and preach in the street against the Methodists; but his preaching, his intemperance, his profane conversation and companions soon rendered him a reproach to every person who had given him any countenance, and tended rather to promote than lessen the interest of Methodism. Nevertheless the same personal insults continued; and falsehoods of every kind that rage and malice could invent were industriously propagated to render Mr. *Roberts* and his hearers the contempt of mankind. One of the clergymen publicly repelled him from the Lord's Table; and when this did not answer their purpose in driving him out of the town, they attempted to make the law an engine of oppression, and to ruin both him and the people by expenses. At one sessions in the Mayor's court there were *upwards of thirty indictments found for Conventicles, unlawful Assemblies, &c.* But by the assistance of an able counsel, and the wisdom and moderation of the Recorder, those indictments were found illegal; and *Ward* himself but just escaped being committed to prison! From this time the Methodists enjoyed peace at *Tiverton*,

after their grievous sufferings, which had continued, without intermission, for the space of one year and three months.

The poor, unhappy Clergyman *(Ward)*, being defeated in his designs at *Tiverton*—being still full of rage, and *breathing forth threatenings* against the Methodists, he pursued them into several country villages; till he was arrested in his career, and was suddenly called to answer for his conduct before the tribunal of God! He was crossing the forest of *Ex-moor*, in order to attack the Methodists at *North Moulton*, and, awful to relate, he got into a bog. A fall of snow happening in the night, he was not discovered for several days; when his body was found dead, standing erect, nearly up to his waist, in the mire.

Soon after this Mr. *Roberts* was disposed to give up the itinerant life; and he married and settled at *Tiverton*. For some years he carried on an extensive business; but, though he was thus diligently employed in the affairs of the world, his mind and affections were in heaven, ever studying to *know* and *do* his Master's will. He also devoted much of his time to the work of the ministry, preaching often in the country villages, and generally three or four times a week in *Tiverton* for about *thirty years*. Like a true disciple of Jesus Christ, having been *reviled, he reviled not again;* being *cursed*, he *blessed:* and he *counted it all joy to suffer persecution for righteousness' sake:* and in the very height of the persecution he had endured he prayed for his persecutors, that God would forgive them, and turn their hearts to righteousness. In short, his conduct was such, that with *well-doing he put to silence the ignorance of foolish men;* and in process of time his greatest persecutors desired forgiveness at his hands, and requested to be at peace with him; and he was so *ready to forgive*, that he was never known from that time so much as to mention their former treatment of him: and some of them, being reduced to a state of poverty and great affliction, he cheerfully relieved their wants, as he was able, to the last period of his life, thus showing himself to be a genuine child of his heavenly Father, *who maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good; and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.*

In the month of July, 1786, Mrs. *Roberts* died, after a lingering illness of many years. Her death greatly affected him and soon after, having discovered that his temporal affairs were not so prosperous as he expected, he was very desirous of declining trade, which he did for a short time;

and also of leaving *Tiverton*. Many of his old friends were greatly alarmed at this; and, in order that he might not leave them, they assisted him, and he again engaged in business, and was more successful than before. In the year 1791, however, he finally relinquished business, and devoted the residue of his days to the work of the ministry. He was now entirely free from all care, having a small income procured for him adequate to his wants: and he had also many other friends out of the Methodist connection who, had he needed it, were ready to come forward, and would have accounted themselves honoured in contributing to his comfortable support. For the last five years of his life he boarded at a farm-house about two miles from *Tiverton*.

About three years before his death, a country gentleman, in the vicinity of *Tiverton*, who had been much blest under Mr. *Roberts's* ministry, and who was then in a poor state of health, being about to make his will, and having no very near relations, proposed to Mr. *Roberts* to leave him the bulk of his fortune, which was not less than ten thousand pounds. After repeated solicitations, Mr. *Roberts* positively refused to accept his kind and generous offer; observing that his time of life was too far advanced to make any good use of it; and it would only be an encumbrance to him: he also, at the same time, remarked, that if he accepted it, the world would say that he had sought his friendship and acquaintance for the sake of his money, rather than the salvation of his soul.

After Mr. *Roberts* had relinquished the world, he devoted all his leisure hours to the study of the Holy Scriptures in different languages, and to private devotion. He seldom spent less than ten hours a day in his study; and was seldom seen with any other book than the Bible in his hand. He was so conscious of his approaching dissolution, that he actually preached his own funeral sermon at *Cullumpton*, not quite three weeks before his death. After preaching with his usual affection and ease, he observed, at the conclusion of his sermon, *He had been preaching the Gospel for near* fifty years; *but from the decays of nature he then felt, he expected to meet the congregation no more in this world.* In his last illness he was fully resigned to the will of his heavenly Father, whether for life or death; as his principal complaint was in his lungs, he spoke but little: yet what he did say was heavenly and divine. *He was strong in faith and gave glory to God.* His spirit seemed all devotion, and his time occupied in meditating on the glory that would shortly be revealed,

and that he should soon partake of. On Friday, December 8, 1797, as one in a sweet sleep, without the least emotion, he yielded up his spirit to Him who had redeemed him to Himself with His own blood; and with whom he now lives, and will live a *king and a priest unto God and his Father for ever and ever.*

As to the general disposition of his mind; he was cheerful, pleasant, and obliging; ever manifesting thankfulness, both to God and man, for the smallest favour and blessing. Humility and meekness were prominent features in his character. *He had learned in whatever state he was therewith to be content. In patience he possessed his soul;* and in *meekness* and *quietness* he found constant rest. He was truly of a forgiving spirit, and at all times was inclined to put the most favourable construction upon the conduct of both friends and enemies: hating from his heart everything malevolent, unchristian, or unholy. His faith being peculiarly strong, and his love to God fervent, he was but little exercised with those inward temptations from the devil which most Christians complain of. He was in general *filled with all joy and peace in believing; and was enabled to abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost.*

The following concise character of Mr. *Roberts* was presented to the public, through the medium of the newspapers in the neighbourhood of *Tiverton,* at the time of his death; being drawn up by a person who was well acquainted with him. "On Friday, the 8th instant (December, 1797), died at Tiverton, much lamented by his friends and numerous acquaintance, after an illness of about three weeks, which he bore with Christian fortitude and perfect patience, Mr. WILLIAM ROBERTS, age 69 years; an eminent preacher in the Methodist connection for near *fifty years.* His natural genius for study and learning was such that in his youth, with little or no assistance from teachers, he acquired an extensive knowledge of the Mathematics, and the most refined parts of Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, and Geography; and by his own study he was well versed in the *Latin, Greek,* and *Hebrew* Tongues. But while I speak of the powers of his mind, let me not forget the excellence of his heart: His warm attachment to the Established Church, the King, and Constitution of his Country, was such, that he religiously made it a point to defend the same, both in public and private, against every opposer. As a public speaker, he was easy, affectionate, and pointed; his language strong and mas-

terly; and the boundless love of God, manifested in Christ Jesus to a lost world, for general redemption, was his favourite theme. In his private character he was generally resorted to as a peacemaker; and as an entertaining and profitable companion, *bringing out of his treasury things new and old.* Alas! he has left very few his equals, and, I think, none his superiors."

JOHN RICHARDSON.

He was born in the parish of *Kirk Leatham*, in *Yorkshire*, in the year 1734; and enjoyed the advantages of a religious and liberal education. He had frequent visitations from the Spirit of God in early life; and his pious mother frequently brought him when a child, to Clergymen, desiring them to lay their hands upon his head: which he said made considerable impressions upon his mind. When he had finished his studies at the University, he was ordained and appointed to the Curacy of *Leek*, in *Staffordshire.* In that place he fell into some levities inconsistent with his profession; which he afterwards lamented with much sorrow. From thence he removed into *Sussex*, and was appointed Curate to the *Dean of Battle Abbey.* There he was more serious in his deportment, and discharged the duties of his calling with integrity and conscientiousness; and though he had not then evangelical views of religion, yet his sermons were so serious, and delivered with so much earnestness, that he attracted the notice of the *Dean*, and was surrounded with opposition and discouragement.

Being obliged to apply to the College for a removal, he was sent to *Ewhurst*, near *Rye*, in the same county. There he continued to preach in the same manner; but this removal was soon accompanied with important consequences. A Methodist Society had been established in that place, and he was earnestly cautioned to be upon his guard against them; and especially against one of their members, a Mr. *Holman.* But he was not long at *Ewhurst* before that gentleman, encouraged by his seriousness and candour, invited him to hear for himself. He consented, and went at the time appointed. His prejudices immediately vanished, his heart was opened like *Lydia's*, and he found *that God was with that people of a truth.* The work of grace increased in his soul, and he

frequently conversed with the people, and constantly attended the preaching. In the month of March, 1762, he was made a happy witness of the power of divine truth, and believed in Jesus to the salvation of his soul. It was under a discourse of Mr. *Rankin's*, from *Jer.* viii. 22, that the Lord manifested Himself in mercy to his soul. The substance of that impressive sermon he delivered a short time after in his own church. The word was blest, and some of his flock expressed an earnest desire to hear more of these important truths. He replied, with that amiable simplicity which marked his character, "*I received them from the Methodist Preachers: go and hear for yourself.*"

He now became a member of the Methodist Society, and embraced every opportunity of meeting with the people whom he now esteemed as the *excellent ones of the earth.* His church was crowded with attentive hearers, and the work of God flourished all around. As he grew more bold in his Master's cause, and seals were added to his ministry, some of the parishioners were greatly offended, and complained to the rector; and in the month of October following he was removed from his curacy. As his views enlarged, he saw the privileges of genuine Christianity, and desired a more intimate union with the people of God: and in the month of November he united himself to Mr. *Wesley*, to serve him as a son in the Gospel.

The first time he made his appearance in the *Spitalfields Chapel*, after speaking for seven or eight minutes, he cried out, "*You know all this better than I can tell you*," and burst into a flood of tears. The whole congregation was so overpowered, that not a dry eye was to be seen in the chapel; and the interval in which the people were engaged in weeping made a more solemn and awful impression than could perhaps have been effected by the most elegant and evangelical discourse that could have been delivered. His gifts for the Ministry were not so much calculated to alarm sinners as to comfort the people of God. He was a son of consolation, and for this part of the work he was eminently qualified. The uniformity of his life, the Christian simplicity of his manners, the meekness of his spirit, his love of peace, the instructive and profitable tendency of his conversation, and the unction which attended his public ministrations for thirty years, are well known. During this period he was a man of sorrows, exercised and afflicted incessantly from various quarters; but the spirit in which he suffered endeared

him to them who knew him, while his preaching became more experimental and profitable to his hearers. Of his family afflictions he sometimes said, "*They are the rod of God, and are sent in mercy to purify us, and make us meet for Himself.*" Nothing could alienate his love from the people to whom God had united him: and he rejected several advantageous offers which were made him, being determined to live and die with them.

His death was occasioned by a cold he caught on the first of January, 1792, in returning from the *New Chapel*, after the renewing of the Covenant. It was followed by an inflammation of the throat, and an abscess formed in the neck, by which he was carried off.

During his last illness he was much engaged in silent meditation, singing, prayer. Throughout the whole his faith and resignation were conspicuous. To a friend he said, "Many speak of *assurance*, and here is an instance of it; I am *all faith*, without *one doubt!*" Once being asked what he had been singing with so much earnestness, he answered, "*That song which none but the redeemed* can *sing.*"

Two persons who loved him much, visiting him one morning, said, "Your friends, dear Sir, are affectionately concerned for you; they *hope* God will restore you to them." He intimated there was *danger*. It was replied that their hope was in God. Pausing a moment, he answered with a heavenly smile, "*I thank them, but I have no prayer given me for life or death; and I have no desire one way or other.*" At another time he said, "*This is no time for* talking—*we ought rather to go into an upper chamber and pour out our souls to God.*" To another friend he said, "*I have no fear, no doubt; I have no unbelief; death is nothing to me. Death appeared as near to me when I was walking in the street, as it does* now; *and let it come when it will, it is welcome.*" The night before his death he was heard to sing,

"Ah, lovely appearance of Death," &c.

On Friday, February 11, 1792, a little before seven o'clock in the morning, he was seized with convulsions, and instantly attempted to rise in his bed, but finding himself dying, with perfect recollection, and great tenderness, he made a sign with his hand for his daughter to leave the room, saying, "GOD IS ALWAYS WITH ME." He then drew the curtain with his own hand, and stretched himself out, and in a few minutes his triumphant spirit took its flight to the regions of eternal day, in the fifty-eighth year of his age. Thus died

the excellent and admirable Mr. *Richardson*, in all that peace and holy joy which are in *general* the privilege of *adult* believers.

The following character of this good man is given in a funeral sermon that was preached for him a short time after his death: "What formed the basis of his character, and cast his virtues in a peculiar line of excellence, was affliction. In this school his virtues were formed, refined, and strengthened. Without affliction he might have been pious and amiable; but brokenness of heart, invincible patience, a heavenly mind, profound humility, a pacific spirit, admirable prudence, a soul of sympathy, and the ability of comforting the tempted and afflicted, would never have been his characteristic graces. To pass by other afflictions, for twenty years he was dying daily, as by inches. A painful asthma made him count the night-watches in his chair, gasping for breath, and often in danger of suffocation. Thus he learned to die—to die to the world and self, and to look forward to the dissolution of the mortal fabric as a consummation devoutly to be wished. He was also honoured with his Master's cup of sore temptation. It was not without many conflicts he learned meekness and lowliness, and was broken to the yoke of Christ. His prayer and preaching were accompanied by floods of tears, and an unction felt by every pious mind. He spoke of himself as dust and ashes, and confessed his failings with much shame and godly sorrow. He was more than patient. He was habitually cheerful in his conversation. Austerity and levity were equally remote from him. His cheerfulness, which sometimes rose to mild ironical pleasantry, indicated a mind pure and equitable, and was always under the command of ministerial gravity. Often would he speak of heavenly rest, smile through tears, and encourage his friends and himself to be of good comfort and hope to the end. He was a man of peace. He knew it to be the genuine spirit of his religion, and understood its value to his own soul, to the Church, and to the world. He therefore hated strife and contention, and would never take part in the quarrels of individuals, or of the Christians with whom he was immediately connected. As a peacemaker, the God of peace blessed his labours; and he was often happy in clearing up misunderstandings, settling differences, and reconciling enemies. He knew men and things, considered times and seasons, regarded whatever was decent and becoming, understood when to speak and when to be silent, and governed his tongue alike from the intemper-

ance of anger and excess of confidence. Severely afflicted himself, but wonderfully sustained and comforted, Mr. *Richardson's* soul melted over the children of sorrow, and he knew well to touch with holy art every topic which could revive the fainting spirit. When his weakness made him less frequent in the labours of the pulpit, he spent much time in visiting the sick and afflicted, exhorting, comforting, and encouraging the flock. In the pulpit he was always respectable, edifying, and consolatory. He explained the scriptures with clearness and sobriety, gave doctrines a due turn to practice, and was more earnest in enforcing common truths than in communicating his particular views—to form Christians than to make sectaries. His style of preaching was instructive, mild, and persuasive; his language, like his manners, chaste and simple. His spirit was too much broken into tenderness to permit him to hurl the thunderbolts of sacred elocution, or to kindle upon his audience like a conflagration. His doctrine distilled as the dew. He shone as the sun through the summer's rain. *He was anointed to preach the Gospel, to heal the broken-hearted, to proclaim deliverance to the captives, and set at liberty them that were bruised, and to preach the acceptable year of the Lord.* If any man ever possessed the spirit and talents of *Barnabas*, Mr. *Richardson* was he. The heedless youth, the unprotected widow, the child of penury, the woe-worn wretch, the broken-hearted parent, the strolling prodigal, the tempted believer, the backslider pierced with anguish—these, O man of God, shall bless thy gentle wisdom and healing hand!

"His faults were never heard of but from his own lips; and (says his biographer) I should never have credited, but from his own confession, that his natural disposition was the very reverse of the meek and lowly one he received from above. SUCH IS THE POWER OF GOD—SUCH THE TROPHIES OF DIVINE GRACE!"

JAMES RICHARDSON.

HE was a pious young man, whose whole heart was engaged in promoting the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom; for that purpose he went over at the Conference, 1798, to labour in the *West Indies*. He landed on Good-Friday on the island of *Jamaica*, where it pleased God, in a very short time, to

take him away. He only preached *four* times, and met a class *once*, and in seventeen days finished his course with joy. During his illness, which continued only seven days, he expressed great confidence in God; and he left the world with a blooming prospect of a blessed immortality.

JOHN ROBERTS.

He was for many years clearly convinced that God had called him to preach His Gospel, and that he ought to leave all and follow Him in this high and holy calling; but he delayed from time to time, till at length conscience prevailed over every other consideration. At the Conference in 1787, he gave himself up to the work of the Ministry, and was appointed for the *Norwich* circuit. It was almost too late; for, after labouring a few months, he fell into a lingering illness, which soon put a period to his usefulness among men, and put him into the possession of his everlasting inheritance. For some weeks, in his illness, he was sorely buffetted by the enemy of his soul, and was at times in a state of extreme darkness, so that he bordered on despair; but before he went hence the Lord scattered the clouds, and showed him His great salvation, so that his latter end was peace. He was a man of sound sense and deep piety.

ROBERT ROBERTS.

He was born at *Upton*, near *Chester*, in the year 1731. His parents were respectable farmers, and brought up their children in the fear of God, according to the light they had. Mr. *Roberts* from his childhood was in bondage to the fear of death, but had no one to guide his feet into the way of peace. He never heard *one* Gospel sermon till he was above twenty years of age; yet he was mercifully preserved from scandalous vices, and, being diligent in attending the service of the Church, he looked upon himself, and was esteemed by others, as a very good Christian.

The first saving impression he received was by means of a few words dropped in conversation by Mr. *Thomas Briscoe;*

so true is that observation of the wise man, "*A word spoken in season, how good is it!*" He soon entertained a good opinion of the Methodists, and believed them to be the servants of the living God. He likewise began to pray, and to strive against sin. He formed a resolution to join the Society, but was afraid of persecution. At that time the Methodists were considered as the very *filth and offscouring of all things;* and the most horrible things were then laid to their charge, that the devil and his emissaries could invent. They were represented as hypocrites, blasphemers, disturbers of the peace of families, and of the nation; and to associate with them was said to be the way to destroy body, soul, and substance. Others might curse and swear, get drunk, and profane the Sabbath—yea, starve their families—and be deemed innocent creatures in comparison of the Methodists!

Mr. *Roberts*, however, a short time after, broke through, and united himself to this despised and persecuted people. He now met with what indeed he expected—persecution for righteousness' sake from relations, friends, and neighbours: some railed, and others cursed him, and said, *It would be no more sin to kill him than a mad dog!* Others pitied him, and cursed the *false prophets*, as they termed the preachers, who had thus deceived him, and driven him, as they thought, out of his senses. He had not been long a member of the Society before he was made sensible of his guilty state before God, and the misery and danger to which sin had exposed him. He sought the Lord with all his heart day and night; and even wished that sleep might depart from him, that there might be no interruption to this Divine exercise. The Lord never said to any, *Seek ye Me*, in vain; and therefore, in about six weeks after his joining the Society, *the Lord gave him the peace which passeth all understanding; the love of God was shed abroad in his heart, and the Spirit bore testimony with his spirit that he was born of God.* He now praised the Lord that ever he was born, and with joy declared His goodness to the children of men.

He afterwards, from the view which he had of the corruptions of his nature, fell into great heaviness; which, by his giving way to the sin of unbelief, was succeeded by a darkness that was severely felt. At last he gave up all hope, and sunk into utter despair. He concluded that he had been guilty of the blasphemy against the Holy Spirit, which threw him into such inexpressible misery that he had no rest day or night. He, nevertheless, fasted and prayed, and used every

means of grace constantly; yea, he resolved to serve God as long as he lived, if he were sent to hell when he died. His distress continued for nine months, and then the Lord revealed Himself again to his soul. He says: "I was stripped from all self-righteousness, and every other dependence, but a crucified Saviour; and was made willing to be saved in God's way, as a sinner—yea, as the most unworthy of all creatures. I thought I was willing to wait till my last breath, if I were but sure the Lord would then smile upon me, and show me His salvation." Being in this humble, waiting state of mind, the Lord then graciously manifested Himself unto him; and he could no more doubt of the favour of God than of his own existence.

He was soon after appointed to meet a Class, and in a few months he began to *warn the wicked of his way, to turn from it.* It was then strongly impressed upon his mind that he was called to preach the Gospel; and therefore, though he had considerable worldly prospects before him, these to him were of little account. He laboured, however, with great faithfulness and diligence, as a local-preacher, for two years after this. He sometimes took long journeys on foot, and bore his expenses with pleasure, thus carrying the Gospel of the grace of God to places where the people were perishing for lack of knowledge.

At the *London* Conference in 1759, he came out as an itinerant preacher, and continued a faithful, zealous, and laborious minister in the vineyard for more than *forty years.* He was a man of great integrity and respectability. He was generally considered as a man of sound judgment, and of an unblameable conversation. The complaint of which he died was a paralytic stroke. He had been attacked with that affliction about twenty-three years before, which for a time had affected his speech very much. He had a second stroke about a year before his death. On the 16th of December, 1799, he was paying a friendly visit to one of his brethren (Mr. *Jeremiah Brettell*), at *Macclesfield*, in *Cheshire*, where he had resided for a few months; immediately after sitting down in the house, he began to be affected, and could not articulate his words. The nature of his disorder being perceived, his son (an *apothecary* in *Macclesfield*) was immediately sent for; to whose house he was conveyed, where he had every attention that the skill and affection of his son could provide for him. He continued in this afflicted state about six days, and the Christian and affectionate parent was attended by

seven of his children in the last hours of his life! He seemed to lie passive in the hand of God, till Sunday, December 22, when the Lord took him to the everlasting enjoyment of Himself.

His friends greatly lamented the nature of his disorder, chiefly because it deprived him of the opportunity of testifying the goodness of God in his last moments; but he had testified it by a long and laborious service in His vineyard, and therefore, though he could then *say* nothing, it was evident he *felt* much, and his end was *peace, quietness, and assurance for ever.* Death, with all the circumstances thereof, are in the hands of God (and even *Death* is the believer's), therefore He has an undoubted right to choose both the *time*, the *manner*, and the *place.* It is said of that eminent servant of God, Mr. *Richard Baxter*, that he left all the circumstances of his death in the hands of God; and used frequently to say, "Lord, *where* Thou wilt, *when* Thou wilt, and *as* Thou wilt." Surely this is the privilege of every Christian: to have the mind delivered from all painful apprehension respecting the circumstances of his death.

JEREMIAH ROBERTSHAW.

He was a native of the *West Riding* of the county of *York.* He was for many years engaged in the good work of calling sinners to repentance at an early period of the work of God among the Methodists. He was called to endure many hardships and grievous sufferings for the sake of Christ. He was a remarkably plain, honest, simple, pious man. He died in a good old age, fairly worn out in his Master's service. For many years he laboured under sharp and almost continual pain; but he was a pattern of patience, of meekness, and gentleness to all men, of simplicity, and godly sincerity. The following are the particulars of his death, dated *Bradford*, February, 1788:—"Our dear brother *Robertshaw* finished his course in the Lord yesterday morning, about four o'clock. He was in general disordered in his body, but steady and regular in attending to his *work of faith, and labour of love*, when in the least degree able: nay, sometimes he exceeded the bounds. In and through all appeared the Christian and the man of God, growing brighter in the *fire.*"

THOMAS ROBINSON.

He was admitted upon trial as an Itinerant Preacher at the Conference 1791. He was a very steady, pious young man, and promised fair to be eminently useful in the work of the Ministry; but it pleased God to take him away in the very prime and flower of his days. But his end was glorious, and he died uncommonly happy in God, some time in the year 1793.

JASPER ROBINSON.

He was born at *Wooburn Green*, near *High Wycombe, Bucks*, in the year 1727. He lived without God in the world till the year 1759, when he yielded to the convictions of the Spirit of God, and sought in good earnest the salvation of his soul. He was then at *Liverpool;* the year following he removed to *Leeds*, in *Yorkshire*, where he became acquainted with the Methodists, joined the Society, and soon *found the pearl of great price.* In the year 1763 he received a larger effusion of the Holy Spirit, and was enabled to believe to the *full* salvation of his soul; which blessed state he continued to enjoy, with little intermission, till his happy spirit returned to *Abraham's* bosom.

He officiated as a Local Preacher in the *Leeds* circuit for several years, and was eminently useful in visiting the sick and poor. In this work he spent a great part of his time, and was unwearied in his attempts to alleviate their distresses, and to lead their weary souls to God. In the year 1776 he gave himself wholly to the work of the Ministry, and came out as an Itinerant Preacher, and continued his labours till near the period of his life. His zeal for God, and his great love for souls, his meekness of spirit, and his unaffected piety, rendered him acceptable and useful in all the circuits where he laboured.

He departed this life at *Horncastle, Lincolnshire*, December 6, 1797. On the last day of his life, he joined in prayer with some Christian friends with great fervour of spirit; and his soul was filled with the love of God. He said, "*I am quite clear from all distressing doubts respecting my acceptance with God. I feel as free from condemnation as if I had never sinned at all. The Lord,*" said he, "*encompasses me about with mercies,*

and He makes all my bed in my sickness; it is my bodily trouble which I feel." Towards evening he repeated,

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath," &c.

And then looking up, he said to one present, "*Remember*, you *must die.*" The next morning, about five o'clock, his happy spirit took its flight to the Paradise of God. It is remarkable that the last words he wrote in his journal were, *Thanks be to the Lord for all His mercies.*

He was an Israelite indeed in whom there was no guile. He was a Travelling Preacher for *twenty-three* years; during which time he was most affectionately regarded by all the pious who knew him. His whole heart was engaged in the work of God, and many will praise the Lord for his labours for ever.

WILLIAM RODD.

He was among the first Itinerant Methodist Preachers, and began his ministry at an early period of life. He was low of stature, but was possessed of a great and noble mind. He was deeply serious, pious, and devoted to God, and remarkably zealous in promoting the present and eternal happiness of mankind. He learned the happy art of living much in a little time. He was greatly esteemed by the people among whom he laboured for his simplicity and sweetness of manners and temper. His conscience was tender in the extreme; and for want of better information, and from a fear of sinfully indulging in the flesh, he even denied himself of that quantity of food which was necessary for the support of his constitution. This, in the judgment of his friends, laid the foundation of that disorder which terminated his useful and valuable life. He departed this life at Leeds in the year 1760, in the sure and stedfast hope of the complete and eternal fruition of God.

JACOB ROWELL.

He was a native of the *North of England*, and was brought to a saving acquaintance with God when Methodism was in

its infancy. He was a *veteran* in the cause of Jesus Christ for a series of years, when the preachers endured great afflictions for the truth's sake, and were *made as the filth of the earth, and as the offscouring of all things.* He was a plain, upright, honest, faithful, pious man; he was very zealous for God: and after spending many years as an Itinerant Preacher, in calling sinners to repentance, and enduring many hardships, he was fairly worn out in the service of his blessed Master, and was called to take possession of the *crown which fadeth not away.* He died about the year 1784.

THOMAS SEAWARD.

He was a native of *Ireland,* and was admitted upon trial at the Irish Conference in 1786. He was appointed for the *Limerick* circuit. He was a deeply pious young man, and very zealous for God—of a blameless conversation, and possessed of talents which promised fair to render him a peculiar blessing to the Church and to the world. But it pleased God to take him away in the midst of his years, and in the very dawn of his usefulness. He died in the first year of his itinerancy.

THOMAS SECCOMB.

He was a native of *Cornwall.* He was coeval with Mr. *Peter Jaco,* and laboured with him in the *York* circuit in the year 1756. During that year his father, who was a man of considerable property, died; and having been much pained at his son's going out to travel, he cut off the entail of an estate, which at that time was worth *forty pounds* per annum. Mr. *Seccomb,* being in a poor state of health, and his father dying, and treating him in this manner, deeply affected his mind. However, at the *London* Conference, he was appointed for *Ireland,* and was enabled to keep his circuit till the end of December; when the symptoms of a consumption rapidly increasing, he was constrained to give up the work. And now mark the promise of a God who keepeth truth for ever! This young man had forsaken *house and parents, &c., for the kingdom of God's sake;* and the Lord has promised that they

who do so *shall receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting.* While Mr. *Seccomb* was confined by his affliction, the Lord inclined the hearts of a nobleman and his lady to receive him into their own house, and there he was nursed and treated as their own child. When he had been there for a week, he requested his lordship would permit the poor members of the Methodist Society to visit him, that he might give them some seasonable advice and his dying benediction. To this his lordship readily consented, on condition that he might be present at the interview. The Society came, and Mr. *Seccomb* addressed them, by way of exhortation, for about half an hour: he then prayed in a very affecting manner; and after taking leave of the people, he turned himself towards Lord and Lady *R*——, and, with a heart filled with gratitude, thanked them for their kindness, and earnestly prayed for them and their posterity. He then drew up his feet into the bed (upon which he had sat the whole time), and, laying himself down, he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

It is said that Lord R—— wrote the above account of his death to a nobleman then in *London*, and concluded with saying, "*Now, my lord, find me, if you can, a man that will die like a Methodist!*" Rather say, like a *Christian*, for whatever be his *name, Mark the perfect, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.*

WALTER SELLON.

I PRESUME he was made a partaker of the saving grace of God and was a member of the Methodist Society at an early period of life, as I understand he was for some time a Teacher at *Kingswood School.* He afterwards procured ordination in the *Church of England*, and was for several years Curate of *Long-Wotton*, *Smisby*, and *Breedon*, in *Leicestershire.* At these places he faithfully preached the everlasting Gospel to very large congregations; and the Great Head of the Church was pleased to put honour upon His servant, and *though poor, he* was instrumental in *making many rich.* He was made the spiritual father of many souls; whom, after he had *begotten them through the Gospel*, he fed with the *sincere milk of the word*, and was *gentle among them, even as a nurse cherisheth her children.*

Mr. *Sellon*, and the souls that were brought to God by his ministry, were united to the Methodist Societies. He attended upon the preaching, considered the preachers as his brethren, and treated them accordingly. Though he was the curate of three parish churches, his salary was very small; on which account, he experienced some trials and difficulties; but his confidence was strong in the Lord; *he cast all his care* entirely *upon Him;* and in a short time he had indubitable proof that the *Lord cared for him.* He was going on in his humble, though useful sphere, when the Lord inclined the heart of the late *Earl of Huntingdon* to consider his low estate. His lordship beheld, with secret approbation, his modesty and worth; and a living in his lordship's gift, of considerable value, in *Yorkshire*, becoming vacant about that time, he wrote to Mr. *Sellon* as follows: "For your *silent merit*, I present you to the living of *Ledstone.*" Mr. *Sellon* accepted his lordship's offer with gratitude: but he had many difficulties to encounter (I presume on account of his piety, and Methodistical tenets) to get inducted into the living; but on mentioning these impediments to his lordship they were soon removed.

Ledstone, it seems, was a barren soil for religion. Mr. *Sellon*, speaking of it in a letter to a friend in *Leicestershire*, named a very barren field in that country, and said, "*My parish is as barren as that ground.*" But, by the blessing of God upon his labours, the fallow ground was broken up, the seed of eternal life was sown in many hearts, which yielded fruit to the honour and praise of God.

Soon after he removed into *Yorkshire*, in the summer of 1771, he paid a visit to his old friends in *Leicestershire.* They earnestly requested him to preach to them *the word of life;* and, not having access to his old pulpit in *Breedon* Church, he preached in a farm-yard at *Tongue*, to a multitude of souls; and it proved to many a *time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.*

In the time of the grand contest between the *Calvinists* and *Arminians* (so called), about the year 1772, Mr. *Sellon* entered the list of combatants and earnestly contended for what he thought Divine truth, in "*Arguments for general Redemption, in answer to Elisha Cole, on God's Sovereignty, &c., &c.*" These disputes, thank Heaven, which so long agitated and wounded the body of Christ, are now happily subsided. The sword of controversy has for some time past been happily sheathed, and I most devoutly pray that it may never come out of its scabbard more! It is an awful circumstance when men, enlisted under the

same *Sovereign*, engaged in the same *war*, having the same *enemies* to encounter, and the same *prize* to obtain, turn their weapons upon *each other*, instead of the *grand enemy!* What dreadful consequences are likely to ensue! The sovereign antidote against this plague is the *love of God:* this love being *shed abroad in the heart*, will influence the soul to *universal* benevolence and goodwill to men; will deliver us from *bigotry* and *party spirit;* and will constrain us to say, with the Apostle, *Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.*

"Love, like Death, hath all destroy'd,
Render'd all distinctions void;
Names, and Sects, and Parties fall,
Thou, O Christ, art all in all!"

Mr. *Sellon* was a man of deep piety, considerable learning, and good ministerial abilities: he laboured faithfully in the parish of *Ledstone* for many years, and in a *good old age* he was *gathered to his fathers in peace*—to that world *where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.*

JOHN SHAW.

He was converted to God at an early period of his life, and in the year 1763 came into the vineyard as an Itinerant Preacher. He was for many years a remarkably corpulent man, which rendered travelling sometimes a great burden to him; yet he continued in the work to the very last. He travelled for *thirty years*, and was greatly beloved, and very useful in all the circuits where he laboured. He was a sensible, upright, steady, pious man; whose heart was engaged in the work of God. His last circuit was *Pocklington*, in *Yorkshire*, where he concluded his life and labours in the year 1793. The Lord was with him in his last moments, and he died with unshaken confidence in his God.

GEORGE SHORTER.

He came out to travel in the Methodist connection in the year 1773, and was taken to his reward in heaven about the

year 1779. He was an Israelite, indeed; a lively, zealous, active man; a witness of the full salvation of God; and an earnest exhorter of all believers to aspire after it. He died as he had lived, full of faith and the Holy Ghost.

CHARLES SKELTON.

He was a Preacher in the Methodist connection very soon after Mr. *Wesley* himself began his itinerant career, and was engaged as an Itinerant Preacher in the city of *Bristol* in the beginning of the year 1749. His whole heart seems to have been then engaged in the work of saving souls; and it appears that he was instrumental in *London* (previous to his going to *Bristol)* in the conversion of two *Roman Catholic malefactors*, who were even on their way to the fatal tree! The account is so very remarkable that I will here insert it (in part) in his own words.

"When I came up to them (at the upper end of *Holborn*, on their way to *Tyburn*) two of the men were praying to the *Virgin Mary*, and likewise to the other Saints. I spoke to them in the presence of God, and told them that not all the Saints in heaven would avail them; but, unless *Christ* saved them, they must perish. I told them that *there was no other name given whereby they could be saved, but the name of Jesus Christ.* I then proved to them that Christ was the same *yesterday, to-day, and for ever;* and that if they would *now* cry to Jesus for mercy, mercy and salvation were nigh them. The words came like daggers to their hearts, and the arrows of God stuck fast within them. They let their books drop out of their hands, and their cry was, '*Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy upon us! One drop, Lord Jesus, one drop of Thy precious blood shall soften and break our hearts in pieces.*' The waters of repentance ran like rivers down their cheeks, their hearts bursting within them. The Lord broke in upon one of them, and filled him with His love. At the same time he received the gift of prayer, and prayed the most evangelically I ever heard. When the other had seen what God had done for his soul, it made him cry out so much the more, '*Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy upon me! Lord, save me, or I perish!*' He then arose, and got round the other to get at me, and cried, 'O dear, dear Sir, is there mercy for *me?*' I insisted upon the promise, that there is, even for the

chief of sinners. He then flung himself back, and cried out again in vehemence of spirit, '*Lord, save me, or I am damned! O God, break my heart, that is like a rock! Now, now, O Lord! let me feel one drop of the blood of Jesus!*' While he was thus wrestling the Lord broke his heart in pieces, and immediately tears of joy ran from his eyes like a fountain, so that both could now rejoice in God their Saviour."

Mr. *Skelton* went with them to the gallows, and, just as these men were turned off, they looked round upon the people smiling, and then lifted up their hearts and said, "*Now, O Lord! into Thy hands do we commit our spirits.*" Surely these were *brands plucked out of the fire!*

"Is anything too hard for Thee,
Almighty Lord of all?"

Mr. *Skelton* continued in connection with Mr. *Wesley* till about the year 1753, when he gave up the itinerant line, and settled as an Independent Minister in the *Borough of Southwark.* In allusion to this circumstance, I presume Mr. *Wesley,* after having inserted the preceding letter in the Magazine, asks the following important question, "*Did God design that* this *light should be hid under a bushel, in a little obscure Dissenting Meeting-house?*"

Why Mr. *Skelton* gave up travelling I cannot determine, but it is conjectured, as in those days particularly the labour was hard, the journies long, and the accommodations very mean, that he grew weary of this line of life; and, an opportunity offering for his settling, he gladly embraced it. If my information, however, be accurate, his congregation in a short time dwindled to nothing; and he gave up the work of the ministry, and died a few years ago.

DAVID SIMPSON.

THIS amiable and excellent Minister of the Lord Jesus Christ was a Clergyman of the *Church of England;* but he was firmly attached to the doctrines and discipline of Methodism, greatly reverenced Mr. *Wesley* in his lifetime, and was cordially united to the preachers.

"The Rev. *David Simpson* was well known and justly esteemed by thousands who have profited by his labours from the pulpit and the press. I became acquainted with

him [says Mr. *Reece*, the author of this memoir] in August, 1797, when he had the appearance of vigorous health; and frequently from the pulpit heard him announce the *word of reconciliation* to perishing sinners with a warmth of zeal and plainness of language I had never, till then, heard in the Church. But though he had the appearance of health, I soon found that his arduous labours had greatly impaired his constitution, and that after the toils of the Sabbath he was frequently unwell for a day or two. Nevertheless, at these times, in his study, he had always some publication in hand calculated to serve mankind. His Sunday exercises were not often interrupted till February, 1799, when he was taken ill, and complained of a hectic cough, accompanied with a slow fever. At this time his situation was affecting in the extreme. Poor Mrs. *Simpson* lay in a hopeless condition in the next room, whilst he was unable to afford her the last consolation of his company and prayers. He had, nevertheless, the satisfaction of hearing that as she approached her last hour, her confidence in God increased; and finally, that she closed an useful and exemplary life rejoicing in the God of her salvation. At this painful juncture he felt acutely; but his expressions were such as evidenced the most perfect resignation to the will of God. The religion which he had for so many years experienced and successfully propagated was his support. He said, "*All is well; all* shall *be well:—and it is right and just. I have every reason to praise Him.*"

The first time I saw him after he had taken to his bed, I found him quite calm and happy; though he discovered an anxiety for Mrs. *Simpson*, whom he could not then see. "*God*," said he, "*is going to close up the scene at once, and end our lives and labours together. It is an awful Providence; but it is His will, and I have no desire to return again to health.*"

On Saturday, the 16th of March, Mr. *Lee*, who had married his daughter, asked him, How he was? He replied, "*Very poorly.*" On Mr. *Lee* expressing a hope that he would get better, he said, "*No; I shall never get better for this life. I do not wish to live; I have no desire to come back to life. Our work is done. We leave the great scene of things now passing in the world to you. Why should I wish to live?*" Mr. *Lee* read to him that excellent hymn, which has so often brought comfort to the afflicted—

"Jesu, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly," &c.

When he appeared much affected with the verse beginning,

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,"

And said, "*That is true of me.*" Feeling his extreme weakness, he said, "*What a poor creature I am!*" Shortly after, he repeated with peculiar emphasis the following favourite verse:—

"Give me a place at Thy Saints' feet,
Or some fall'n angel's vacant seat;
I'll strive to sing as loud as they
Who sit above in brighter day."

His fever now increased, and his recovery became very doubtful. Everyone but himself was beyond expression anxious for his life. Prayer-meetings were appointed, and numerously attended; the interposition of heaven was sought; many strong cries and tears were offered up; but the decree was gone forth: the supplications of the flock could not prevail for the recovery of the pastor. Only *he* welcomed the approach of an enemy which everyone else dreaded. And while a painful anxiety spread a deep gloom over every countenance, he expressed a *desire to depart*, and *to be with Christ*. One day, after a severe fit of coughing, he said to the man who attended him, "*The way seems hard; but it is the way the children of God all go, and I do not wish to be exempted from it. I know that my Redeemer liveth: I feel Him precious to my soul; He supports me under all. O, that I could express all I feel!*" The doctor coming in soon after, asked him, How he was? He replied, "*Partly here—and partly elsewhere.*" A night or two before his death he was very restless, and often imagined himself to be preaching to his old flock. He spoke much of the glories of heaven and the happiness of separate spirits; of their robes of righteousness, and of their palms of victory. Then breathing his ardent wishes for the happiness of those present, he added, "*Pardon, peace, and everlasting salvation are desirable things.*" Sometimes he would address his brethren, the clergy, whom he awfully warned to beware lest they were found unfaithful stewards at the coming of the Great Master. "*Men and brethren,*" he would say, "*if you are called of God, are faithful and honest, He will bless your labours!*" But he could not long proceed in a connected strain. He had asked Mr. *Reece*, nine days before, "*When is Lady-day?*" He told him, Monday, the

25th. Mr. *Simpson* replied, "*I shall be gone before then.*" Which was accordingly true, for after a day of apparent suffering, on Saturday he fell asleep, a little after midnight, March 24th, 1799. Thus, after an active and laborious ministry of *twenty-six* years, in *Macclesfield*, he finished his course, and went to his reward.

Notwithstanding his popularity for many of the last years of his life, he was much opposed and persecuted on his first settling at *Macclesfield*, and was obliged to labour in the fire, till God was pleased to open the heart of *Charles Roe*, Esq., to build him a church. Here his ministry was diligently attended, and much blessed. Many sinners were awakened, who became serious Christians. In his earlier years, he frequently went out and preached to the unenlightened inhabitants of the neighbouring hills, where he saw his itinerant labours attended with success. Many who received their first religious impressions at those times became members of the Methodist Society. Useful as he was, had he continued those labours I have no doubt but he would have been much more so: he has been often heard to say, "*They were the happiest days of his life.*" But the violent pain in his head with which he was frequently attacked for some years before he died, greatly discouraged him. Nevertheless, his time was usefully employed. He wrote much: and his various publications were all designed to promote the cause of religion. The duties of his office were performed with zeal and exactness. The sick and the poor had his peculiar attention; and his great influence was always employed to their advantage. Were they afflicted? he visited them; were they in want? he relieved them; was there a difference between any of them? his arbitration settled it. One hour every day, Saturday and Sunday excepted, his study door was thrown open; when the diseased, the needy, the disconsolate, and the oppressed, crowded in to receive relief from him; and were always dismissed with the oil and the wine poured into their wound.

During the course of his ministry, he discovered on every occasion how much his whole soul was devoted to promote the good of his fellow-creatures. Whatever respected their happiness; whatever related to the melioration of their condition; whatever contributed to their prosperity, both in their temporal and spiritual interests, but more especially the *latter*, were the subjects to which he devoted his time, his

talents, his money, his influence. It were endless to trace all the means which his benevolent mind devised to accomplish his purpose. He preached with the zeal and faithfulness of an Apostle—

"And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies;
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way!
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remain'd to pray."

He visited and relieved the sick with exemplary diligence. He encouraged, as far as his ability extended, every charitable design; and was at once the *oracle*, the *friend*, the *physician*, and the *patron* of the poor on all occasions. When he was clearly persuaded that anything was proper to be done, he hesitated not; no probable inconvenience prevented; no dangers retarded; no persecutions withheld; no worldly considerations could move him from following where he conceived his duty led him. He lived to see the seeds of strife and party, which had unfortunately prevailed, and shot forth their bitter weeds when he first settled at *Macclesfield*, gradually wither and die away before the potent flame of Christian love and forbearance. As he respected all whom he thought to be sincere in their profession, without attention to names and sects, so he was, in his turn, beloved by all denominations of Christians. And those who could not subscribe to his creed as a divine were forced to venerate his character as a man. So general was the respect, and so prevalent the solicitude for his recovery amongst all who knew him, that, during his last illness, public prayers were offered up on his behalf, not only at his own church, but amongst the Dissenters and Methodists; and even at the very church from which he had been driven by the violence of a party spirit, the same regard was shown to him.

He was interred on Tuesday, March 26, amidst the sighs, and groans, and tears of an immense multitude of people, who attended him to the grave like children bereft of their earthly support.

The following *Epitaph* for Mr. *Simpson* was originally designed for a *pane of glass*:—

Others employ their sculptur'd marble,
Or the speaking Bronze,
To perpetuate the remembrance of merit;

Whilst I commit to brittle glass
This Testimony,
To worth not often equalled.
In the estimation of thousands,
THE REV. DAVID SIMPSON, A.M.,
For extent of Erudition,
Indefatigable Diligence,
Ardent Zeal, and Amenity of Manners,
Stood unrivalled.
His Pastoral Labours for Twenty-six Years
Were uncommonly successful
In the town and neighbourhood
Of MACCLESFIELD;
Many whom he found brutes
He left Christians.
His pious care, like that of his
GREAT MASTER,
Extended to the Bodies of the Poor of his Flock.
The abodes of hopeless anguish he sought out,
And to administer medicine
For the relief of affliction
Was his uniform practice for many years.
After having devoted
Every Talent
With which he was entrusted
To the benefit of mankind,
This bright Star
Was removed from the Hemisphere of the Church
To adorn the Firmament above,
The 24th of March, 1799,
In the Fifty-fourth year of his age.

EDWARD SLATOR.

He came from *Liverpool*, and began his itinerant labours in the ministry in the year 1770. Having a weakly constitution, he settled at *Manchester* in the year 1776, where he resided for many years. He was a deeply pious, steady, good man, and there he ended his days in peace.

JOHN SLOCOMB.

I CANNOT learn when or how long he was engaged in the work of the Ministry as an Itinerant Preacher, but Mr. *Wesley* says, "He was an old labourer, worn out in the service of his Master." He finished his course at *Clones*, in *Ireland*, in the year 1777.

SAMUEL SMITH.

HE was a native of *Sheffield*, in *Yorkshire*, and came out to travel in the Methodist connection in the year 1767. For several years he was deeply pious, and very useful in the work, but at last he began to think of himself more highly than he ought to think; the foot of pride prevailed against him; the work became irksome, and his situation uncomfortable to himself. In the year 1779 he therefore desisted from the itinerant life; and there is reason to fear that he was of very little use either to the Church or to the world afterwards. I am not in possession of the circumstances of his death, but he is said to have lived in a kind of unsettled state for several years, and departed this life about the year 1797.

JOHN SMITH.

HE was a very extraordinary man; remarkably holy, and eminently useful in the work of the Ministry. He came out to travel in the year 1766, and departed this life in a most glorious and triumphant manner in the beginning of the year 1771. His labours were mostly confined to the *North of Ireland*, and there they were owned indeed. He is said to have been the spiritual father of many hundred souls—upwards of twenty of whom afterwards became preachers of the everlasting Gospel! His manner of address, however, was rough and uncouth, but his words were pointed and animating.

Mr. *Wesley* remarks in his journal for July 4, 1771:—"I rode to *Glenarm* (in *Ireland*). The preaching began here in an uncommon manner. Some months since *John Smith*, now with God, was pressed in spirit to go and preach there,

though he knew no one in the town. Near it he overtook a young lady riding behind a servant; and, on her saying it was a very wicked place, he asked, 'Are there no good men there?' She said, 'Yes, there is one, *William Hunter*.' He rode into the town, and inquired for *William Hunter's* house. When he came to the door, a young woman was sweeping the house. He asked her name, and, being answered '*Betty Hunter*,' he alighted, and said, '*Betty*, take my horse to an inn, and tell everyone you meet a gentleman at our house has good news to tell you at seven o'clock.' At seven the house was well filled. *John* preached to them twice a-day for nine days. But, when he took his leave, he had only *threepence* to pay for his horse; however, he asked the landlady, 'What is to pay for my horse?' 'Nothing, Sir,' said the woman. 'A gentleman has paid all, and will do if you stay a month.'"

JOHN STANDERING.

He was among the first lay preachers who assisted Mr. *Wesley*, and commenced an itinerant in 1767. He was for some years a faithful labourer in the vineyard. He was a pious, good man, and greatly beloved by the people among whom he travelled. He died in peace at *Bolton-le-moors*, in *Lancashire*.

SAMPSON STANIFORTH.

He was an eminently holy, useful man; and, though not an Itinerant Preacher, yet a faithful labourer in the Lord's vineyard for near *fifty* years among the people called Methodists. He was born at *Sheffield* in the year 1720. There was no care taken of his education, none in the family having the form, much less the power of religion. Hence, he had no fear of God before his eyes; no thought of His providence, or indeed of His having anything to do in the world. Nay, he was totally averse to all good, and hated the very appearance of religion. In this deplorable state he continued till he was fourteen years of age. From that time till he was seventeen he was diligent in business, but was totally without God in

the world. He soon became acquainted with some soldiers, who were as wicked as himself, and in a short time he enlisted into the army. This was about the year 1739, and, some time after, being with the regiment at *Glasgow*, he heard that faithful servant of God, the Rev. *George Whitefield;* but he had no conception of what he said, so effectually had sin closed the eyes of his understanding; nor had he the least desire to profit by it.

In the spring of the year 1743 he went with the rest of the army into *Flanders*. He had several remarkable deliverances, evidently wrought for him by that Being against whom he was continually sinning; but they made no impression whatever upon his impenitent heart. He practised all manner of iniquity with greediness till he was twenty-five years of age, when the Lord, with a high hand, brought him out of the horrible pit. It pleased God that in the company to which he belonged there was a man of the name of *Mark Bond*, who had feared the Lord greatly from his youth. This man had attended upon the preaching of *John Haime*, *William Clements*, and *John Evans* (of whom mention is made in this Work); there he was made a partaker of the grace of God in truth; he obtained the pearl of great price, and rejoiced with joy unspeakable. He then began to think of some one to whom he could relate his experience; he thought of several, but could fix on none but Mr. *Staniforth*. Mr. *Bond* resisted the impression, but could not shake it off; and at last he went to him, and told him what God had done for his soul; and also told him *his* state would be desperate if he died without experiencing the same. This was strange language to Mr. *Staniforth*, and he made sport of all that his friend had said. Mr. *Bond* then endeavoured to turn his thoughts on some one else; but, whether sleeping or waking, it was continually upon his mind, "*Go to Staniforth.*" He then went to him again, and told him what he had felt and suffered on his account; but it availed nothing. A short time after, however, Mr. *Bond* met with him in a most wretched state. He had neither food, money, nor credit. Mr. *Bond* asked him to go and hear the preaching. Mr. *Staniforth* replied, "*You had better give me something to eat and drink.*" He did so, and then took him by the hand and led him to the preaching. And though he had no desire to hear anything about religion, but on the contrary went with great reluctance, yet *there* the Lord spoke with power to his heart. The rock was rent, and the tears of contrition ran plentifully down his

cheeks. He had nothing to plead before God (having never had either the power or form of godliness) but the plea of the publican in the Temple, *God be merciful to me a sinner.*

From that hour, though uncommonly addicted to it before, he never swore an oath! Nor was he ever overcome by liquor, though he had been enslaved to it for several years. Surely God's work is perfect! There was now a constant cry in his soul after God, and he never rested till he obtained the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins. When he obtained the liberty of the sons of God (which was in a very extraordinary manner), all his guilt was instantaneously removed, and his soul was filled with unutterable peace. His companion and he now rejoiced together, and they became united in indissoluble bonds of the purest friendship and love, which continued and increased, till in an awful engagement with the French near *Maestricht*, in the *Netherlands*, his faithful friend was shot through the leg, and in a short time after he received another ball through his thigh. "But his heart," says Mr. *Staniforth*, "was full of love, and his eyes full of heaven; and I may truly say, here fell a *great* Christian, a *good* soldier, and a *faithful* friend."

In the year 1748, Mr. *Staniforth* obtained a discharge from the army, and settled at *Deptford*, in *Kent*, where he had married a woman with some property a short time before. In this place he was instrumental of much good: a Society was formed, and in the year 1757 he erected a chapel. He soon after began to preach, and his labours were not only acceptable, but a general blessing. His time was now wholly employed; he had his own business to attend to; he was also the preacher, steward, visitor of the sick, and the leader of the bands and classes. These offices he filled up with honour to himself, and with profit to the people, for many years.

In the year 1764, he received ordination from a *Grecian* Bishop, who was at that time in this country, and who ordained several others; but, finding that it would offend some of his brethren, he never availed himself of his ordination to the day of his death. His sphere of usefulness was, however, soon enlarged; and he preached generally in and about *London* five or six times in the week, besides visiting the sick, meeting classes, bands, &c. In the year 1771, he built a preaching-house at *Rotherhithe*. He preached there constantly once a week, and the first Sunday in every month

and was as a father to that Society, as well as to that at *Deptford*, for a series of years.

The following is the substance of the account my worthy friend, Mr. *Pawson*, has given of the close of his valuable life:—"After Mr. *Staniforth* retired from business, he removed, at the desire of the pious and venerable Mr. *Perronet*, from *Deptford* to *Shoreham*, where he was made very useful to the little flock in that place. But a few years back he returned to *Deptford* to his old friends, and there spent the residue of his days. He spent a great part of his time in visiting the sick and poor, and relieved them according to his ability. He was of a remarkably calm, mild temper, and of a peaceable and healing spirit; and was very useful in promoting peace and love among the people. When the infirmities of old age came upon him, he bore them with entire resignation to the will of God, whose mercy and love in Christ Jesus he had so long and so largely experienced. And when visited with affliction (which he frequently was for some years before his death), he possessed his soul in patience, and looked to the hour of his dissolution with joyful expectation of being for ever with the Lord. His heart stood fast, trusting in the Lord, and his evidence for heaven continued unclouded to the last moment of his life. He said to a dear friend, a little before his happy spirit took its flight, '*I think my experience may be all summed up in those few words*—

"In the heavenly Lamb
Thrice happy I am,
And my heart doth rejoice at the sound of His name."

At another time he said, '*O what a mercy to have a God to go to in a time of trouble.*' Seeing his servant standing by, he said, '*Seek the Lord while He may be found, and hold fast the beginning of your confidence stedfast unto the end. The Lord bless you: may all the blessings which the Lord poured upon the head of Joseph be poured upon you.*' In a short time after he calmly and quietly resigned his spirit to HIM who had redeemed him unto Himself by His own blood."

Thus died SAMPSON STANIFORTH, who had steadily walked with God for near *sixty* years. He died in the month of March, 1799, in the 79th year of his age.

JOHN STEPHENS.

He was admitted upon trial at the Conference in 1788. He was a young man of deep piety, and wise above his years. His abilities were such as promised fair to make him a shining figure in the Church, both in usefulness and holiness. He was an Israelite in whom there was no guile. He was a great lover of Christian conversation, visiting the sick, and private prayer: these he preferred to his necessary food. He set the example of his Blessed Master before him, and his daily care and study was to imitate it. Though he was only two and twenty years of age, yet he was far from being a *novice:* he had the judgment and solidity of a man of *threescore;* and might with propriety be considered as a *father in Israel.*

He kept a journal from the year 1785; the last day's observation therein I here subjoin, in his own words: "June 1, 1789.—While I was riding last Tuesday to various places, I was seized with two severe pains (besides all my other disorders), one in my shoulder, and the other in my side, which continued till I came to *Coleraine* on Saturday. From that time I could preach no more, neither could I rest in my bed through the violence of my pain. While I travelled on the circuit, though I was much afflicted, yet I was generally happy in preaching, and had as much liberty as I could desire. On the Sabbath-day, May 24th, I was truly blest indeed at a Class-meeting. Yesterday (a day much to be remembered by me), when I arose and bowed in private before my God, He poured upon me a spirit of prayer, and enabled me to come to Him through my Great Advocate, just as I was: and He manifested Himself to my soul in such a manner that every bar to my happiness was removed; and my soul was left in peace, resting in the arms of a God of infinite love. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name! Many precious promises were brought to my mind, on which, through grace, I could lay hold by faith; and I could trust both my body and soul to my loving, dying Saviour, whom I could embrace with all my powers. At present I can say, *My Beloved is mine, and I am His;* and blessed be His dear name, my pains are almost gone; and I trust, through divine grace, that I shall arrive safe at the desired port."

He suffered much before his death, his body being extremely convulsed; yet his confidence remained unshaken till his spirit returned to God, in the morning of June 10, 1789.

ROBERT SWINDLES.

He was an itinerant preacher in the Methodist Connection for more than *forty years*. He was a man of deep piety, great zeal, and universal benevolence. His charity to the poor and the destitute was so great that he not only gave them all the money he could spare himself, but sometimes gave them part of his own raiment, which he at times could ill spare; and also frequently begged money and clothes of others to supply their wants. He was an Israelite indeed: one who knew him well says, "*I never knew him to speak a word that he did not mean; and he always spoke the truth in love.*" He was never heard to say an unkind word of anyone. It pleased God to exercise him with strong pain for many years, by the *stone;* but he did not faint in the day of adversity. He was

"Patient in bearing ill and doing well."

One thing was very remarkable, and almost peculiar to himself —*he had no enemy*. So wonderfully was that word fulfilled, *Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy*. He died *full of days, riches, and honour;* and went to take possession of the everlasting inheritance in the year 1783.

SAMUEL TAYLOR.

I am informed, on good authority, that he was a *great-great-grandson* of that eminently holy and blessed martyr *Dr. Rowland Taylor*, of *Hadleigh*, in *Suffolk*, who sealed the truth with his blood in the reign of the *Scarlet Queen*, in the year 1555. His biographer informs us that when he came to the stake he was not permitted to speak to the people, who greatly lamented his death; but he was very cheerful, and said, "*Thanks be to God, I am even at home.*" He then kissed the stake, and, the fire being kindled, he held up his hands, calling upon God, and saying, "*Merciful Father of heaven, for Jesus Christ's sake receive my soul into Thy hands.*" Thus did this venerable saint, this champion for the truth, the progenitor of the subject of this short memoir,

"Eager with joy for Christ resign his breath,
And met salvation in the arms of death."

Mr. *Samuel Taylor*, of whom we are now to speak, was a Clergyman of the *Church of England*. He was Vicar of *Quinton*, in *Gloucestershire;* and the unfeigned faith which dwelt in his *great-great-grandfather* was in him also. His soul was filled with holy zeal for the honour of God; and, not content with discharging faithfully the duties of his parish, he united himself to the Rev. Mr. *Wesley* in the beginning of his itinerancy, and was present at the *first* Methodist Conference, which met in *London* in the year 1744. Mr. *Taylor* went out into the highways and hedges, into the streets and lanes of the city, in order to compel sinners to come to the marriage supper of the Lamb. He suffered greatly in those grievous persecutions which were endured by the Methodists in *Wednesbury*, *Darlaston*, *&c.*, in *Staffordshire*.

He was remarkably zealous, pathetic, and powerful in his preaching. The gentleman to whom I am indebted for this short memoir was once present, near *fifty years* ago, when Mr. *Taylor* was preaching, when, in the zeal and fervour of his spirit, in the midst of his discourse, he exclaimed aloud, "*Were I but called to the honour of martyrdom, as my great-great-grandfather was, I trust that I should be able to stand in the day of trial, and, like him, go through the flames to glory.*"

DAVID TAYLOR.

He began to preach the everlasting Gospel in *Cheshire* and *Derbyshire* about the same time that Mr. *Wesley* began his public labours. Many precious souls were, through his instrumentality, turned from the error of their ways, and experienced the riches of redeeming grace, who continued *faithful unto death*. Mr. *Taylor* continued to preach thus for some time, but he at last *missed his providential way*, with respect to his marriage, in not submitting to the mode prescribed by law. In the judgment of those who knew him best he took this step (though unguarded and unjustifiable) in the simplicity of his heart; yet this did not satisfy many of his friends, and, viewing his conduct in this affair in an unfavourable light, they became deeply prejudiced against him, and his usefulness was greatly impeded.

In a short time after he left the *Methodists*, and united himself to the *Moravians;* but, not finding himself com-

fortable, he soon left them, and then joined himself to or at least attended the meetings of the people called *Quakers*, but there also he found no rest. He afterwards returned again to the *Methodists*, and attempted to preach once more; but, alas! his gifts were gone! The residue of his days he lived rather in a state of obscurity, and finished his course, there is reason to hope in peace, about the year 1780.

HENRY TAYLOR.

He was a native of *Rossendale*, in *Lancashire*, and began to preach in the Methodist Connection, as a Local-preacher, at an early period of his life. Soon after he changed his religious sentiments, and united himself to the *Particular Baptists;* and was for several years a very respectable minister in that Connection. He was, for some years, the pastor of a congregation, of some note, in the town of *Birmingham*. In the year 1788, however, he relinquished his charge, and offered himself as an Itinerant Preacher in the Methodist Connection. His offer was accepted, and at the Conference, in *London*, for that year, he was admitted upon trial, and, at the particular request of the people, was appointed for *Liverpool*, where he laboured that and the subsequent year, with credit to himself, and with profit to the people. He was a sensible man, and possessed considerable ministerial talents, together with a pleasing address. He manifested great zeal in his public ministrations, and in the year 1796, while labouring at *Sheffield*, he was supposed to have drunk deeper than ever into the spirit of holiness; and there also his labours were crowned with considerable success. He continued at *Sheffield* till the Conference 1797; and in the following year some circumstances came to light (though not very *recent*), which reflecting upon his moral conduct, a District Meeting was held, and he was *suspended* till the next Conference. He retired, however, to *Liverpool*, and in the course of the year was sent (not by the *Methodists*, but) by an *individual*, who had large possessions in the *West-Indies*, to teach a school, and to instruct the Negroes, on his plantation. It pleased God, however, to cross this design, and he died on his passage some time in the year 1798.

THOMAS TENNANT.

He was a native of the metropolis, and was born in the year 1741. He had deep convictions for sin from his very childhood; but as he increased in years, he endeavoured to get rid of them, which he partly effected; but could never shake off the fear of death. The Lord continued to strive with him by His Holy Spirit, till at last,

> "He fell before the cross subdu'd,
> And felt the arrows dipp'd in blood."

He soon after joined himself to the Methodist Society, and while in the solemn act of commemorating the love of Jesus at the Table of the Lord, he was filled with unutterable peace, and rejoiced in God, having received the atonement. He now found an earnest desire to live to the glory of God, and felt much love to the souls of men; hence arose a desire in his heart to *preach the word*. This desire he made known to a friend, who advised him to make trial; he did so, and finding great freedom in his soul (though naturally timid), he was encouraged to proceed.

In the spring of the year 1770, he had the satisfaction of travelling with Mr. *Wesley;* and at the Conference for that year he was admitted on trial as an Itinerant Preacher. His first appointment was *Newcastle-upon-Tyne*, where, though frequently greatly depressed in his spirits, his labours were attended with a blessing to many. He was a man of a remarkably meek, humble, quiet spirit; was very sensible, and deeply pious. He was possessed of considerable ministerial abilities, and was very acceptable and useful. He laboured under a strong nervous disorder for many years, which sometimes rendered the itinerant life very unpleasant to him, though his whole soul was engaged in the work. He travelled for *twenty-two years* with an irreproachable character; but at the Conference 1792, being so debilitated as not to be able to keep a circuit any longer, he desisted, and settled in *London*. His sufferings, for some months, were very severe: but he bore them with patience and resignation to the Divine Will: and some time in the year 1793 the Lord was pleased to remove him to the Church above.

BARNABAS THOMAS.

He was a native of *Cornwall*, and was admitted upon trial as an Itinerant Preacher at the Conference 1764. He was a very sensible man, possessed a fertile mind and a retentive memory; and for many years was, in some places, an acceptable and useful Preacher. For some time before his death he desisted from the itinerant life, and settled at *Leeds*, in *Yorkshire*. He there led a kind of recluse life, and his days were ended by a violent fever, while the Conference was sitting, in the year 1793.

WILLIAM THOMPSON.

He was born in the county of *Fermanaugh*, in *Ireland*, in the year 1733; and at a very early period of his life was made a partaker of the saving grace of God. He *remembered his* Creator *in the days of his youth;* and in the year 1757 he commenced an Itinerant Methodist Preacher. His soul burned with holy zeal for the honour of God and the salvation of souls, and his labours were attended with an universal blessing.

It appears from the following letter that Mr. *Thompson* had left his native land, and was preaching the Gospel in this kingdom, in the year 1758. It was written to a friend in *Ireland*, and dated *Colchester, Dec.* 15, 1758.

"Dear Sir,—My voyage was not long, but very troublesome, being exceedingly sick, and exposed to a dangerous storm, together with an ungodly company: but it pleased God to bring me safe on *English* ground, on Thursday evening, about seven o'clock. In my way to *London*, I called at a place called *Burslem* (in *Staffordshire*), where it pleased God to use me in uniting twenty-eight persons to the Society, three or four of whom received the *knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins:* my stay there was only four days. I came to *London* on Saturday, Nov. 13th, and was kindly received by Mr. *Wesley* and my *London* friends. My soul was greatly blest amongst the people there: surely they are some of the brightest Christians I ever saw, who seem to keep up a *close* and *constant* walk with God." He adds, "I have had my *Irish* friends much upon my mind, both in public and private. May the God of *Jacob* be your eternal refuge, to your everlast-

ing satisfaction. I hope you and Mrs. *T.* are going hand-in-hand to the kingdom of heaven: nothing is so good for you (and indeed for all mankind) as constant attendance upon the ministry of the pure word of God: but this, sir, without much private prayer, reading, and holy meditation, will not do. They that will go to heaven must be *obstinately* good, contrary to the desire of the devil, the world, and their own hearts. 'Tis wise in us, *Moses*-like, to choose to *suffer affliction with the people of God, rather than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season:* inasmuch as *there is a reward for the righteous*, and everlasting peace from the God of their salvation. I am, dear Sir, yours, W. THOMPSON."

About the same time, Mr. *Thompson* was called to share in the general persecution which at that time prevailed against the Methodists. England was then engaged in the grand *Germanic* war. One time, while Mr. *Thompson* was preaching, an unruly mob arose (instigated by the Minister of the parish) and cruelly assaulted him, and several of the principal Methodists, carrying them off in triumph; and taking the people, without any kind of *trial*, on board a transport, which then lay ready to sail with a fleet of men-of-war. Mr. *Thompson* was confined in prison, expecting every hour to be sent on board the transport also, and he was not permitted to see any of his friends. The Parson, and the noble Justice of the Peace (who, I presume, resided in the same parish), sometimes deigned to visit him, in order to dispute with him on religious subjects.

This outrage, committed against all law and order, coming to the ears of the late *Countess of Huntingdon* (of noble and pious memory), she, with some others of considerable respectability, made application to Government; by which means Mr. *Thompson* and his people were soon set at liberty. An action was also brought against the *worthy* Clergyman, who had like to have paid dear for his zeal; for, had not Mr. *Thompson* himself used his utmost endeavours to stop the process, it would probably have proved the ruin of him and his family.

In the year 1760 he laboured in *Scotland*, and, in a letter to a friend, he complains of the little success which attended his ministry in that country.

In the beginning of the year 1764, in *Lancashire*, he caught a violent cold by sleeping in a *damp bed* (a deadly evil; and yet, I fear, not sufficiently guarded against by *some* who occasionally receive the preachers to this day). This laid the

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JONATHAN THOMPSON.

He was born at *Toehouse*, in the parish of *Haltwistle*, in the county of *Northumberland*. He received Divine impressions in early life, and also received much religious light and instruction under the ministry of a gentleman at *Ayr*, in *Scotland*. In the year 1785 he left *Ayr*, and went to reside in the *North of England*, where, being very zealous in the cause of religion, he reproved sin wherever he saw it. His master greatly respected him as a servant, and acknowledged he was one of the most trusty and faithful servants he ever had; but he hated his religion, and because he would not work on the Lord's-day, and continued to reprove sin, he dismissed him from his service.

He then went to reside in *Newcastle-upon-Tyne*, where he was favoured with frequent opportunities of hearing that blessed man Mr. *Cownley*. Under his ministry his convictions were deepened, and his soul was brought into the liberty of the sons of God.

In the year 1786 he returned to *Ayr*, where he was confirmed and established in the grace of God. In 1788 he there officiated as a local-preacher, was greatly respected by the people, and was as a father to the infant Society. He was a humble, steady follower of Jesus, and his life and conversation were an ornament to his profession; he came into the vineyard as an itinerant in 1789. He was appointed for the *Inverness* circuit, and in a few weeks the Lord was pleased to cut short his work by a violent fever, and to take him to his eternal rest in heaven. He died at *Elgin*, and was interred in the same tomb with that amiable young man (mentioned before), Mr. *Joshua Keighley*.

Mr. *Thompson* was indeed a man of prayer, and would seldom allow himself to continue a whole night in bed without rising to spend some time in prayer and in holy converse with his God. His whole soul was filled with holy zeal for the salvation of sinners, and the prosperity of the cause in which he was engaged. It was the general opinion of his friends that his great fervour of spirit, and uncommon exertions in his work, brought on that disorder which removed him

> "From a suff'ring Church below
> To a reigning Church above."

His prospects in respect to this world were flattering; but,

being persuaded of the will of God concerning him, *he conferred not with flesh and blood*, but cheerfully sacrificed every worldly advantage to the call of heaven; and accounted it his highest honour and greatest happiness to be employed in the work of the ministry. Had it pleased the Lord to spare him, there is reason to conclude he would have been an eminently useful minister in the Church; but, for reasons at present concealed from us, this star set almost as soon as it rose.

GEORGE TIZZARD.

In his youth he was remarkably wild and wicked, and for some time was engaged as a mountebank. He happened to be in some place where the Rev. *George Whitfield* was preaching, and being informed that Mr. *Whitfield* had but *one* eye, his enmity to the truth was so great at that time that he took some stones with him, and actually went to hear Mr. *Whitfield*, with a determination to deprive him of his other eye. Mr. *Whitfield* was giving out one of Dr. *Watt's* hymns when Mr. *Tizzard* came up, and being a professed Dissenter, he thought he would not disturb him while he was giving out one of his *own* hymns, as he termed them. Mr. *Whitfield* then went to prayer; and while he was engaged in that divine exercise, it pleased God to lay fast hold upon poor *Tizzard's* heart. He was deeply awakened, and from that time he began to *seek the Lord with all his heart*, and there was good reason to conclude that he was savingly converted to God.

He united himself to the Methodist Connection as a preacher in the year 1759; but he was so volatile in his spirit, and so witty in his preaching, that it was almost impossible for any to be serious while they were hearing him. This was neither pleasing nor profitable to the people; he therefore continued with the Methodists but a short time.

He then became a Minister among the *Baptists*, and had a congregation at *Paulton*, near *Bristol*. While he was there he had a very awful dream, which for some time had a very good effect upon him. He dreamed that the day of judgment was come, and that he saw the whole human race assembled before the tremendous bar. He imagined that he heard the Lord Jesus Christ call upon certain Ministers whom he knew, and the souls that were converted to God by their instrumentality. These he thought he saw enter into the regions

of glory; and also that he heard the gate of heaven shut, while he was left behind. He then imagined he heard a person, whose voice he knew, ask three times, "*Where is Brother Tizzard?*" Our Lord inquired, "*Who is Brother Tizzard?*" The same person answered, "*He was the instrument of bringing me to heaven.*" Our Lord immediately replied, "*I never knew him.*" This exceedingly affected Mr. *Tizzard*, and he awoke and was happy to find it was a dream.

Some dreams, I apprehend, are purely natural, some are diabolical, while others are divine. Mr. *Tizzard's* I presume to have been of the last kind, and that God graciously intended thereby to stir him up to greater diligence in his Christian life and calling, *lest after having preached to others, he himself should become a castaway.*

The effects of this dream upon Mr. *Tizzard* were, for a time, very obvious; but, as is too common the case, they soon vanished away, and he became as volatile and facetious as ever.

Some time after this he procured *Episcopal ordination*, in a very extraordinary way, the particulars of which are needless to mention in this work. The bishop who ordained him is said to have been quite entertained with his witticisms. Among the rest, when the bishop informed him that he intended to send him to the *Island of Providence*, he smartly replied, "*I am glad of that, my Lord, for I have lived* there *all my life!*" He accordingly went thither, and there he not only officiated as a clergyman, but was made a Justice of the Peace. There he continued for some years, and there he ended the days of his pilgrimage; but whether his ministry was owned of God, or how he closed his life, I have not been able to learn.

THOMAS TOBIAS.

He was a native of *Wales*, and at an early period of Methodism began to preach in his own country, and afterwards came into the Connexion as an Itinerant. By a letter he wrote to Mr. *Wesley*, dated Oct. 3, 1760, it appears that he went over to *Ireland*, to preach the Gospel in that kingdom. As the letter demonstrates the peculiar care of God over His servants, I shall make no apology for inserting it in this work.

"Through much difficulty, we reached the *Irish* shore. We

took ship at *Liverpool* on Sunday, September 14, about one o'clock; and by seven on Monday morning we were almost in sight of *Dublin*, when we met with contrary winds, which drove us back to *Holyhead*. We got on shore, and a few of the neighbours joined in prayer with us that night. Brother *Coughlan* preached the next morning. About one we went on board, weighed anchor, and put to sea; we had a fair wind till five, when it began to rise so that we were obliged to reef our sails. At seven the sea rolled over our deck, sometimes half-mast high: we looked every moment to be swallowed up. We had between twenty and thirty passengers on board, besides soldiers. Oh! the dismal groans and cries we had on every side: enough to pierce the most obdurate heart! We betook ourselves to prayer: all were *now* willing to join with us. Those who made a mock at it the day before, cried, For God's sake, let us come amongst you, and do pray for us! Soon after our first prayer, Mr. *Coughlan* and *Thompson* (Mr. *William Thompson*, I presume) were taken ill, so that they could not give a word of exhortation to the people, who were now willing to hear. God so strengthened me, both in body and mind, that I was enabled to speak to them for four hours successively, and I hope to some purpose, for I believe some will not forget it while they live.

"All this while, the sailors were obliged to quit the deck, and let the ship drive where Providence would guide her. If we lived, the captain expected we should be on the coast of the *North of Ireland;* but, about two o'clock in the morning we found ourselves surprisingly rolling in the *Bay of Dublin!* The captain himself acknowledged, "*Surely the Lord hath stood at the helm this night, and miraculously brought us to this place.*" At three we were at anchor, and we had the happiness of dismissing the people with a warm exhortation to repentance. They received it gladly, and bid us God-speed in the name of the Lord.

"Blessed be God, He hath been pleased, in some measure, to own us since we came into the round (or circuit). Some have joined the Society, and we hear that others have found the Lord. Yet the work is not so deep in *Ireland* as we could wish. Our round is hard and fatiguing, but I hope God will give us strength according to our day."

Mr. *Tobias* was a man of a cheerful, active, lively spirit; of deep piety, and great zeal for the glory of God. After spending a few years in the work of calling sinners to repentance

with considerable success, he exchanged the cross for the crown of eternal glory, and went to Paradise, about the year 1767.

JOHN VALTON.

THIS truly pious and very holy man was a native of *Franche Compté*, a considerable province in *France*. He was born in the year 1740. His parents were members of the *Church of Rome*, and consequently he also was a nominal member of the same Church. He received part of his education in his native country; and his governor being a Romish priest, he instilled the baneful notions of idolatry and superstition into the mind of his young pupil. But in the wise providence of God, Mr. *Valton* was, in a short time after, removed into *England*, to complete his education. He boarded at the house of a clergyman, and attended the service of the *Church of England*. But changing the *mode* of his worship, or even his *opinion* respecting controverted points, produced no real change in his mind; and therefore, though he was now by profession a Protestant, he was still living *without God in the world*. He gave himself, however, to reading, and a short time after, he was very sensibly affected by reading *Hervey's Meditations*; but the impressions soon wore off, and he became as vain as ever.

In the nineteenth year of his age, in the year 1759, through the influence of a nobleman, he obtained a public office under the Government. The Lord was secretly working upon his soul for several years, and frequently restrained him from that outward evil to which his situation daily exposed him. At last the goodness of God brought him into the company of a lady of considerable piety, whose pious conversations were much blest to his soul. Through her he became acquainted with the Rev. Mr. *Wesley*, and the people called Methodists, to whom he was a perfect stranger before. The first sermon he heard from a Methodist Preacher was from Mr. *Mark Davis*, at the chapel in *Wapping*. Under that sermon he was deeply affected, and he observes himself, it was made a peculiar blessing to his soul. His convictions were very deep, and the anguish of his spirit almost indescribable. He sometimes bordered on a state of despair; but at last the Lord appeared to the joy and salvation of his soul, and he was

enabled to exult and glory in his Great Deliverer; this was about the year 1764. From this time he was deeply pious, and unreservedly devoted to God. Finding his soul greatly concerned for the welfare of mankind, and thinking that he ought to do something for God in the world; in the year 1767 he began to visit the prisons and hospitals in and about the metropolis. In this labour of love he was greatly encouraged and much blest; and in the month of August, in the same year, he first ventured to take a text, and began to preach. His word was attended with a Divine power; many sinners were awakened, some persons were justified, and others sanctified by the grace of God.

Mr. *Wesley*, being informed of his great usefulness in that contracted sphere, now called him forth, in the name of the Lord, to more important and extensive services; but Mr. *Valton* was not in haste to undertake the arduous work unto which Mr. *Wesley* had called him; he therefore delayed some time. However, in August, 1775, he was prevailed upon to give himself up wholly to the work of the ministry; and he was then admitted upon trial as an Itinerant Preacher.

His uncommon piety, his affectionate concern for souls, and his great zeal for the glory of God, rendered him an acceptable preacher and a peculiar blessing in all the circuits where he laboured. His ministry was generally attended with a Divine unction, and there was a considerable revival, through his instrumentality, in the year 1783, in the *West Riding* of the county of *York*.

His constitution was very weak; but he continued to travel as long as he was able. By long and loud preaching, at the time of the revival referred to above, he had brought himself so very low that he was not able for some time to preach at all, nor hardly to pray in the family. At the Conference, 1786, he was appointed for the *Bristol* circuit, where he married a lady of considerable piety and fortune. And being no longer able to bear the fatigues and labour of an itinerant life, he became, from the subsequent Conference, a supernumerary. He resided at *St. George's*, in *Kingswood*, near *Bristol*; and continued to labour in the neighbourhood as his strength would bear, even to the close of his life.

In the month of November, 1793, the Lord was pleased to take away his pious and affectionate partner in life. She died remarkably happy in God; but this stroke was severely felt by Mr. *Valton*, and he did not long survive her. In a few months he fell a prey to a painful disease; his sufferings were

very great, but he bore them with Christian fortitude and exemplary patience, and he closed his holy and useful life in the year 1794. He was interred in the Church of *St. George.*

He was a pattern of holiness, of charity, and of zeal for the glory of God. His ministry was plain, convincing, and powerful, and he was exceedingly successful in the work of the Lord. He departed this life rejoicing in hope of the glory of God.

JOHN VIPOND.

He was brought to the knowledge of God at an early period of life; and at the Conference, 1797, he was admitted upon trial as an itinerant preacher. He travelled two years, and at the Conference, 1799, was appointed for the *Whitehaven* circuit. He only preached a few times after he arrived there before he was seized with a fever, of which he died in a short time. He was wonderfully supported during his sickness by the Divine Spirit; and entered into the rest remaining for the people of God with joy unspeakable and full of glory. His character was unblemished, and his talents very promising: but the Great Head of the Church knows best when to call His servants home.

GEORGE WADSWORTH.

He was admitted upon trial as a travelling preacher in the Methodist Connection in the year 1770. He was an honest, pious, good man, and continued a faithful labourer in the vineyard for about *twenty-five* years. He was afflicted with the palsy, so that at the Conference, 1795, he was not able to keep a circuit. He was confined by his affliction about two years, which he bore with invincible patience, and entire resignation to the will of his heavenly Father. Before the close of his life he was much deprived of his faculties, particularly his speech. Yet at times he expressed himself as well as he was able respecting the great goodness of God to his soul, and the wisdom of the dispensations of His providence towards him. He often seemed to desire his release

from the cumbersome clay, that he might be with his blessed Lord; yet his language was, *Thy will be done.* When he drew near his end, he did not discover the least unwillingness to leave any person or thing in the world. He seemed entirely dead to all things here, and his heart wholly set on heaven. After keeping his bed only three or four days, he yielded up his soul into the hands of his beloved Redeemer on the 12th day of June, 1797, with a hope full of immortality.

ISAAC WALDRON.

He began his itinerant labours among the Methodists about the year 1760. His natural temper and disposition were crooked and perverse to a considerable degree: this may doubtless be considered his misfortune rather than his fault, as no man can help the natural texture of his frame. Yet as the grace of God received into the heart is intended to produce a *real* change, and to create in us a new heart and a right spirit, he might have obtained that grace from God which would have conquered the natural perverseness of his spirit. In his latter years he was severely afflicted. I am not in possession of the time or circumstances of his death.

O how necessary it is for us who *minister in holy things* to be examples to the flock *in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity.* So shall we be useful and respected in our day and generation; and when we rest from our labours our *memory will be blessed.*

FRANCIS WALKER.

He was a native of *Tewksbury*, in *Gloucestershire.* He was a pious, honest, upright man; his ministerial abilities were not very great, but he was remarkably lively, zealous, and useful.

Mr. *Wesley* in his printed journal for the year 1744 mentions Mr. *Walker* as then labouring in *Cornwall;* and remarks, he had been driven by *wicked and unreasonable men* from *Trewint,* and had been an instrument of great good to souls wherever he went. "Indeed," adds Mr. *Wesley,* "I never remember so great an awakening in *Cornwall,* wrought in so short a time,

among young and old, rich and poor, from *Trewint* quite to the sea-side."

He suffered great persecution for the word of God and the testimony which he held; but he was enabled to be faithful, and he *endured as seeing Him who is invisible.* He travelled a few years, and then married and settled in the city of *Glocester*, where he departed this life in peace.

THOMAS WALSH.

THIS eminently holy and useful young man was a native of *Ireland*, and was brought up in the bosom of the *Church of Rome.* He was born about the year 1730. He was savingly converted to God in the days of his youth; and in the year 1750, when only twenty years of age, he began to preach the everlasting Gospel. He was a man of uncommon talents for the ministry, and of very extensive learning. Mr. *Wesley* says he was the best Hebrew scholar he ever met with. "I never," says Mr. *Wesley*, "asked him the meaning of a Hebrew word, but he immediately told me how often it occurred in the Bible, and what it meant in each place."

After he engaged in the work of the ministry he was indefatigable in his studies and labours; which, being of a weak constitution, proved too much for him; and in a short time brought down his frail tabernacle. His diary, which has been published to the world, proves him to have been a man of deep piety and close walking with God.

The illness which terminated in his removal from this world to a better may be dated from February 24, 1758, a few days after his arrival at *Bristol*, on his way to *Ireland.* After preaching twice as usual, and studying hard all day, he was seized with violent pains in his head and in all his bones. He however rose the next morning at his usual time and preached, retiring afterwards to his accustomed exercises; but, still feeling the pressure of the disorder, he said, "*My body trembles with weakness, but my soul is happy in God.*"

March 4th, the day he took to his bed, he wrote in his diary as follows: "Good is Thy will, O God! Thy counsels of old are faithfulness and truth. Thou reignest in righteousness; though no man can know either love or hatred by all that is before him. Thou givest account of Thy ways to none, but assurest the righteous that *it shall be well with him;* and that

Thy corrections are with this design, that we may partake of Thy holiness. I am in Thy hands, O my God! Work Thy perfect will in me, and sustain me in this trial. I call upon Thee in the day of trouble; and I shall glorify Thee and praise Thee yet more and more."

At another time he makes the following remarks on his state: "I had a constant witness from the Holy Ghost that I was a child of God; however, the sins of my whole life were brought to my remembrance, particularly those of my heart. For though God preserved me from falling even once into those sins in which I lived in the days of my ignorance, nevertheless, I saw my pride, desire, self-will, self-indulgence, levity, and misspending time; my want of love to God, charity to my neighbour, and more serious concern for my own soul," &c.

So severe a judge was this good man of himself, while in the judgment of all that knew his manner of life he was exemplary in every respect, and remarkable for the contrary of what he thus lamented. "The more holy and eminently religious we are," says the pious *Bishop Taylor*, "the more full of awfulness, and fear, and modesty, and humility we shall be; and it is a sure rule that whatsoever heights of piety, union or familiarity with God any man pretends to, it is of the devil, unless the greater also be the humility of the man."

Mr. *Walsh* left *Bristol* and embarked for *Ireland* April 13. The passage was extremely dangerous, insomuch that the mariners themselves expected to perish, and cried out vehemently, *We are not fit to die!* While God gave him, he says, more faith, and patience, and joy than he ever had before. He prayed and praised God incessantly. See the blessedness of believing on the Son of God!

He, however, arrived safe at *Cork* on the Sunday following. His biographer, Mr. *Morgan*, observes: "Hearing of his arrival, I hastened to see him, and can never forget the idea which the first sight of him gave me of a man in deep *fellowship with God*. We embraced each other with tears; after which, kneeling down, he prayed as to a *present* God indeed, with such melting and moving expressions and reverential confidence as surpassed all that I had known and admired in him before; and plainly discovered his having entered since we parted much farther into the *Holiest of all*, by the *blood of Jesus*."

He had the judgment and advice of the best physicians wherever he came, who on the slightest intimation offered

their assistance with all cheerfulness, neither expecting nor desiring any other gratuity than (as one of them once expressed) *the prayers of Mr. Walsh.* They generally agreed that his disorder was brought on through excessive labour—frequent and loud preaching, and intense application to study.

For the benefit of the air, he was taken to *Limerick*, but being nothing benefited by it, they, according to his own inclination and desire, removed him to *Dublin*, from whence he removed to the palace of the Great King—the paradise of God.

For some time previous to his departure hence, his state was not indeed joyous, but grievous. He drank of his Lord's cup of sorrow, and was in truth deeply baptized with His baptism. He was immerged in affliction's furnace, and plunged in the deepest waters.

> "His flesh chastised, with tort'ring pain
> His soul, and sickness clave his bones;
> Keen anguish dwelt in every vein,
> And sadly turned his breath to moans.
> Sorrow was all his soul; he scarce perceived,
> But by the pains he suffer'd, that he liv'd."

He was tempted, and sorely buffeted by the devil. The nature of his disorder exposed him to a degree of precipitancy and discomposure which he was more than superior to while in better health. In short, so did the wisdom of God permit, that through the malice of *Satan*, the extreme violence of his disorder, and the concurrence of several other circumstances, this servant of God was brought to the utmost extremity of spiritual distress and anguish, consistently with keeping the faith: insomuch, that it was but a few degrees removed from despair.

> "His agonizing soul sweat blood,
> With Christ he fainted on the tree,
> And cry'd in death, My God, my God,
> Ah! why hast Thou forsaken me?"

His great soul lay thus as it were in ruins for some considerable time; and he poured out many a heavy groan from an oppressed heart. This continued till a little time before his complete and eternal deliverance, when the Lord once more shone upon the face of his soul; the beams of heavenly brightness dispersed the clouds, and the smiles of the Divine countenance more than compensated for this night of sorrow.

Just as Mr. *Walsh* was departing, he burst out in transport and pronounced in a dying voice, but with the joy of angels, "*He is come!—He is come!—My beloved is mine, and I am His!—His for ever!*" And thus he sweetly breathed out his soul into the hands of his beloved Saviour, on the 8th day of April, 1759, and in the twenty-eighth year of his age.

RICHARD WATKINSON.

He was a preacher in the Methodist Connection for several years. He spent most of his time in *Ireland*, till the year 1786, when Mr. *Wesley* sent him into *Scotland*, where he remained till the Conference 1790, at which time he was sent to labour in *Cornwall;* there he continued for two years, and in the year 1792, having been again removed into *Scotland*, he concluded his life and labours in peace, in the city of *Edinburgh*. His death was very sudden: he had been in a poor state of health for some time, but was considerably recovered. Two strokes of the palsy had greatly reduced him, and he expected the third would take him off.

He was drinking tea at Mr. *M'Allum's*, with a few Christian friends, when he was attacked by the stroke he had been some time expecting, and he died in a few hours. For several months before his death, he was observed to have drunk deep into the spirit of holiness, and to have been unusually devoted to God. Thus did the Lord prepare His servant for this sudden change, and for that state of glory upon which he then entered.

GEORGE WAWNE.

His parents were very respectable farmers, at *Marton*, near *Malton*, in *Yorkshire*. In the year 1779 he gave himself up to the work of the ministry, and came out as an Itinerant preacher. His appointment was to the *Nottingham* circuit, where he met with some heavy trials, which greatly discouraged him. His piety, his love for souls, and his zeal for the glory of God, were great. He soon, however, finished his course. He received a second appointment at the Conference 1780, for *Gloucester*, but was not spared to fulfil it; for on the 11th of August, 1780, he was taken to his eternal rest, in the twenty-sixth year of his age.

THOMAS WEBB.

He was for several years, in the early part of his life, a lieutenant in the army, in which situation he received a wound in his arm, and lost his right eye, in the same campaign that *General Wolfe* lost his life, in the year 1758.

In the year 1764 (though he had frequent convictions from the Spirit of God before) it pleased the Lord, without any outward means, to awaken his conscience, and he truly felt that he was a *fallen creature*. His distress was at times so great, that he was ready to conclude there was no mercy for him. He had no spiritual friend to direct him to the only remedy for his sin-sick soul; but on the 25th of March, 1765, in a very extraordinary manner, the Lord brought his soul out of trouble—his intolerable burden was removed, and he was filled with peace and joy in believing.

A few days after this blessed change was wrought in his heart, being then in the city of *Bristol*, he became acquainted with the Rev. Mr. *Roquet*, an eminent Minister in the Establishment, who accounted it an honour to be united to the Methodists. Through this gentleman, Mr. *Webb* also became acquainted with the Methodists, and with them he soon determined both to live and to die. The first time of his bearing a public testimony of the truth was in *Bath*, when, the preacher not coming, as was expected, he was desired to speak to the people, which he did, and gave an account of his own experience, and the people were much blessed.

Soon after this, he had occasion to go to *America* in his military capacity, where he was appointed *Barrack-Master* of *Albany*. As soon as he arrived there he made a point of holding family-prayer at his house, at which his neighbours frequently attended: after a while he ventured to give them a word of exhortation, and from the good effects which appeared he was encouraged to go farther still, even into the highways and hedges.

He was, under God, *one* of the first (some say the *first*) instruments of planting *Methodism* on the vast continent of *America*. He certainly was the means of erecting the *first* Methodist Chapel on that continent, in the city of *New York*. He preached in that city with great success; and, induced by

the success he met with, and by an earnest desire of saving souls, he wrote to Mr. *Wesley*, earnestly importuning him to send missionaries thither. Accordingly Mr. *Wesley*, at the Conference 1769, sent over *Richard Boardman* and *Joseph Pilmoor* as missionaries to *America*.

For many years Mr. *Webb* resided at *Bristol*, though he frequently preached in different parts of the kingdom; and, as he preached in his *regimentals*, curiosity incited many to attend upon his ministry. Great multitudes of souls crowded to hear him; and a vast number, in different places, owned him as their *spiritual* father in Christ. His ministry was plain, but remarkably powerful. He was truly a *Boanerges*, and he often made the stout-hearted sinner to tremble.

In the year 1792 he was the principal instrument in erecting one of the most elegant chapels in the Methodist Connection, if not in the kingdom, on *Kingsdown*, near *Bristol*, called *Portland Chapel*. In that chapel he preached his last sermon, a few weeks before he was called to his great reward.

His death, though very sudden, was not unexpected by him. He appeared to have had a presentiment for some time of his approaching dissolution: and, a short time before his death, he spoke to an intimate friend of the *place* and *manner* of his interment; at the same time he observed, "*I should prefer a triumphant death: but I may be taken away suddenly. However, I know I am happy in the Lord, and shall be with Him whenever He calls me hence, and that is sufficient.*" On Tuesday, December 20th, 1796, a little before ten o'clock in the evening, having eaten his supper, he prayed as usual with the family, and recommended them to God. Soon after ten o'clock he retired to bed in his usual health; in a short time after he seemed to breathe hard, and with great difficulty; he, however, arose, and having sat down at the foot of the bed, while Mrs. *Webb* was standing by him, he fell back on the bed, and, without a struggle or a groan, his happy spirit resigned its habitation and fled to the realms of eternal day! On the Saturday following, his remains were deposited in a vault, under the Communion Table, in *Portland Chapel*. I read the funeral service, and Mr. *Pritchard* preached the sermon to a crowded, weeping audience. The Society showed him great respect. The chapel was hung with mourning; and the trustees, a short time after, erected a neat marble monument to his memory, in the chapel, with the following inscription:—

Sacred to the Memory of
THOMAS WEBB, Esq.,
Lieutenant in the 48th Regiment of foot,
Who died the 20th of December, 1796,
Aged 72,
And whose remains are interred in the recess.
As a SOLDIER,
He was brave—active—courageous,
And lost an eye at the siege of *Louisbourg*, 1758.
When afterwards enlisted under the banner of CHRIST,
As a CHRISTIAN,
He was exemplary
For Simplicity and godly Sincerity.
As a PREACHER,
He was faithful—zealous, successful,
Both in *Great Britain* and *America*.
In the latter, he founded
The first Methodist Churches;
And was
The principal instrument
In erecting this
CHAPEL.

SAMUEL WELLS.

HE was a native of *Cheltenham*, in *Gloucestershire*, and was a young man of extraordinary piety, strong sense, and considerable ministerial abilities. He was converted to God at an early period of life, and soon after engaged in the important work of the Ministry. He came out as an Itinerant Preacher at the Conference in 1770, and continued in this good work about ten years, when the Lord was pleased to take him to his glorious rest in heaven some time about the year 1780. He was remarkably zealous for God, and exerted *all* his strength and spent *all* his time in the work unto which God had called him. He was a strict disciplinarian, and was a strenuous exhorter of believers to go on to perfection. Several small pieces that he wrote have been published in the *Methodist Magazine*, which prove him to have been a man of considerable talents and genius. The following letter will fully evince that an excellent spirit was in him, and that his whole soul was engaged in the work of God. It is dated Oct. 10, 1772,

and addressed to the Rev. Mr. *Wesley*. "I am conscious I am but a child, and that the thoughts of my heart, however sincere, may be weak and foolish; yet I cannot suppose I run any risk in exposing them to *you*. Therefore I shall make no farther apology for offering you the following hints. When I consider the condition the whole world is in as to religion, I am astonished. I see myself in an evil world—a world of immortals—the greatest part of whom are regardless of their eternal happiness or misery! I consider, Who lives as a probationer for eternity? It is plain the men of the world do not: no, nor all religious men; for the far greater part of them are busied in doubtful disputations, and even deny the truth *as it is after godliness*. I believe it is not the will of God that any should perish, but that all should come to the knowledge of the truth. But I cannot expect that this will be effected by any other instruments than such as maintain this truth—viz., that nothing else than being created anew in Christ Jesus will be of any avail to us. If these are the principles of the Methodists, I am led to inquire, Do *we* who preach them live and act according to them? Let me answer for myself. I am conscious that God seeth the secrets of my heart; but it is often a *dull* consciousness thereof, else I could never be guilty of trifling conversation, but all my words would be spoken as in His presence. Indeed this is *sometimes* the case; and if it were always so it would be (as it is at times) full of the power of God. I know He then owns His word. It is no longer I that speak, but the Spirit of my Father who speaketh in me. The greater sinner am I that I do not always so speak, believe, and act. If I believe the grace of God is sufficient to perfect *me*, and *all* who believe in every good word and work, am I consistent with myself? Sometimes I think I am; sometimes I fear I am not. When I am, I not only do nothing which I feel would offend God, but I feel impelled to press everyone I converse with to this also. If I were always what I ought to be I should abound more and more in the spirit of faith, and loving obedience, and in all usefulness to others. I believe much of this spirit hath been given me sometimes; but often have I sinned it away, or sunk back from His goodness by unbelieving fears. But I consider again, What are my brethren in the Lord doing? Some of them I believe are *all devoted* to Him; but I fear not all. Many of them are men of superior endowments; but is their behaviour such as it ought to be? I would ask the same questions about them as I have about myself; but I

hardly dare: and yet my heart is full. I will therefore venture to speak a little. I fear, though I wander so much, some wander more. Our word is too often a mere insipid repetition of doctrinal truths; our conversation sometimes mere impertinence. Nay, I sometimes have thought that you, Sir, might do more than you do in promoting the cause of Christian holiness. I do not remember that in conversion, or by letter, you ever pressed me to expect a deliverance from all the carnal mind, except once in a letter, and once when you met the class at *Cheltenham;* though you have exhorted me to press others to it. And yet I think you have given me, one way or other, far more encouragement than any other preacher in your Connection; though some of them have not been altogether neglectful of their duty neither. But, dear Sir, would it not animate us exceedingly if you encouraged us yet more? Suffer me to mention another thing that occurs to my mind. I sometimes fear that the very ill-treatment you have met with from our Pedestinarian brethren goes near to provoke your spirit at times; and if it does it must necessarily hinder your spirituality and usefulness. I am sure you must be *more than human* if their conduct does not hurt you."

THOMAS WERRILL.

He was a native of *Ireland*, and was admitted upon trial at the Conference 1789. He was a very promising young man, of considerable gifts for the Ministry, and of eminent piety. For some time he laboured with success in his native country. Afterwards, at the Conference, 1791, he devoted himself to the work of God among the Heathens; and after a short but successful ministry in the *Island of Jamaica*, he died *the death of a Saint*—of a *Christian* entering into the glory of God in the full assurance of hope, in the year 1792.

JOHN WESLEY

Having already, in the Introduction to this Work, spoken largely of this Apostolic Man as being, under God, the *father* and *founder* of the Methodist Societies, and as his *Life* is in the hands of almost every Methodist, I shall only notice

some of the most material circumstances of the close of his invaluable life, and give a concise sketch of his general character. He continued his astonishing labours from the year 1735 (at which time he went over to *Georgia*) almost without intermission till the year 1791, when it pleased that God, whom he had so *long* and so *faithfully* served in the Gospel of His Son, to take him in a most glorious and triumphant manner to his great and eternal reward.

Though the particular circumstances of his happy death may be known perhaps to many into whose hands this Work may fall; yet I could not be satisfied without recording them in these Memoirs. In Mr. *Wesley's* Journal for June 28, 1790, he observes: "This day I enter into my *eighty-eighth* year. For above *eighty-six* years I found none of the infirmities of old age; my eyes did not wax dim, neither was my natural strength abated. But last August I found almost a sudden change; my eyes were so dim that no glasses would help me; my strength likewise quite forsook me, and probably will not return in this world. But I feel no pain from head to foot; only it seems nature is exhausted, and, humanly speaking, will sink more and more till

"The weary wheels of life stand still at last."

This at length was literally the case; the death of Mr. *Wesley* being one of those rare instances in which nature, drooping under the load of years, sinks by a gentle decay. His labours, however, suffered little interruption; and when the summons came it found him, as he always wished it should, in the *harness*—still occupied in his Master's work.

Thursday, February 17th, 1791, Mr. *Wesley* preached at *Lambeth;* but on his return home seemed much indisposed, and supposed he had taken cold. The next day he read and wrote as usual, and in the evening preached at *Chelsea* with some difficulty. Saturday he still persevered in his usual employments, though to those about him his complaints seemed evidently increasing. On Sunday he rose early, according to custom, but quite unfit for the exercises of the day. Monday he seemed much better, and visited a friend at *Twickenham*. Tuesday he went on with his usual work: preached at the *City-Road*, and seemed better than he had been for some days. Wednesday, the 23rd, he went to *Leatherhead*, where he delivered his last sermon from, *Seek ye the Lord while He may be found: call ye upon Him while He is near*. He returned to town on Friday, the 25th, extremely ill.

Saturday, the 26th, he continued much in the same state, taking very little either of medicine or nourishment. On Sunday morning he seemed better, got up, and took a cup of tea. Sitting in his chair he looked quite cheerful, and repeated that verse—

"Till glad I lay this body down,
Thy servant, Lord, attend;
And O! my life of mercy crown
With a triumphant end."

Soon after he emphatically said, "Our friend *Lazarus* sleepeth." Some time after he said, "There is no need of more; when at *Bristol* my words were—

"I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me."*

Monday, 28th, his weakness increased. He slept most of the day, and spoke but little; yet that little testified how much his whole heart was taken up with the care of the Societies, the glory of God, and the promotion of the things pertaining to that kingdom to which he was hastening. Once he said, in a low but distinct manner, *There is no way into the holiest but by the blood of Jesus.* Tuesday morning he sang two verses of that hymn—

"All glory to God in the sky."

Then lying still, as if to recover his strength, he called for pen and ink; they were brought to him, but he could not write. A person said, "Let me write for you, Sir; tell me what you would say?" "Nothing," replied he, "but that GOD IS WITH US." In the forenoon he said, "I will get up." While they were preparing his clothes, he broke out in a manner which surprised all who were about him in singing—

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath," &c.

When he got into his chair, he appeared to change for death.

* At the *Bristol* Conference in 1783, Mr. *Wesley* was taken very ill: neither he nor his friends thought he would recover. Under these views of his situation, he said to Mr. *Bradford*, "I have been reflecting on my past life: I have been wandering up and down between fifty and sixty years, endeavouring in my poor way to do a little good to my fellow-creatures; and now it is probable that there are but a few steps between me and death; and what have I to trust to for salvation? I can see nothing which I have done, or suffered, that will bear looking at. I have no other plea than this, *I the chief of sinners am, but Jesus died for me.*" The sentiment here expressed, and his reference to it in his last sickness, plainly show how steadily he had persevered in the same views of the Gospel with which he set out to preach.

But he, regardless of his dying body, said with a weak voice, "Lord, Thou givest strength to those who can speak, and to those who cannot: speak, Lord, to all our hearts, and let them know that Thou loosest tongues." He then sung—

"To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree."

Here his voice failed. After gasping for breath, he said, "Now we have done all—let us all go." He was then laid on the bed, from which he arose no more. After resting a little, he called to those who were with him to pray and praise; and taking each by the hand, and affectionately saluting them, he said, "Farewell, farewell!" Attempting afterwards to say something which they could not understand, he paused a little, and then, with all the remaining strength he had, said, "THE BEST OF ALL IS, GOD IS WITH US." And again, lifting his hand, he repeated the same words with holy triumph, "THE BEST OF ALL IS, GOD IS WITH US." On wetting his lips, he said his usual thanksgiving after meat: "We thank Thee, O Lord, for these and all Thy mercies; bless the Church and King, and grant us truth and peace, through Jesus Christ our Lord." After some pause, he said, "*The clouds drop fatness. The Lord is with us —the God of Jacob is our refuge.*" Most of the following night he often attempted to repeat his favourite psalm, but could only get out,

"I'll praise—I'll praise."

On Wednesday morning the closing scene drew near. Mr. *Bradford*, his old and faithful friend, now prayed with him; and the last word he was heard to articulate was, FAREWELL! A few minutes before ten o'clock in the morning, on the second day of March, 1791, while a number of his friends were kneeling around his bed, without a lingering groan, did this blessed man of God enter into the joy of his Lord.

On Tuesday, March 8th, at the earnest request of many friends, his corpse, dressed in his canonical robes, was placed in the *New Chapel* in order that they might once more see his remains before his interment. His face, as he lay in his coffin, had a heavenly smile upon it, and a beauty that was admired by all who saw it. He was interred on the 9th of March, as privately as possible, between five and six o'clock in the morning; and yet many hundreds of his friends attended at that early hour, and with many tears saw his

remains deposited in the vault he had some years before prepared for himself and the preachers, in the yard of the *New Chapel*, in the *City-Road*, *London*. The funeral service was read by the Rev. *John Richardson*, in a manner which rendered it peculiarly affecting. The funeral sermon was preached by *John Whitehead*, *M.D.*, and afterwards printed; it is generally supposed to be a masterly performance. The chapel was uncommonly crowded, and the audience as still and solemn as night.

The death of Mr. *Wesley* attracted the notice of the public beyond any former example, not only in the metropolis, but throughout the land. The poetic flight of Dr. *Watts*, in his admirable Elegy on Mr. *Thomas Gouge*, may with the utmost propriety, in my judgment, be applied to the death of Mr. *Wesley*.

"WESLEY to dust! How doleful is the sound!
How vast the stroke is! and how wide the wound!
O painful stroke! Distressing death!
A wound immeasurably wide;
No *vulgar* mortal died,
When he resign'd his breath.

"The muse that mourns a nation's fall,
Should wait at WESLEY'S funeral,
Should mingle majesty and groans,
Such as she sings to sinking thrones;
And in deep sounding numbers tell,
How SION trembled when this pillar fell:
SION grows weak, and ENGLAND poor;
Nature herself, with all her store,
Can furnish such a pomp for death no more."

The inscription on his coffin was:—

JOHANNES WESLEY, A.M.,
Olim Soc. Coll. Lin. Oxon.
Ob. 2do. die Martii 1791.
An. Æt. 88.

The inscription on Mr. *Wesley's* tomb:—

To the Memory of
THE VENERABLE JOHN WESLEY, A.M.,
Late Fellow of LINCOLN College, OXFORD.
This GREAT LIGHT arose
(By the singular Providence of God)

To enlighten THESE NATIONS,
And to *revive*, *enforce*, and *defend*
The Pure, Apostolical DOCTRINES and PRACTICES of
The PRIMITIVE CHURCH:
Which he continued to do, by his Writings and his
LABOURS,
For more than HALF A CENTURY:
And, to his inexpressible Joy,
Not only beheld their INFLUENCE extending,
And their EFFICACY witnessed,
In the Hearts and Lives of MANY THOUSANDS,
As well in the WESTERN WORLD, as in these
KINGDOMS:
But also, far above all human Power or Expectation,
Lived to see PROVISION made, by the singular Grace
Of GOD,
For their CONTINUANCE and ESTABLISHMENT;
To THE JOY OF FUTURE GENERATIONS!
READER, If thou art constrained to bless the INSTRUMENT,
GIVE GOD THE GLORY!
After having languished a few days, He at length finished
his COURSE *and his* LIFE *together: gloriously*
triumphing over DEATH, *March* 2, *An. Dom.* 1791,
in the Eighty-Eighth Year of his Age.

In the year 1800 the TRUSTEES of the *New Chapel* ordered a neat MARBLE TABLET to be erected in memory of Mr. WESLEY, and placed it on the right side of the Communion Table, at the East end of the chapel, with the following inscription, composed by Dr. *Whitehead*:—

Sacred to the Memory
Of the Rev. JOHN WESLEY, A.M.,
Sometime *Fellow* of LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD.
A man in Learning and sincere Piety
Scarcely inferior to any:
In Zeal, Ministerial Labours, and extensive Usefulness,
Superior (perhaps) to all men,
Since the days of ST. PAUL.
Regardless of Fatigue, Personal Danger, and Disgrace,
He went out into the Highways and Hedges,
Calling Sinners to Repentance;
And preaching the GOSPEL of Peace.
He was the Founder of the *Methodist* Societies:
The Patron and *Friend* of the Lay-preachers:

By whose aid he extended the Plan of Itinerant Preaching
Through GREAT BRITAIN and IRELAND,
The WEST INDIES and AMERICA,
With unexampled Success.
He was born June 17th, 1703,
And died March 2d, 1791,
In sure and certain hope of Eternal Life,
Through the Atonement and Mediation of a Crucified Saviour.
He was Sixty-five Years in the *Ministry*,
And Fifty-two an Itinerant Preacher.
He lived to see, in these KINGDOMS only
About three hundred Itinerant,
And a thousand *Local* Preachers,
Raised up from among his own People;
And eighty thousand Persons in the Societies under his care.
His *Name* will be had in grateful Remembrance
By all who rejoice in the universal spread
Of the Gospel of CHRIST.
Soli Deo Gloria.

Dr. Whitehead,
Scripsit.

As to the *Character* of Mr. WESLEY, I know not where to begin to delineate it. I remember his own words concerning that eminent servant of God, Mr. *Fletcher*, "Only an *Apelles* is proper to paint an *Alexander*."

His natural and acquired abilities were both of the highest rank. His apprehension was lively and distinct; his learning extensive. His judgment, though not infallible, was in most cases excellent. His mind was steadfast and resolved. His elocution was ready and clear, graceful and easy, accurate and unaffected. As a writer his style, though unstudied and flowing with natural ease, yet for accuracy and perspicuity was such as may vie with the best writers in the *English* language. Though his temper was naturally warm his manners were gentle, simple, and uniform. Never were such happy talents better seconded by an unrelenting perseverance in those courses which his singular endowments and his zealous love to the interests of mankind marked out for him. His constitution was excellent; and never was a constitution less abused, less spared, or more excellently applied in an exact subservience to the faculties of his mind. His labours and studies were wonderful: the latter were not confined to *Theology* only, but extended to every subject that

tended either to the improvement or the rational entertainment of the mind. If we consider the reading he discovers by itself, his writings and his other labours by themselves, any one of them will appear sufficient to have kept a person of ordinary application busy during his whole life. In short, the transactions of his life could never have been performed without the utmost exertion of two qualities; which depended not upon his capacity, but on the uniform steadfastness of his resolution. These were *inflexible temperance* and *unexampled economy of time.* In these he was a pattern to the age he lived in, and an example to what a surprising extent a man may render himself useful in his generation by temperance and punctuality. His friends and followers have no need to be ashamed of the name of *Methodist* he has entailed upon them, as for an uninterrupted course of years he gave the world an instance of the possibility of living without wasting a *single* hour, and of the advantage of a regular distribution of time in discharging the important duties and purposes of life.

As a Minister his labours were unparalleled, and such as nothing could have supported him under but the warmest zeal for the doctrine which he taught, and the eternal interests of mankind. He studied to be gentle, yet vigilant and faithful towards all. He possessed himself in patience, and preserved himself unprovoked; nay, even unruffled in the midst of persecution, reproach, and all manner of abuse, both of his person and name.

The following account, as far as it goes, is a beautiful picture of this extraordinary man.

"Very lately I had an opportunity for some days together of observing Mr. *Wesley* with attention. I endeavoured to consider him not so much with the eye of a friend as with the impartiality of a philosopher; and, I must declare, every hour I spent in his company afforded me fresh reasons for esteem and veneration. So fine an old man I never saw. The happiness of his mind beamed forth in his countenance; every look showed how fully he enjoyed

'The gay remembrance of a life well spent.'

Wherever he went he diffused a portion of his own felicity. Easy and affable in his demeanour, he accommodated himself to every sort of company; and showed how happily the most finished courtesy may be blended with the most perfect piety. In his conversation we might be at a loss whether to admire

most his fine classical taste, his extensive knowledge of men and things, or his overflowing goodness of heart. While the grave and serious were charmed with his wisdom, his sportive sallies of innocent mirth delighted even the young and thoughtless; and both saw in his uninterrupted cheerfulness the excellency of true religion. No cynical remarks on the levity of youth embittered his discourse; no applausive retrospect to past times marked his present discontent. In him even old age appeared delightful—like an evening without a cloud —and it was impossible to observe him without wishing fervently, *May my latter end be like his!* For my own part, I never was so happy as while with him, and scarcely ever felt more poignant regret than at parting with him; for well I knew

'I ne'er should look upon his like again.'"

The following beautiful portrait of Mr. *Wesley* was drawn by a *masterly* hand; and for its *size* is perhaps one of the best finished *likenesses* that has been presented to the world:—

"His indefatigable zeal in the discharge of his duty has been long witnessed by the world; but as mankind are not always inclined to put a generous construction on the exertion of singular talents, his motives were imputed to the love of popularity, ambition, and lucre. It now appears that he was actuated by a disinterested regard to the immortal interests of mankind. He laboured, and studied, and preached, and wrote to propagate what he believed to be the Gospel of Christ. The intervals of these engagements were employed in governing and regulating the concerns of his numerous Societies; assisting the necessities, solving the difficulties, and soothing the afflictions of his hearers. He observed so rigid a temperance, and allowed himself so little repose, that he seemed to be above the infirmities of nature, and to act independent of the earthly tenement he occupied. The recital of the occurrences of every day of his life would be the greatest encomium.

"Had he loved wealth, he might have accumulated it without bounds. Had he been fond of power, his influence would have been worth courting by any party. I do not say he was without ambition; he had that which *Christianity* need not blush at, and which virtue is proud to confess. I do not mean that which is gratified by splendour and large possessions; but that which commands the hearts and affections, the homage and gratitude of thousands. For him they felt

sentiments of veneration, only inferior to those which they paid to heaven: to him they looked as their father, their benefactor, their guide to glory and immortality; for him they fell prostrate before God with prayers and tears to spare him and prolong his stay. Such a recompense as this is sufficient to repay the toils of the longest life. Short of *this* greatness is contemptible impotence. Before this lofty prelates bow, and princes hide their diminished heads.

"His zeal was not a transient blaze, but a steady and constant flame. The ardour of his spirit was neither damped by difficulty nor subdued by age. This was ascribed by himself to the power of Divine grace, by the world to *enthusiasm*. Be it what it will, it is what philosophers must envy, and infidels respect: it is that which gives energy to the soul; and without which there can be no greatness or heroism. Why should we condemn that in religion which we applaud in every other profession or pursuit? He had a vigour and an elevation of mind which nothing but the belief of the Divine favour and presence could inspire. This threw a lustre round his infirmities, and changed his bed of sickness into a triumphal car.

"He was qualified to excel in every branch of literature: he was well versed in the Learned Tongues, in Metaphysics, in Oratory, in Logic, in Criticism; and possessed every requisite of a *Christian* Minister. His style was nervous, clear, and manly; his preaching was pathetic and persuasive; his journals are artless and interesting; and his compositions and compilations to promote knowledge and piety were almost innumerable. I do not say he was without faults, or above mistakes; but they were lost in the multitude of his excellencies and virtues.

"To gain the admiration of an ignorant and superstitious age requires only a little artifice and address; to stand the test of *these* times, when all pretensions to sanctity are stigmatised as hypocrisy, is a proof of genuine piety and real usefulness. His great object was to revive the obsolete doctrines and extinguished spirit of the *Church of England;* and they who are its friends cannot be his enemies. Yet for this he was treated as a fanatic and impostor, and exposed to every species of slander and persecution. Even Bishops and Dignitaries entered the lists against him; but he never declined the combat, and generally proved victorious. He appealed to the *Homilies*, the *Articles*, and the *Scriptures* as vouchers for his doctrine; and they who could not decide

upon the merits of the controversy were witnesses of the effects of his labours; and they judged of the tree by the fruits. It is true he did not succeed much in the higher walks of life; but that impeached his cause no more than it did the first planters of the Gospel. However, if he had been capable of assuming vanity on that score, he might have ranked among his friends some persons of the first distinction, who would have done honour to any party.

"After surviving almost all his adversaries, and acquiring respect among those who were the most distant from his principles, he lived to see the plant he had reared spreading its branches far and wide, and inviting not only these kingdoms but the western world to repose under its shade. No sect since the first ages of *Christianity* could boast a founder of such extensive talents and endowments. If he had been a candidate for literary fame, he might have succeeded to his utmost wishes; but he sought not the praise of man: he regarded learning only as the instrument of usefulness. The great purpose of his life was doing good. For this he relinquished all honour and preferment; to this he dedicated all the powers of body and mind—at all times and in all places, in season and out of season—by gentleness, by terror, by argument, by persuasion, by reason, by interest, by every motive and every inducement he strove with unwearied assiduity to turn men from the error of their ways, and awaken them to virtue and religion. To the bed of sickness or the couch of prosperity; to the prison, the hospital, the house of mourning, or the house of feasting—whenever there was a friend to serve or a soul to save, he readily repaired to administer assistance or advice, reproof or consolation. He thought no office too humiliating; no condescension too low; no undertaking too arduous to reclaim the meanest of God's offspring. The souls of all men were equally precious in his sight; and the value of an immortal creature beyond all estimation. He penetrated the abodes of wretchedness and ignorance to rescue the profligate from perdition; and he communicated the light of life to those who sat in darkness and the shadow of death.

"He was instrumental in changing the outcasts of society into useful members: civilising even savages, and filling those lips with prayer and praise that had been accustomed only to oaths and imprecations. But as the strongest religious impressions are apt to become languid without discipline and practice, he divided his people into classes and bands,

according to their attainments. He appointed frequent meetings for prayer and conversation, where they gave an account of their experience, their hopes and fears, their joys and troubles; by which means they were united to each other, and to their common profession. They became sentinels to each other's conduct, and securities for each other's character. Thus the seeds he sowed sprang up and flourished, bearing the rich fruits of every grace and virtue. Thus he governed and preserved his numerous Societies, watching their improvement with a paternal care, and encouraging them to be faithful to the end."

The fruits of Mr. *Wesley's* labours were in some places more conspicuous than in others by reason of the previous profligacy of the persons who were converted by his ministry. This was particularly the case with the Colliers in *Kingswood*, near *Bristol*, who were a people famous from the beginning for neither fearing God nor regarding man; so that they were a terror to all the country for many miles round. The change, therefore, which was produced in them was so obvious and incontestable as to excite universal attention and admiration. It incited a Clergyman in the neighbourhood, of eccentric character, but of no mean genius, to employ his poetical talents in writing the following lines, which, as they are but little known, and so fully descriptive of the success of the *Modern Druid's* labours in *Kingswood*, I thought the insertion of them would be pleasing to my readers.

"How chang'd the scene! how pleasant to our eyes!
A thousand peaceful cottages arise,
Where the insatiate wolf was wont to prowl,
And scare the unhappy pilgrim with his howl.
There *now* the friendly voice of man you hear,
Who cheerfully salute the list'ning ear.
But yet the reas'ning slaves, alas! we find,
To everything celestial *wholly* blind!
How gross their ignorance! their hearts how dark!
No ray of light was seen—no heavenly spark:
But when a *modern Druid* did inquire,
How sad their state? He strung his sounding lyre:
Around his sounding lyre the *miners* throng,
Charm'd with his voice, they blessed him as he sung.
He sang of Paradise—the happy state:
Then sweetly mourn'd our fallen parents' fate.
But how the wond'rous *Bard* his voice did raise!

How tun'd his chords to sing his Saviour's praise!
The ready strings were joyful seen to move,
Whilst in his lofty lays he sang His love,
Who had descended from the realms on high,
And left the happy mansions of the sky;
Who did the ceaseless joys of heav'n forego,
For shame, reviling, penury, and woe;
Who did exchange the music of the spheres,
For human wailings, and a vale of tears;
Who laid His great Omnipotence aside,
Became a child *with us*, and *for us* died.
These wond'rous things, O CHRIST! were done by Thee,
To save our hapless race from misery.
O happy day! O most stupendous birth!
In heaven is gladness, and goodwill on earth.
The attentive wood was ravish'd as he sung,
And truths Divine came mended from his tongue.
Victorious tenderness! it all o'ercame;
Colliers look'd mild, and *Savages* grew tame!"

The following description of Mr. *Wesley's* person will be agreeable to most readers *now*, and certainly will be more so when those who personally knew him are removed to their eternal habitations:—"The figure of Mr. *Wesley* was remarkable. His stature was low, his habit of body in every period of life the reverse of corpulent, and expressive of strict temperance and continual exercise; and notwithstanding his small size, his step was firm, and his appearance, till within a few years of his death, vigorous and muscular. His face, for an old man, was remarkably fine: a clear smooth forehead, an aquiline nose, an eye the brightest and most piercing that can be conceived, and a freshness of complexion scarcely ever found at his years, and expressive of the most perfect health, conspired to render him a venerable and interesting figure. Few have seen him without being struck with his appearance; and many who had been greatly prejudiced against him have been known to change their opinion the moment they were introduced into his presence. In his countenance and demeanour there was a cheerfulness mingled with gravity, and a sprightliness which was the natural result of an unusual flow of spirits, and yet was accompanied with every mark of the most serene tranquillity. His aspect, particularly in profile, had a strong character of acuteness and penetration. In dress he was a pattern of neatness and

simplicity. A narrow-plaited stock, a coat with a small upright collar, no buckles at the knee, no silk or velvet in any part of his apparel, and a head as white as snow, gave an idea of something primitive and apostolic; while an air of neatness and cleanliness was diffused over his whole person."

It is, perhaps, not unworthy of remark, that as Mr. *Wesley*, during a course of more than *sixty years*, had invariably testified, both by precept and example, against the pomp of the world and the glare of life, so also he used the utmost precaution that nothing of that kind might be permitted to accompany his interment in that *house which is appointed for all living*. We therefore meet with the following remarkable clause in his will:—"I give six pounds to be divided among the six poor men, named by the Assistant, who shall carry my body to the grave; for I particularly desire there may be no hearse, no coach, no escutcheon, no pomp, except the tears of those who loved me, and are following me to *Abraham's* bosom. I solemnly adjure my executors, in the name of God, punctually to observe this."

The following lines were written some years ago by a lady, on seeing Mr. *Wesley's* picture. As they contain a true description of his character in a few words, I shall take the liberty to close this account of this extraordinary man with them:—

"Hail, brightest Orator our nation boasts!
Hail, veteran Soldier of the Lord of Hosts!
Hail, bright Resemblance! in whose nervous lines
The Saint sublime, the finish'd Christian shines:
Through whom appears to each discerning eye,
The depths of Learning, Wisdom, Piety:
All Graces, Human and Divine, are there,
Soft temper'd by the pensive mourner's air:
Mild, heav'nly Meekness, to the world unknown,
Unto th' belov'd Disciple giv'n alone:
A worth so singular, since time began,
But ONE SURPASS'D, and HE WAS MORE THAN MAN."

CHARLES WESLEY.

HE was the third son of the Rev. *Samuel Wesley*, Rector of *Epworth*, in *Lincolnshire*, and was born several weeks before his time on Dec. 18, 1708. He appeared dead rather than

alive when he was born. He did not cry nor open his eyes; and he was kept wrapt up in soft wool till the time when he should have been born, according to the usual course of nature, and then he opened his eyes and began to cry. He received the first rudiments of learning, as all the other children did also, under the pious care of his extraordinary mother. In 1716 he was sent to *Westminster School*, and placed under the care of his eldest brother *Samuel Wesley* an High Churchman, who also educated *Charles* in his own principles. To this circumstance, perhaps, may be imputed that predilection (not to say bigotry) which he invariably manifested towards the *Church of England*, even to the very close of his life. In 1721 he was admitted a Scholar of *St. Peter's College, Westminster*, and in 1726 he was elected to *Christchurch, Oxford*. There he pursued his studies diligently, and led a regular harmless life; but when his brother, Mr. *John Wesley*, spoke to him about religion, he would warmly answer, "*What, would you have me to be a Saint all at once?*" In the year 1729 he became more serious, and manifested great earnestness to save his soul. Diligence in his studies led him to close thinking; he went to the weekly Sacrament, and persuaded two or three young students to accompany him, and also to observe the method of study prescribed by the statutes of the University. This gained him the harmless name of *Methodist;* and as Mr. *John Wesley* was at that time his father's curate in *Lincolnshire*, Mr. *Charles Wesley* was the very *first* person to whom that appellation was given. In the course of the summer of 1729 he became more and more serious, and began to be singularly diligent, both in his studies and also in the means of grace. His zeal for God began already to kindle and to manifest itself in exertions to do good beyond the common round of religious duties. He prevailed upon two or three young gentlemen to unite with him in the sacred exercises of religion, and thus laid the foundation of that little Society at *Oxford* which afterwards made so much noise in the world. But it does not appear that any regular meetings were held, or that the members had extended their views beyond their own improvement in knowledge and virtue, until Mr. *John Wesley* left his Curacy, and went to reside wholly in *Oxford* in the month of November, 1729. They then formed a regular Society, and quickened each other's diligence and zeal in the execution of their pious purposes. The two brothers *John* and *Charles* had been always united in affection; and now they were united in their

pursuit of learning, their views of religion, and their endeavours to do good. Mr. *Morgan*, one of the Students, was to them as another brother; so that thus united together they were as a *three-fold cord*, which *is not easily broken*.

They did not indeed at that time make any great inroads into the enemy's territories; but, though few in number, of little reputation in the world, and unsupported by powerful allies, they boldly lifted up their standard against infidelity and profaneness, which then generally prevailed even in the University itself; and they bravely kept their ground and defended their little fort with success against every attempt of the enemy to dislodge them. When death robbed them of Mr. *Morgan* the two brothers remained unshaken in their purpose: they were the bond of union between the members of their little Society; and if any one or more deserted them through fear, or shame, or being weary of restraint, they stood as firm as a rock, persevering in their resolution to serve God and do good to men without the least shadow of wavering; going on through evil report and good report, alike insensible to either.

It was a happy circumstance that they were not hurried by a rash, intemperate zeal in their proceedings, which is the common failing of young men. They were cautious and wary, using every prudential means in their power to prevent the good that was in them from being evil spoken of. *Charles* had much more fire and openness of temper than his brother, but he was not less cautious in this respect. If any doubts therefore arose in his mind, or if any practice which he thought proper and commendable seemed likely to give offence to others, he always asked the advice of those who were older and wiser than himself how he ought to proceed.

He proceeded to take his degrees, and was made Master of Arts in the usual course, and it appears he then thought of spending all his days at *Oxford* as a tutor, for he, at that time, dreaded exceedingly entering into Holy Orders. In the year 1735 he was, however, prevailed upon by his brother *John* to accompany him to *Georgia;* and he also overruled his inclination in respect to ordination, and previous to his departure for *America* he was ordained Deacon by Dr. *Potter, Bishop of Oxford*, and the Sunday following, Priest, by Dr. *Gibson, Bishop of London*.

Mr. *Charles Wesley*, with his brother *John*, sailed from *Gravesend* October 22, 1735, and after a stormy passage they arrived at *Savannah* February 5, 1736. Mr. *Charles* was

appointed to take charge of *Frederica*, where he was to wait for an opportunity of preaching to the *Indians*. He did not, however, enter on his ministry till the 9th of March, when he first set foot on *Simon's Island*, and his spirit instantly revived. Like a faithful and diligent pastor he immediately entered on his office—not with joy at the prospect of a good living, but with fear and trembling. He felt as every Minister of the Gospel should feel when he takes upon him to guide others in the ways of God.

Here he was called to endure hardness (as his brother also was in *Georgia*) as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. It was here that the Lord proved him, and showed him what was in his heart. Many of the people lost all decency in their behaviour towards him; the very Governor, Mr. *Oglethorpe*, treated him with manifest disrespect; plots and designs were formed against him, and the very persons whom he went thither to save conspired to take away his life! He, however, bore all these outrages in the true spirit of Christianity, and gave indubitable proof that he possessed a great and noble mind.

He continued to wade through deep waters till July 26th, when he set out for *Charles-Town*, on his way to *England*. Here he was taken ill, and was brought very low. He, however, set sail; but meeting with stormy weather, and the ship being leaky, they steered for *Boston*, where, with much difficulty and danger, they arrived on the 24th of September. Here he met with great hospitality from the ministers, both in the town and neighbourhood. They would gladly have prevented his undertaking the voyage to *England* at that season of the year, especially considering the bad state of his health; but he could not be prevailed upon to stay. He was, therefore, carried on board the ship (for he had not strength to walk), and he set sail on October 25th. After meeting with some dreadful storms, and various dangers and difficulties, they arrived at *Deal*, in *Kent*, on the 3rd of December, 1736.

Mr. *Charles Wesley* had been absent from *England* upwards of thirteen months; during this time he had passed through a series of trials and difficulties which, in all their circumstances, are not very common. He had indeed been in the wilderness, where the hand of God had been manifested in his preservation, and finally in his deliverance. In this state of suffering he was led to a more perfect knowledge of human nature than he could have obtained from books and medita-

tion during the whole course of his life. His knowledge was derived from experience, which is the most certain and the most useful in the conduct of life, and makes the deepest impressions on the mind. In his distress the Scriptures became more precious than he had ever found them before; and from the pointed application of them to his state and circumstances, they were the means of giving a degree of consolation and hope which human prudence and human help can never bestow. His situation abroad may be called a school, in which the discipline indeed was severe, but the knowledge acquired by it valuable; as it prepared him to understand, and disposed him by degrees to embrace, the simple Gospel way of salvation, which the pride of man has always rejected.

In the year 1738, by the instrumentality of *Peter Bohler*, he was clearly convinced of the want of *living* faith. He saw that the Gospel promised to a man a knowledge of God reconciled in Christ Jesus, which he was fully assured he had not obtained; and he became very earnest in the pursuit of it. On *Whit-Sunday*, May 21, he obtained the object of his wishes: he was enabled to view Christ, as set forth to be a propitiation for *his* sins, through faith in His blood; and he instantly received that peace and rest in God which he had so earnestly sought.

Mr. *Charles Wesley* had long been well acquainted with the Scriptures; he had now an enlarged view of the doctrines of the Gospel, and also experienced in himself the blessings it promises to those who cordially embrace it. He became remarkably diligent, zealous, and successful wherever he went, seldom staying a night or two in any place, but several persons were convinced of the truth, and converted to God. But though he was thus considerably employed in his Master's service, yet, through extreme weakness of body, he was not capable of preaching till Sunday, July 2, when he delivered a faithful discourse at *Basingshaw* Church, which was attended with such a Divine power that *one* soul at least then received the remission of sins.

He was now incessantly employed in the work of God; either in reading prayers and preaching in the Churches, wherever a door was opened to him, or in holding meetings in private houses for prayer and expounding the holy Scriptures; and a great number of persons were convinced of sin and savingly converted to God by his ministry.

In the following summer he entered upon a more enlarged

sphere of action, and went out into the highways and hedges, and preached *that men should repent.* He now also entered the lists with his brother, Mr. *John Wesley*, and Mr. *Whitfield;* and was as bold as a lion in the defence of Divine Truth. On the 16th of August, 1739, he began his itinerant career. He travelled for several months in various parts of the kingdom, and even extended his labours into *Wales.* He met with great opposition in many places, and drank deeply of the cup of persecution; but his labours were crowned with abundant success, and the pleasure of the Lord prospered in his hands. He seldom indeed stayed long in one place, but preached the Gospel in almost every corner of the kingdom. In fatigues, in dangers, and in ministerial labours, he was, for many years, not inferior to his brother. He continued his itinerant labours till the latter end of the year 1756, and after that period he principally divided them between *London* and *Bristol;* and he thus continued to preach till within a short time of his death.

It is not easy to ascertain, with any precision, the reasons which induced him to desist from travelling, and from taking the same active part in the government of the Societies which he had done from the beginning. Some have imputed his conduct to this cause, and others to that; perhaps the safest and best way is to let it rest till the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, and *then shall every good man* who has walked uprightly with his Maker, whatever may have been the judgment of his fellow-creatures concerning him, *have praise of God.*

Mr. *Charles Wesley* had a weak body and a poor state of health during the greatest part of his life. It is believed that he laid the foundation of both at *Oxford*, by too close application to study, and by too great abstinence and self-denial. He rode much on horseback, which probably contributed to lengthen his days; so that he lived to a good old age. In his last sickness his body was reduced to a state of extreme weakness; but he manifested unaffected humility and holy resignation to the will of God. He had no transports of joy, but solid hope and unshaken confidence in Christ Jesus: this preserved his mind in perfect peace.

A short time before his death he composed the following lines, and requested Mrs. *Wesley* to write as he dictated:—

"In age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a sinful worm redeem?

Jesus, my only hope Thou art,
Strength of my fading flesh and heart;
O! could I catch a smile from Thee,
And drop into Eternity!"

He departed this life March 29th, 1788, aged *seventy-nine* years and *three* months; and was interred April 5th, at his own request, in *Mary-le-bone Church-yard.* The pall was supported by eight Clergymen of the *Church of England.* On his tombstone are the following lines, composed by himself for one of his friends some years before:—

"With poverty of spirit blest,
Rest, happy Saint, in Jesus rest;
A sinner sav'd, through grace forgiv'n,
Redeem'd from earth, to reign in heav'n!
Thy labours of unwearied love,
By thee forgot, are crown'd above;
Crown'd through the mercy of thy Lord,
With a free, full, immense reward."

The following is the inscription on the marble tablet (mentioned before) lately erected to his memory in the *New Chapel, City-Road, London:—*

Sacred to the Memory
Of the late Rev. *CHARLES WESLEY, M.A.,*
Educated at *Westminster School,*
And some time *Student* of *Christ Church, Oxford.*
As a Preacher, he was eminent for abilities, zeal, and usefulness,
Being *learned* without pride,
And *pious* without ostentation;
To the sincere, diffident *Christian,*
A Son of Consolation;
But a Son of Thunder
To the vain boaster, the hypocrite, and the profane.
He was the first who received the name of *Methodist,*
And joining with his Brother, the Rev. JOHN WESLEY,
In the Plan of *Itinerant Preaching,*
Endured hardship, persecution, and disgrace,
As a good Soldier of JESUS CHRIST;
Contributing largely by the Usefulness of his Labours
To the first formation of the *Methodist Societies*
In these Kingdoms.
As a Christian POET he stood unrivalled,

And his *Hymns* will convey Instruction and Consolation
To the faithful in CHRIST JESUS
As long as the English language shall be understood.
He was born the 18th of December, 1708,
And died the 29th of March, 1788,
A firm and pious believer in the *Doctrines* of the GOSPEL,
And a sincere Friend to the CHURCH OF ENGLAND.
Dr. Whitehead,
Scripsit.

Mr. *Charles Wesley* was of a warm and lively disposition. of great frankness and integrity, and generous and steady in his friendships. His love of simplicity, and utter abhorrence of hypocrisy, and even of affectation in the professors of religion, made him sometimes appear severe on those who seemed to assume a consequence on account of their experience, or were pert and forward in talking of themselves or others. In conversation he was generally pleasing, instructive, and cheerful, and his observations were often seasoned with wit and good humour. His religion was genuine and unaffected. As a minister he was familiarly acquainted with every branch of divinity, and his mind was furnished with an uncommon knowledge of the Holy Scriptures. He had a remarkable talent for expressing the most important truths with simplicity and energy; and his discourses were sometimes truly apostolic, forcing conviction on the hearers in spite of the most determined opposition. His poetic talents were very considerable; and had he engaged in the higher walks of verse, there is no doubt but he would have been esteemed an eminent poet. But he chose the most excellent way—the writing of *hymns* for the instruction and edification of multitudes, rather than devote his time in attempts to please the fancies of a few. Some of his hymns are allowed, by competent judges, to rank among the best pieces in that species of composition. By these, *he being dead yet speaketh*, and it is probable *will* continue to *speak* so long as the Methodists continue a people in the earth—which, I trust, will be as long as the sun and moon shall endure!

THOMAS WESTALL.

HE was one of the first Lay-preachers who assisted Mr. *Wesley* in the beginning of Methodism, and was a faithful

labourer in the vineyard for above *forty years*. He laboured as long as he was able, and then retired from the itinerant life, and settled at *Bristol*, where he resided for many years, preaching occasionally as his strength would bear. After suffering much, with great patience and resignation to the Divine will, his triumphant spirit returned to God in the year 1794, in the *seventy-fifth* year of his age.

During Mr. *Westall's* ministry at *St. Ives*, in *Cornwall*, he was cast into prison for the truth's sake, but was bailed out by some of his friends. Nevertheless, the devil continued to rage horribly, and while he was preaching at *Gwenap* the mob rushed into the house, beat out the candles, and then went up to the desk; but it being dark, they could not find the door. At last, when they had broken it down, they found a little boy in it instead of the preacher, whom they beat and sent away. Mr. *Westall* stood by them for some time in the dark, till at last he was taken out of the window by some friends. He went over the hedge, but the mob soon overtook him, and brought him back, crying out, *We have got the Preacher.* Two men hearing them, ran to them and desired they would let Mr. *Westall* go; and, as but two had hold on him, they did so. And while these went to call more of the mob to their assistance, Mr. *Westall* got over two hedges into a standing field of corn, where he lay concealed, while the mob were busy in breaking the seats, &c., in the preaching-house to pieces. As this took them up some time, when they followed Mr. *Westall* he was gone; and for that time he escaped quite out of their hands.

He died at *Bristol*, and was buried in *Portland Chapel Burying-Ground.* The following is the inscription on his tombstone:—

To the Memory of
THOMAS WESTALL,
One of the first Methodist Preachers;
He was a Pattern of
Christian Simplicity and humble Love
For near *Half a Century:*
He preached the Gospel of Christ faithfully
About *forty years.*
His triumphant Spirit entered into Glory
The 20th of April, 1794,
In the *seventy-sixth* year of his age.

JAMES WHEATLEY.

He was admitted as a Preacher at an early period of the work of God among the Methodists, and for some time appeared pious and faithful. But, alas! he was soon led away by the error of the wicked, and fell from his stedfastness. The sins into which he fell being of a gross and grievous kind, he was expelled from the Connection: this was the *first* instance of that kind which occurred; and Mr. *Wesley* and his brother expelled him by giving him the following note, dated June 25th, 1751, and which they afterwards found necessary to make public:—

"Because you have wrought folly in Israel, grieved the Holy Spirit of God, betrayed your own soul into temptation and sin, and the souls of many others whom you ought, even at the peril of your own life, to have guarded against *all* sin; because you have given the enemies of God, whenever they shall know these things, cause to blaspheme the ways and truth of God—We can, therefore, in no wise receive you as a fellow-labourer till we see clear proofs of your real and deep repentance: of this you have given us no proof yet. You have not so much as named one single person in all *England* or *Ireland*, with whom you behaved ill, except those we knew before. The least and lowest proof of such repentance which we can receive is this—That till our next Conference (which we hope will be in October) you abstain both from preaching and practising physic. If you do not, we are clear; we cannot answer for the consequence.

"JOHN WESLEY.
"CHARLES WESLEY."

Surely it is an awful thing to sin against the Lord! But especially when those who are set up as *reprovers in the gate* are guilty of such heinous crimes. *If a man sin* thus *against the Lord, who shall entreat for him?* And yet such sinners have been found in some of the purest Churches in Christendom! But what can the Rulers of such Churches do more than the Rev. Mr. *Wesley* did in the above case? May such awful circumstances as these prove an everlasting warning to all who are *now*, or who shall be *hereafter*, engaged as *Propagators of Divine Truth*; and may those *who now stand*, whether *Ministers* or *People, take heed lest they fall!*

Mr. W*heatley*, a short time after his expulsion from the Methodist Connection, went to the city of *Norwich*, where

he began to preach; and for a long time endured almost unheard-of persecutions. His life was frequently in danger from furious mobs; and he was often dragged by the hair of his head through the streets of the city! All these grievous sufferings he, however, endured with the meekness of a lamb, and the fortitude and patience of an Apostle. His preaching was attended with Divine power; and many of the most profligate and abandoned characters in the city became reformed. He was instrumental in gathering a considerable Society—the members of which he called *his Lambs*—on which account this appellation was generally applied to pious persons, and became a proverb throughout all that country. It is said, to the disgrace of the city if true, that the enemies of religion, in order to ridicule Mr. *Wheatley* and his *Lambs*, carried a young lamb elevated on a pole, before a huge unruly mob, through the principal streets of the city, and blasphemously cried aloud, "*Behold the Lamb of God!*" Such a daring insult (let Mr. *Wheatley* and his followers be what they might), offered to the religion of the Son of God, I think is hardly to be met with in the annals of a Christian country.

The success which attended Mr. *Wheatley's* labours, and the manner in which he endured persecution, turned the tide in his favour. From being universally despised, he became extremely popular; and the bulk of the inhabitants of the city began to conclude *he was certainly a good man;* and they in some degree espoused his cause. His popularity was so great that he erected one of the largest chapels in the city, which he called the *Tabernacle*. The congregations which attended his ministry were uncommonly large, and he was almost adored by the people. But, alas! What is man? In his best estate he is altogether vanity! If left to himself, he is a poor *mutable* creature, and *weakness* itself! This man, who had stood in the midst of almost unparalleled sufferings

> "As an iron pillar strong,
> And stedfast as a wall of brass,"

On the soft lap of ease and honour fell asleep, was again caught in the snare of the devil, and it is to be feared that *his last state was worse than the first!* The wound which religion at that time received from the conduct of this poor unhappy man in *Norwich* was such as I fear has not been healed to this very day! I am informed that he left the kingdom in disgrace; but after a while he returned and

preached again in the city of *Norwich* for some time. But at last he totally lost his voice, and went to *Bristol*, where he died some time after very suddenly.

WILLIAM WHITAKER.

He was admitted upon trial as an Itinerant Preacher at the Conference in 1769, and continued in the work till the year 1779, when he was necessitated to desist, by reason of the stone and gravel, which painful disorder he laboured under for several years. He was an honest, faithful servant of the Lord; and after suffering much he exchanged a state of affliction for the crown of eternal glory, and died in great peace in the year 1794 at *High Wycombe*, in *Buckinghamshire*.

GEORGE WHITFIELD.

This truly apostolic and eminent servant of Jesus Christ was born in the city of *Gloucester*, December 16, 1714. When he was about seventeen years of age he began to be seriously affected with Divine things; and he then served God according to the best of his knowledge. He had, at that time, made some progress in classical learning at a Grammar School in *Gloucester;* but at eighteen he removed to the University, and was admitted at *Pembroke Hall, Oxford.* About a year after he became acquainted with the Rev. *John* and *Charles Wesley*, and he soon united himself to their infant Society, and sought the Lord with great earnestness of soul. He joined with them in fasting twice in the week, in visiting the sick and the prisoners, and in gathering up the very fragments of time, that no moment might be lost. He also changed the course of his studies, reading chiefly such books as entered into the heart of religion, and which led to an experimental knowledge of *Jesus Christ* and Him crucified. His early acquaintance with Mr. *Wesley* and his brother (whom he acknowledged as his spiritual father), produced in him an affectionate regard to them, which (though he afterwards differed from them in some controverted points) continued to the last period of his life.

At the time he was seeking the Lord, he was exercised with severe inward trials; so that many nights he lay sleepless upon his bed, and many days prostrate on the ground groaning for deliverance. The Lord was pleased, after a few months, to bring his soul out of trouble: He removed his heavy load, and gave him *the Spirit of adoption*, whereby he was enabled to cry, *Abba, Father—my Lord and my God!*

When he was about twenty-one years of age he was solicited to enter into Holy Orders. Of this he was greatly afraid, being deeply sensible of his own insufficiency. But the Bishop himself sending for him and telling him, "Though I did not intend to ordain any under three-and-twenty, yet I will ordain *you* whenever you come;" and several other providential circumstances concurring, he submitted, and was ordained on Trinity Sunday, 1736. The next Sunday he preached to a crowded auditory in the Church where he had been baptised.

Though it was his first sermon, he spoke as one having authority; and complaint was afterward made to the Bishop "*That he had driven fifteen persons mad*" under that one sermon! This was a good beginning, and portended the great things which were soon to follow. The week following he returned to *Oxford* and took his *Bachelor's Degree*. And there he found full employment; the care of the sick, the prisoners, and the poor falling chiefly on him.

But it was not long before he was invited to *London*, to serve the cure of a friend who was going into the country. While he was there he received letters from his friends, *John* and *Charles Wesley*, who were then labouring in *America*. This stirred up his holy zeal, and he felt a longing desire to go over and help them in their great work. But not seeing his way quite clear at that time, he repaired to *Oxford*, where a few young men met daily in his room, and they thus endeavoured to *build up each other in their most holy faith*. But he was quickly called from hence again to supply the cure of *Dunmer*, in *Hampshire*. Here he was very diligent, and divided the day into three parts, allotting eight hours for sleep and meals, eight hours for study and retirement, and eight for reading prayers, catechising, and visiting the people from house to house.

Yet his mind still ran on going abroad; and being now fully convinced he was called of God thereto, he set all things in order, and in *January*, 1737, went down to take leave of his friends in *Gloucester*. It was in this journey that God

first began to bless his ministry in an uncommon manner. Wherever he preached great multitudes of hearers flocked together in *Gloucester*, *Stonehouse*, *Bath*, and *Bristol;* so that the heat of the Churches was scarce supportable. After his return to *London* it pleased God to bless his word still more. He was indefatigable in his labours, for he generally on Sundays preached four times to very large congregations, besides reading prayers twice or thrice, and walking to and fro ten or twelve miles!

On *December* the 28th he left *London:* the next day he first preached without *notes*. The day following he went on board, but it was above a month before they cleared land. He spent some time, on his way, at *Gibraltar*, where both citizens and soldiers, high and low, young and old, heard him with gladness, and seemed to acknowledge the day of their visitation.

He arrived at *Savannah* May 7th, 1738, and from that time till the latter end of August he made full proof of his ministry in *Georgia*, particularly at *Savannah*. He read prayers and expounded twice a day, and visited the sick daily. On *Sunday* he expounded at five in the morning; at ten he read prayers and preached, and again at three in the afternoon; and at seven in the evening he expounded the Church catechism. How much easier it is for ministers to find fault with such a labourer in the vineyard than to tread in his steps!

It was at that time that he observed the deplorable condition of many of the children in *Georgia*, and that God put into his heart the first thought of founding an *Orphan House*. In December following he returned to *London;* and on Sunday, January 14th, 1739, he was ordained priest at *Christ's Church, Oxford*.

The next day he returned to *London*, and on Sunday, the 21st, he preached twice. But though the churches were large, and exceedingly crowded, yet many hundreds stood in the churchyard, and hundreds more returned home. This incited the first thought of preaching in the open air; but when he mentioned it to some of his friends, they judged it to be mere madness. He, therefore, did not carry it into execution till Wednesday, February 21st, when, finding all the church-doors to be shut against him in *Bristol* (besides, no church was able to contain one-half of the congregation), at three o'clock in the afternoon he went to *Kingswood*, and preached *abroad* to near *two thousand* people. This was the commencement of field-preaching among the Methodists; and this blessed man has the honour of being confessed the FIRST FIELD-

PREACHER. On the Friday he preached again to *four* or *five thousands;* and on Sunday it was supposed there were *ten thousands.* The number continually increased all the time he continued in *Bristol,* and a flame of holy love was then kindled in that neighbourhood, which, thank God, has not been extinguished to this day! The same was afterwards kindled in various parts of *Wales,* of *Gloucestershire,* and *Worcestershire.* Indeed, where he went God abundantly confirmed the word of His messenger.

On Sunday, April 29th, he preached his first sermon in *Moorfields,* and on *Kennington Common;* and the thousands of hearers were as quiet and attentive as if they had been worshipping within the consecrated walls of a church. Being detained several months in *England,* he made little excursions into several counties, and received the contributions of willing multitudes for an *Orphan House* in *Georgia.* August the 14th he embarked the second time for *America,* but did not land in *Pennsylvania* till October the 30th. He then travelled through several of the States, and preached to immense multitudes with full as great effect as he had done in *England.* On January the 10th, 1740, he arrived at *Savannah.* March 25, he laid the first stone of the *Orphan House,* to which, with great propriety, he gave the name of *Bethesda*—a work for which many will praise the Lord for ever! He had then received about *forty orphans.* But he was *careful for nothing;* he cast all his care upon HIM who *feedeth the young ravens when they cry unto Him.*

In the month of April he made another tour through several of the States. Incredible numbers flocked to hear, among whom were abundance of Negroes. In all places, the greater part of the hearers were deeply affected, many were truly converted to God, and in some places thousands cried out aloud for mercy, and roared for the disquietude of their souls. In June he returned to *Savannah,* where his labours were uncommonly blessed, particularly to the children. In August he set out again, and after travelling through several provinces, he went to *Boston.* While there, he was extremely weak in body; yet the multitudes who attended upon his ministry were so great, and the effects wrought among them so astonishing, as had never been known in those parts before. Towards the close of this tour he made the following reflection himself in his diary:—"It is the seventy-fifth day since I arrived at *Rhode Island,* exceeding weak in body. Yet God has enabled me to preach *an hundred and seventy-five times* in

public, beside exhorting frequently in private. Never did God vouchsafe me greater comforts; never did I perform my journies with less fatigue, or see such a continuance of the Divine presence in the congregations to whom I preached." He continued his labours in this almost unparalleled manner till January the 6th, 1741, when he left *America* and set sail for *England*, where he arrived on the 11th of March.

It was about this time that a separation took place between him and his old faithful friends, Messrs. *John* and *Charles Wesley*, on account of their different views of some points. They had now separate places of worship, and Mr. *Whitfield*, as well as Mr. *Wesley*, had preachers who served him as sons in the Gospel. This separation was attended with great pain on both sides. They, however, *agreed* to *disagree;* and they frequently exchanged pulpits, and retained their good will and affection for each other to the last. Mr. *Whitfield* gave the most indubitable proof of this by the following clause in his last will, written with his own hand about six months before his death:—"*I leave a mourning ring to my honoured and dear friends, and disinterested fellow-labourers, the Rev. Messrs.* John *and* Charles Wesley; *in token of my indissoluble union with them in heart and Christian affection, notwithstanding our difference in judgment about some particular points of doctrine.*"

It would far exceed my limits to afford my readers a particular account of the astonishing labours of this truly great man. But the above may be considered as an exact specimen of his manner of proceeding, both in *Europe* and *America*, for the last thirty years of his invaluable life; as well as of the uninterrupted shower of blessings wherewith his beloved Master was pleased to succeed his labours!

In the beginning of September, 1769, he, for the seventh and last time, embarked for *America*. There he spent his remaining strength in the promulgation of the Gospel; and at length departed this life (having preached in the open air to an immense multitude the preceding day) *upon his knees* at *Newbury Port*, in *New England*, on Sunday, September 30, 1770, where his remains were deposited.

He was not full *fifty-six* years of age at the time of his death; but he had spent *thirty-four* of those years in spreading the Gospel of the grace of God. As to his person, he was graceful and well-proportioned: his stature was above the middle size: his complexion was very fair. His eyes were of a dark blue colour—small but sprightly. He had a squint with one of them, occasioned either by the ignorance or care-

lessness of the nurse who attended him in the measles, when he was about four years old. His features were in general good and regular. His countenance was manly, and his voice exceeding strong; yet both were softened with an uncommon degree of sweetness. He was always clean and neat, and often said, pleasantly, "*A minister of the Gospel ought to be without spot.*" His deportment was decent and easy, without the least stiffness or formality; and his engaging, polite manner of address made his company universally agreeable. In his youth he was very slender; but about the fortieth year of his age he began to grow very corpulent; which, however, was solely the effect of his disease, being always remarkable for his great temperance and self-denial.

His eloquence was very great, and of the truest and noblest kind. He was utterly devoid of all appearance of affectation, and seemed to be quite unconscious of the talents he possessed. The importance of his subject, and the regard due to his hearers, engrossed all his concern. He spake as one who did not seek applause, but was deeply concerned for the salvation of his hearers; and who, from a principle of unfeigned love, earnestly endeavoured to lead them in the right way.

He had a strong and musical voice, and a wonderful command of it. His pronunciation was proper and graceful. Nor was he ever at a loss for the most natural and strong expressions. The grand sources of his eloquence were, an exceeding lively imagination, and a fertile genius; which caused the people to think they really saw what he described: an action, if possible, more lively; by which every accent of his voice spoke to the ear; every feature of his face, every motion of his hands, and every gesture of his body, spoke to the eye: so that the most dissipated and thoughtless found their attention involuntarily fixed, and the dullest and most ignorant could not but understand. But what was the most important of all, he lived within the veil; he walked with God; and enjoyed close communion with the Father and the Son! His heart was deeply exercised in all social as well as pious and religious affections. In short, he was a wise master-builder in the Church of God; and I cannot, I think, conclude his excellent character better than in the words of his faithful friend, the Rev. *John Wesley*:—

"What an honour it pleased God to put upon His faithful servant, by allowing him to declare His Gospel in so many various countries, to such numbers of people, and with so

great an effect on so many of their precious souls! Have we read or heard of any person since the Apostles who testified the Gospel of the grace of God through so widely-extended a space, through so large a part of the inhabitable world? Have we read or heard of any person who called so many thousands, so many myriads of sinners to repentance? Above all, have we read or heard of any who has been such a blessed instrument in His hand of bringing so many sinners from *darkness to light and from the power of Satan unto God?*"

The above quotation is taken from the sermon which Mr. *Wesley* preached on the death of his departed friend, at the *Chapel* in *Tottenham-Court-Road*, and at the *Tabernacle* near *Moorfields*, on Sunday, November 18th, 1770.

ROBERT WILKINSON.

He was converted to God in the year 1767, and in the following year began to preach that Gospel which he had happily experienced to be the power of God to the salvation of his own soul. In the year 1769, he began his itinerant labours among the Methodists; and continued a faithful, zealous labourer in the vineyard till the latter end of the year 1780, when it pleased God to take him to his great and eternal reward, at *Grimsby*, in *Lincolnshire*. The following is the substance of Mr. *Shadford's* account of the close of his valuable life:—

"My acquaintance with Mr. *Wilkinson* was very short: the first time I saw him was a little more than three years ago. At the last Conference he was appointed to travel with me in the *Grimsby* circuit. When we met, we were both in good health; but the day before our first quarterly meeting I was taken very ill of a fever; however, the next morning I ventured to set out for the meeting, but was unable to attend either the lovefeast or the watch-night. But I shall never forget the prayer he put for me at the close of the lovefeast, '*That the Lord would spare me a little longer, and raise me up again to labour in His vineyard.*' His prayer pierced the heavens, the power of God came down upon the people like a torrent of rain, and they were so affected that they wept and rejoiced abundantly. Immediately I shared with them, though I was not in the same room; the Divine presence broke my heart in pieces; my soul overflowed with love, and

my eyes with tears. I know not that I ever was so powerfully and suddenly affected under any person's prayer, except on the day I was converted to God. I had instantly power to believe that the Lord would raise me up again; and for some time it appeared to me as if I was perfectly well. The next day we travelled together to *Louth;* and in the course of conversation he warmly expressed his love for Bible-holiness, and said it was the delight of his soul to press after it himself, and to enforce it upon others. He remarked that while he was doing this, the Lord blessed him most in his labours, and shone clearest upon the work which He had wrought in his soul. It appeared to me, from what he said, that the Lord had circumcised his heart; that he loved God with *all* his heart, and was full of faith and the Holy Ghost. He also manifested great meekness and lowliness of heart; and was truly little, and mean, and vile in his own eyes.

"A few weeks after, he was taken ill with a fever, and was confined at *Grimsby* for several weeks. He then appeared to be recovering fast, and was able to walk about again; but he suddenly relapsed, and was, in about a week, taken to his everlasting rest. He bore all his afflictions with great patience; frequently lifting up his heart to God and saying, '*Thou knowest the way that I take, and when Thou hast tried me, I shall come forth as gold: my foot hath held Thy steps, Thy way have I kept and not declined; neither have I gone back from the commandment of Thy lips: I have esteemed the words of Thy mouth more than my necessary food.*' When he perceived that his sickness would be unto death, he exhorted his wife to *cast all her care upon the Lord;* and encouraged her to hope that *His grace would be sufficient for her.* He then prayed for her and his two children; earnestly entreating the Lord to protect them in this troublesome world, and to supply all their wants. He next prayed earnestly for Mr. *Wesley*, then for his fellow-labourers; and lastly, for all his brethren the Preachers; and that the kingdom of the Redeemer might spread to the ends of the earth.

"In the night-season he had a severe conflict with Satan, and he was as in an agony; but he wrestled with God in prayer, and the enemy was repelled. This appears to have been his last conflict, for he was immediately admitted to enjoy such holy fellowship with God, that he seemed as if he had been admitted into heaven to converse with his Lord and the family of the blessed. He suddenly awoke his wife, and said, '*Thou hast been sleeping, but I have been in heaven!*

O what hath the Lord discovered to me this night! O the glory of God! The glory of God and heaven! O the lovely beauty! The happiness of Paradise! God is all love; *He is nothing but love! O help me to praise Him! I shall praise Him for ever! I shall praise Him for ever!'* In this triumphant manner did the spirit of this excellent man leave this world, and went to join in the grand chorus above, to sing *Hallelujah to God and the Lamb for ever.*

"The Lord was graciously pleased to render the death of His servant subservient to His own glory: the people of God were greatly comforted and confirmed in their faith by his triumphant end; and some who had cared for none of these things were greatly alarmed. Under the sermon which was preached on account of his death, on the Sunday following, one young man was brought into liberty, and went to his house rejoicing in the God of his salvation.

"He was interred in the church-yard at *Grimsby*, and a stone erected to his memory, with the following inscription engraven upon it:—

"'He scorn'd his feeble flesh to spare,
Regardless of its swift decline;
His single aim, his ceaseless prayer,
To spread the righteousness Divine.

"'He truly triumph'd in the cross,
Its marks as on his body shew'd,
Lavish of life for Jesu's cause,
Whose blood for *all* so freely flow'd.'

"A singular circumstance attended his interment. When the minister repeated the following words in the Burial Service, *Not to be sorry as men without hope*, Mrs. *Wilkinson* was so overwhelmed with the power of God that she could not refrain from exclaiming, '*Sorry! No! Glory be to God! Glory be to God! Glory, and praise, and blessing, be ascribed unto God for ever and ever.*' All who heard her were very deeply affected, and most of the people were melted into tears, some for sorrow and others for joy."

THOMAS WILLIAMS.

He commenced an Itinerant Preacher in the early part of *Methodism*, and was, at that period, remarkably zealous for

God. He was the first Preacher in the Methodist Connection who visited *Ireland:* he crossed the Channel in the year 1747, and began to preach in the city of *Dublin.* Multitudes flocked to hear, and for some time he met with considerable opposition; but the Lord was pleased to crown his labours with considerable success. He soon formed a small Society, several of whom God had given him as seals to his ministry, and they were made happy witnesses of the truths he preached: they received the *knowledge of salvation by the remission of their sins; being justified freely through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus.* How long Mr. *Williams* continued in *Ireland* I know not, but he was then a very acceptable and useful preacher. I am sorry to add that he afterwards *fell from his stedfastness;* and his life and conversation not being according to the Gospel, he was excluded from the Methodist Connection. I am informed he afterwards procured ordination in the neighbourhood of *High-Wycombe,* in *Buckinghamshire.* He continued there for several years, and was rather popular; but he was generally supposed to incline to *Antinomianism.*

ENOCH WILLIAMS.

He was among the first instruments which the *Great Shepherd* and *Bishop of Souls* was pleased to make use of in the revival of pure and undefiled religion in these days. He was very pious, and deeply devoted to God, and was a faithful and successful Preacher of the everlasting Gospel; but the hardships he was called to endure proved too much for his constitution, and soon brought him to *the house appointed for all living.* He was, however, as a *shock of corn fully ripe,* and fit for the heavenly garner; he left the world in great peace, at *Birstal,* in *Yorkshire,* and died with a hope full of a glorious immortality.

MARK WILLIS.

He was a native of the city of *Norwich,* and was admitted upon trial as an Itinerant Preacher at the Conference in 1788. He was a sensible, pious young man, and was pos-

sessed of considerable ministerial gifts. He continued to travel about seven years, and then, in the year 1795, the Lord was pleased to take him hence by a consumption, in the prime of life, and in the midst of his usefulness. Yet, *righteous art Thou, O Lord! Just and true are Thy ways, O King of Saints!*

WILLIAM WINBY.

He came from *Beverly*, in *Yorkshire*, and engaged in the work of the Ministry as an Itinerant in the year 1770. He was a deeply pious and a remarkably lively and promising young man. His abilities for the Ministry were rather uncommon, and he was very acceptable to the people, and much owned of God. But it pleased the Lord to take him away by the small-pox in the very bloom of life, in the city of *Londonderry, Ireland*, some time in the year 1772.

JAMES WRAY.

He was received as an Itinerant Preacher at the Conference in 1781. He was a plain, simple, pious, devoted young man, and a faithful servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. For several years he travelled in *England*, and his labours were not in vain in the Lord. His zealous spirit then led him to cross the *Atlantic* to *Nova Scotia*, where he was rendered very useful in his Master's cause. He closed his life and labours in the *Island of St. Vincent*, with all that resignation, peace, and holy triumphant joy which might have been expected from a *father in Christ*. He died in the year 1795.

DUNCAN WRIGHT.

He was a native of *Perthshire*, in *North Britain*, and was born in May, 1736. He was brought to an acquaintance with Divine things while in the army, in the year 1765; and in the following year he became a member of the Methodist Society.

He soon was made a happy partaker of the grace of God in truth, and in a short time after he began to hold forth the word of life, and to preach the doctrines of *repentance towards God, and of faith in our Lord Jesus Christ*, to his fellow-soldiers, and to as many others as would hear. This brought upon him a flood of persecution from some of the officers, which proved eventually the means of his discharge from the army, and of his being thrust out into the vineyard of the Lord; and in the year 1764 he became a regular Itinerant Preacher.

He was a truly upright, pious, good man; a faithful dispenser of the word of God; a great lover and conscientious observer of the Methodist discipline; and an acceptable and useful preacher for about *twenty-eight* years. He finished his course with joy and triumph in the city of *London*, May 13th, 1791, in the *fifty-fifth* year of his age, and was interred in the Rev. Mr. *Wesley's* vault in the *New Chapel-yard, City-road, London.*

The following brief account of his last sickness and triumphant exit is given by one who was an eye and ear witness:—

"In the beginning of the winter of 1790 Mr. *Wright* caught cold, which, falling upon his lungs, threw him into a decline. He struggled through the winter with great difficulty, and when attending Mr. *Wesley's* funeral, on the 9th of March, 1791, said it was most probable he should be the next who would be laid in that vault: which proved to be the case.

"In the month of April he was seized one night with an uncommon and violent pain, which he supposed to be a symptom of immediate death: but at this he was not in the least dismayed. He remarked that in the year 1762 he had entered into a superior light and greater liberty than he had ever enjoyed before; and had ever since that time walked in the *constant* light of God's countenance, and could not be satisfied any day without a direct and clear witness of his acceptance with God. He had several remarkable visits from the Lord in the time of his affliction, in one of which he said, '*I am a witness that the blood of Christ does cleanse from all sin! O the goodness of God to a poor sinner! The Lord has finished His work, has cleansed and filled me with His fulness! O what a weight of glory will that be when Thy weight of grace, O Lord, is now so great?*' It pleased the Lord to exercise him with strong pain, but no word dropped from his lips that bore the most remote implication of murmuring or complaining.

The joy of the Lord was his strength, and his hope was full of a glorious immortality. He continued in a triumphant state of mind till the morning on which the welcome messenger arrived, when he said, '*Jesus is come! He is now in my heart!*' He was quite sensible to the last, and sunk gradually, with a serene and pleasant countenance, into the arms of his Redeemer, and expired without a sigh or groan: while a few friends were commending his happy spirit to Him who gave it, he

"'Clapp'd his glad wings and tower'd away,
To mingle with the blaze of day.'"

CONCLUSION.

FROM reviewing the preceding Memoirs, the following reflections will naturally present themselves to the pious, intelligent reader:—

1. What care the great Lord of the harvest hath taken of His Church, in providing it with a succession of Ministers *after His own heart*, who have taken *the oversight thereof, not by constraint, but willingly; not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind.*

2. What kind of instruments He, in His wisdom and love, hath chosen to perpetuate the memorial of His great name in the earth. *Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called: but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things which are.* The Rev. Mr. *Wesley* himself, on this subject, remarks, "What an amazing difference is there in the manner wherein God has carried on his work in *England* and in *America!* There, above an hundred of the established Clergy, men of age and experience, and of the greatest note for sense and learning in those parts, are zealously engaged in the work. Here, almost the whole body of aged, experienced, learned Clergy, are zealously engaged against it;* and few, but a handful of raw young men engaged in it, without name, learning, or eminent sense! And yet, by that large number of honourable men, the work seldom flourished above six months at a time, and then followed a lamentable and general decay before the next revival of it; whereas that which God hath wrought by these despised instruments, hath continually increased for fifteen [and we

* This was true at the time it was written, about the year 1753; but, thank God, now the case is altered—many of the Clergy being zealously engaged in the propagation of Divine Truth.

may now add for near *sixty*] years together; and at whatever time it has declined in any one place, it has more eminently flourished in others."

3. That the men whom the Lord Jesus Christ had thus chosen, and put into the Ministry, were endued with different talents for the work—everyone of them having received his proper gift of God—one after this manner, and another after that. But, though there were *diversities of gifts* among them, they were evidently of *the same Spirit;* and though there were also *diversities of operations*, it was manifestly the *same God who worked all in all.* And as they all received their respective gifts from the same source, so they were all conducive to promote the same important and invaluable end—viz., the glory of God, and the present and eternal happiness of men.

4. That He who had thus qualified and ordained them to go forth, *without purse or scrip*, sent them not *this warfare at their own charge;* but He Himself was with them: He *girded them with strength to the battle*, and enabled them to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. The *signs and wonders*, also, which were wrought by their instrumentality were to themselves and others indubitable proofs that the *Lord God and His Spirit had sent them.*

5. What astonishing effects have been produced in the hearts and lives of individuals, and in society at large, by that preaching, which by many is still termed *foolishness!* The wolf and the lamb have been made to lie down together; the most brutish and ferocious of mankind have been conquered by Sovereign grace, and their brutality and ferocity have been changed into the nature of the innocent lamb! *The wilderness hath been made like Eden, and the desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness have been found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody!* And this work hath not been done in a corner, but in the sight of all Israel and of the sun: neither has it been confined to any particular part of the land; but has been wrought, more or less, in every county of the United Kingdom of *Great Britain and Ireland.* Not only the *untaught Indians* of *Kingswood*, and the *Christian Savages* of *Cornwall* and *Staffordshire*, have witnessed the Gospel as preached by these men of God, to be *the power of God to salvation;* but thousands, in the more refined circles of society, have been the *seals of their Apostleship in the Lord. These are their epistles (written not with ink, but by the Spirit of the living God, not in tables of stone, but on the fleshly tables of the heart) known and read of all men.*

6. That wherever these servants of the living God carried the glad tidings of salvation similar effects have been produced: whether they preached in *Great Britain* or *Ireland;* in the frozen regions of *Newfoundland*, or in the excessive heat of the *Western Isles;* on the shores of *Africa*, or on the continent of *America;* the same blessings have been communicated, and the same consequences followed. And that without any regard to nation, sex, colour, learning, or privileges; all who embraced the truths they preached were affected with the same views of God, and themselves were all humbled on account of sin; under the influence of the same Spirit were all made partakers of like *precious faith;* became united to the same Saviour, walked in the same way, and had all the same glorious end in view. Thus have they demonstrated themselves to have been propagators of that genuine Christianity *where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free; but Christ is all and in all.*

7. That it has never been the design of these men, as a body (though individuals among them have attempted it), to form themselves into a separate party. The few deviations from what some have termed *original* Methodism have been owing to existing circumstances of a peculiar nature, and have generally proceeded more from necessity than choice; and their successors are still pursuing the plan of the primitive Methodists, and are endeavouring to spread Scriptural holiness through the land.

8. We cannot but remark the peculiar care (as is manifest from the preceding pages, and would be still more so were the subject more amply discussed) that has ever been taken by the Methodist Conference to preserve the purity of their body. No person can obtain admission among them as a Preacher unless, in the judgment of Christian charity, he has *grace, gifts,* and *fruit;* nor can he, consistent with their rules, continue any longer than these remain. He must be recommended by a Quarterly meeting to the District meeting, and from thence to the Conference; and then, if received, he remains upon trial for four years before he can be fully admitted a member of the Conference. The characters of the Preachers are strictly examined in the District meetings, and again at the Conference every year. And hence, it may be observed, that some Preachers are recorded in the preceding work who, having disgraced their holy profession, and remaining incorrigible, have been awfully expelled from the

Connection. The Conference have thus followed the advice of the Apostle, *Put away from among yourselves that wicked person.*

At the same time, it is an awful consideration that there should be occasion to exercise such discipline in the Church of Christ. It is a dreadful circumstance for a *private* Christian to be expelled for immorality for dishonouring God and profaning His holy name; but how much more dreadful when the Ministers of the Lord's house *make themselves vile* before the people, and are cast *out as salt that hath lost its savour, which is thenceforth good for nothing but to be trodden under foot of men.* When those who are appointed as watchmen over the people betray their trust, are found negligent, nay, joining hands with those enemies they are engaged, by virtue of their office, to warn the people against. When these servants begin to say, *My Lord delayeth His coming, and to eat and drink with the drunken,* what may be expected? *But that the Lord of that servant will come in a day when he looketh not for Him, and at an hour when he is not aware; and will cut him asunder, and will appoint him his portion with the unbelievers.* Besides the evil that these Ministers do to their own souls, how is the name of the Lord blasphemed! How is His righteous cause reproached! How are the people of God grieved! And how do the enemies of Zion rejoice, crying, *Aha! aha! so would we have it!* How many, who were once *inquiring the way to Zion, with their faces thitherward,* have, by the conduct of such Ministers, been turned out of the way: and surely the blood of these souls will be required at their hands! O what shame will cover them, what terror will seize upon them, and what an horrible dread will overwhelm them, when they shall be *dragged* to the tremendous bar! When they shall behold His face whom they once called Lord, Lord, and shall hear Him awfully pronounce, *Depart—I know you not!* When they shall meet with those unhappy spirits in darkness, whom they had caused to wander out of the way of understanding, who will then charge their damnation upon them, and so will become their tormentors to all eternity! Fathers and Brethren, suffer me to speak! These are not fictions; they have, I fear, been awfully realised in some *who were numbered with us, and had obtained part of this Ministry.* My very soul trembles while I reflect and write on these tremendous things; and most sacredly do I deprecate them, both as they respect myself and [illegible]rs. O, my soul, be thou—

"For ever standing on thy guard,
And watching unto prayer!"

Let us contrast the vigilance of the faithful Minister with the indolence of others; his holy zeal with their lukewarmness; his devotion with their evident want of piety, and the consequent issue of the whole; and we shall no longer *halt between two opinions*. Our souls will burn with holy fire; our zeal for God and His cause will be ardent and intense; our devotion will manifest itself, not only in our pulpit declamations, but in our more private walks.

"Our hearts will then be true to God,
Our words to them, our actions to them both."

And, *if we do these things we shall never fall; but an entrance will be administered unto us abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.*

It is also observable that some whose names are recorded in these Memoirs, who through fear of want, or to avoid the *shame of the cross*, or to amass wealth, left the work, generally failed in their pursuits and designs. Some of them became bankrupts, or insolvent; many of them lost the comforts of religion, and walked for years in a dark, uncomfortable state, and in their last moments bitterly lamented their departure from the work; and though there is reason to hope that most of them died in peace, yet they were some of them *scarcely saved*. This was also the case with those who were *half-hearted*, who were not *faithful* in their work, and who did not live in the *spirit* of their office; they grievously lamented these things at the last, and they also were saved *so as by fire!*

9. But it is, nevertheless, worthy of remark, and ought to be recorded to the everlasting honour of Divine grace (by which we are continually *kept, through faith, unto salvation*), that so small a number of the above description have been found in a Society consisting of several hundred Ministers, and of more than *sixty years* continuance: especially considering what manner of persons some of the first Preachers were, and what temptations their sphere of action (particularly at that early part of the work) continually exposed them to. The Ministers of the Gospel are *men of like passions with others*, incident to all the weaknesses and infirmities of human nature; are exposed to all those trials which Christians in general feel; and are exercised with a variety of others, both from men and devils, peculiar to their high and holy calling.

10. We cannot but remark also, from the preceding Memoirs, the singular care of God over many of His servants, whose hope and trust were in Him. *No weapon that was formed against them prospered,* and He often *reproved* their enemies *for their sakes:* while they were pursuing the path of duty, they experienced their *safety* to be *of the Lord.* He divided their difficulties, and *made a plain path for their feet, because of their adversaries.* In how remarkable a manner have we seen the Divine power displayed in these men; who *out of weakness were made strong,* who *waxed valiant in* the Christian *fight,* and thereby *put to flight the armies of the aliens!* How did that God whom they faithfully served in the Gospel of His Son enable them to endure almost unparalleled cruelties from *wicked and unreasonable* men, even at the very time they were labouring for their good, labouring to pluck them as brands out of the fire, and to lead them in the way to everlasting blessedness!

11. But the most conspicuous trait of all is the glory which rested upon most of these men of God in their last moments. Death is the last trial, and the *last enemy* the Christian has to contend with; and Satan, who has pursued him close through every lane of life, now, knowing that he hath but a short time, musters all his force: he comes with *hellish malice full;* and now, indeed, *seeketh whom he may devour.* But in how many instances, in the preceding pages, have we seen him a vanquished foe—spoiled of his power, and the prey eternally rescued from his hands! O blessed Jesus! *Thou hast, through death, destroyed him who had the power of death, that is the devil! Thou hast spoiled principalities and powers, and made a show of them openly!* Thou hast enabled Thy servants to exult, and, as they were passing through the dreary vale, triumphantly to sing, *O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?* We have seen these veterans in the cause of Jesus Christ quit the field with honour, *returning to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads!* We have beheld these Christian mariners tossed upon the tumultuous sea of life; we have also seen them cast anchor within the veil, and with the cable of Faith, fixed to the anchor of Hope, they have outrode the storm, and have entered the *haven where they would be:*

"Where all the ship's company meet,
Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath."

[redacted]have witnessed a good number of these racers for

eternal life *so running as to obtain the prize.* They did not run *uncertainly, nor fight as those who only beat the air; but they were temperate in all things;* they *kept under the body, and brought it into subjection;* they laid *aside every weight, and ran with patience the race which was set before them, looking unto Jesus:* and they have taken possession of the prize, even GLORY, HONOUR, and IMMORTALITY!

12. How wonderfully has the love of God our Saviour been manifested, that, as He has called these His servants home, He has also raised up others to succeed them in their work. Jesus Christ is *King in Zion: He is the Head over all things to His Church: the government thereof is upon His shoulder;* and with HIM *is the residue of the Spirit.* No man is therefore of any more use in the Church, or in the world, than what HE makes him! This caused the Apostle to inquire, *Who then is Paul, and who is Apollos?* They were *Ministers by whom* the people in that day *believed:* but when they had finished the work which their Master *had given them to do,* He removed them from labour and reproach to a state of rest and glory. And He then poured out His Spirit, and qualified others to succeed them: and to carry on His own gracious designs upon earth. Thus we may observe God has done in all ages of His Church. When He removed *Moses* He raised up *Joshua;* when He translated *Elijah,* his mantle fell, and a double portion of his Spirit rested upon *Elisha!* When Jesus Christ Himself, as Mediator, had *finished the work which was given Him to do,* He promised His diciples *another* COMFORTER, who should abide with them, and their successors, for ever! And surely we must have remarked in the foregoing pages in how wonderful a manner God has verified His word. *I will not leave you comfortless,* though I deprive you of a beloved pastor; but *I will* still *come unto you* in others, whom I will as singularly own and bless. We can but observe, when some of the most eminent servants of God have been called home, and the chasm appeared so great that we thought it was impossible for it ever to be filled up again, yet in a short time the breach has been fully repaired, and the work of the Lord has prospered as much as ever. This has been eminently the case in respect to the *Methodists:* especially when it pleased the *Lord and giver of life* to take that glorious Star, the Rev. *John Wesley,* to adorn the firmament above. The expectations of the enemies of Zion were then raised to the height, and they began to exult in the downfall and complete extirpation of Methodism: and if it

had been, as they supposed, a *scheme* of Mr. *Wesley's* own contrivance, or if the government had been upon his shoulder, their hopes would soon have been realised—they would have seen Methodism totter to the very basis, and the goodly fabric, which had been near *sixty years* in building, would have been soon *laid waste, without an inhabitant!*

The fears also of many of the real friends of pure and undefiled religion were at the above period greatly alarmed; and they were apprehensive that the exalted station which Mr. *Wesley* had occupied for such a number of years, with so much honour to himself and credit to the cause of truth, could be filled by no other man. It is true no individual has been found to fill it, nor does it appear that this was at all necessary; had it been so, the Great Head of the Church would have sent down a *soul of equal size*, and have fully qualified him for his work: but the place of Mr. *Wesley* has been so filled, that the plans his capacious mind had formed have been carried on with more astonishing success, and to a far greater extent, than ever they were during his lifetime! At the Conference previous to Mr. *Wesley's* death (in 1790), there were only 293 Itinerant Preachers engaged in the work, and 71,568 members of the Society in *Europe;* but at the last Conference (in 1800) the Preachers were increased to upwards of 400, and the members to 109,961! So astonishingly has the word of the Lord prevailed since the death of Mr. *Wesley!*

13. Nevertheless, the removal of the Ministers of Jesus Christ from the Church militant is an awful circumstance, and ought to be *deprecated, deplored,* and *improved.* This should be the case particularly by the *Methodists* of the present generation, as most of those men who saw the beginning of this great work which God hath wrought in the earth are now removed. We have indeed a *Hopper,* a *Taylor,* and a *Pawson,* and a few others who stand yet; but even these are standing

"——— With their starry pinions on,
Drest for the flight, and ready to be gone."

It was a serious charge brought against the people of old, *The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart.* And is not this apathy too evident in many at present? Do *we* sufficiently deprecate this evil? Are not many Ministers called home because the people set so light by them, and either neglect or despise the messages of salvation which they bring? When they are removed, do we deplore the evil?

And, above all, do we endeavour to improve it? Death has always a voice to the living; but much more when he is commissioned to call home the Lord's standard-bearers; when the watchmen of Israel are removed from their posts, surely it is time for the people to inquire, *Is there not a cause?* How can we improve these providences better than by *considering the end of their conversation*, copying their example, and thus *following them as they followed Christ?*

14. Let us, whether Ministers or people, give glory to that God who hath so graciously signalized such a number of His servants, and enabled them to finish their course with joy. O what a glorious company are already before the throne! How great is the number of pious *shepherds* who are gone to appear before the CHIEF SHEPHERD, to receive the *crown of glory which fadeth not away!* And what an immense multitude of those who were once *as sheep going astray*, but who *returned to the Shepherd and Bishop of souls*, have welcomed these men of God (who were instrumental of their salvation) into the everlasting habitations of delight and happiness.

Lastly. Let those who are honoured to succeed these blessed men in the Ministry take encouragement: *this God* is our *God for ever and ever; He will be our guide even unto death.* The work in which you are engaged is *His* work; and He who hath called you with this high and holy calling will give you strength according to your day. He will stand by you if you are faithful; and *every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labour.* If you have laboured long and hard, and had but little success, *your judgment is*, nevertheless, *with the Lord, and your work with your God. Though Israel be not gathered, you shall be glorious in the eyes of the Lord.* You must expect little from man, and then you will not be disappointed: *this is not your rest.* Here you must labour and toil; and your rest shall be glorious, and your reward sure. But O, what wonderful things have your eyes beheld! Prophets and righteous men desired to see the things which you see, but were not permitted to behold them. You have seen *Jerusalem in prosperity, and peace upon Israel.* This honour was reserved for us, *upon whom the ends of the world are come.* In our day we have seen the Divine glory resting upon the Tabernacle and filling the sanctuary: we have beheld multitudes of souls raised out of the ruins of the fall, who are now *blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ.* We have already seen an abundant harvest produced from the seed which was cast into the Gospel field;

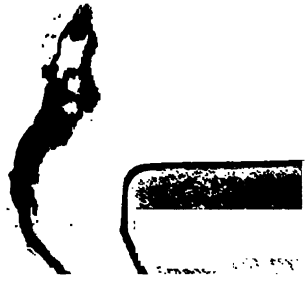
and with earnest hope and joyful expectation we look for a yet more abundant crop. Our enlarged views on this delightful subject cannot be more adequately expressed than in the following beautiful hymn:—

"See how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesu's love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze;
To bring fire on earth He came;
Kindled in some hearts it is:
O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss!

"When He first the work begun,
Small and feeble was His day;
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its wid'ning way.
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

"Sons of God, your Saviour praise!
He the door hath open'd wide;
He hath giv'n the word of grace,
Jesu's word is glorified—
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought:
Worthy is the work of Him,
Him who spake a world from nought.

"Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land:
Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of His love!"

And let every pious heart repeat, Amen!

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